The Saturday Evening POST

August 29, 1959 – 15¢

AUG 25 '59

ARE WE ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN?

A Complete Report on

Fallout: The Silent Killer

9

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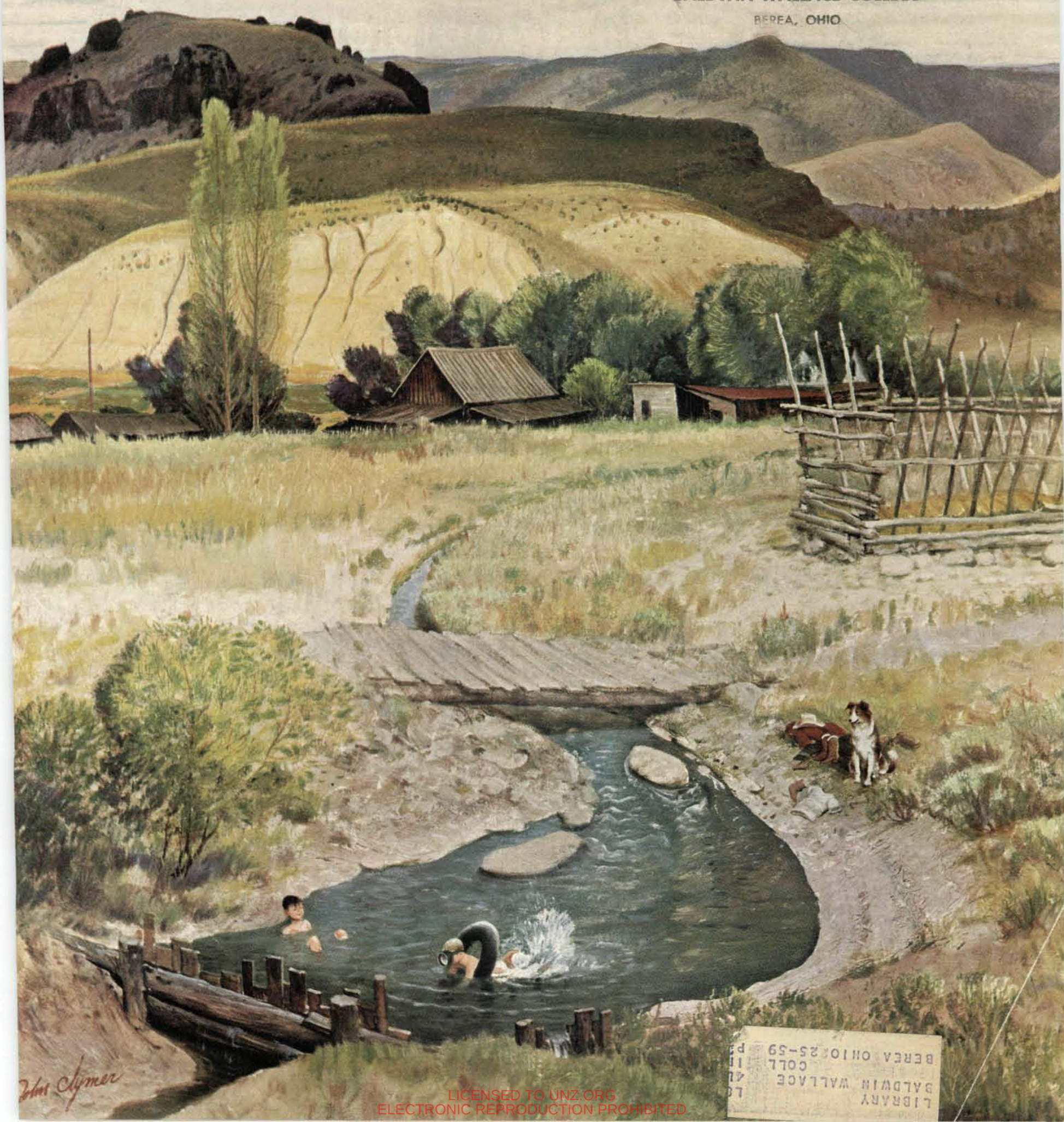

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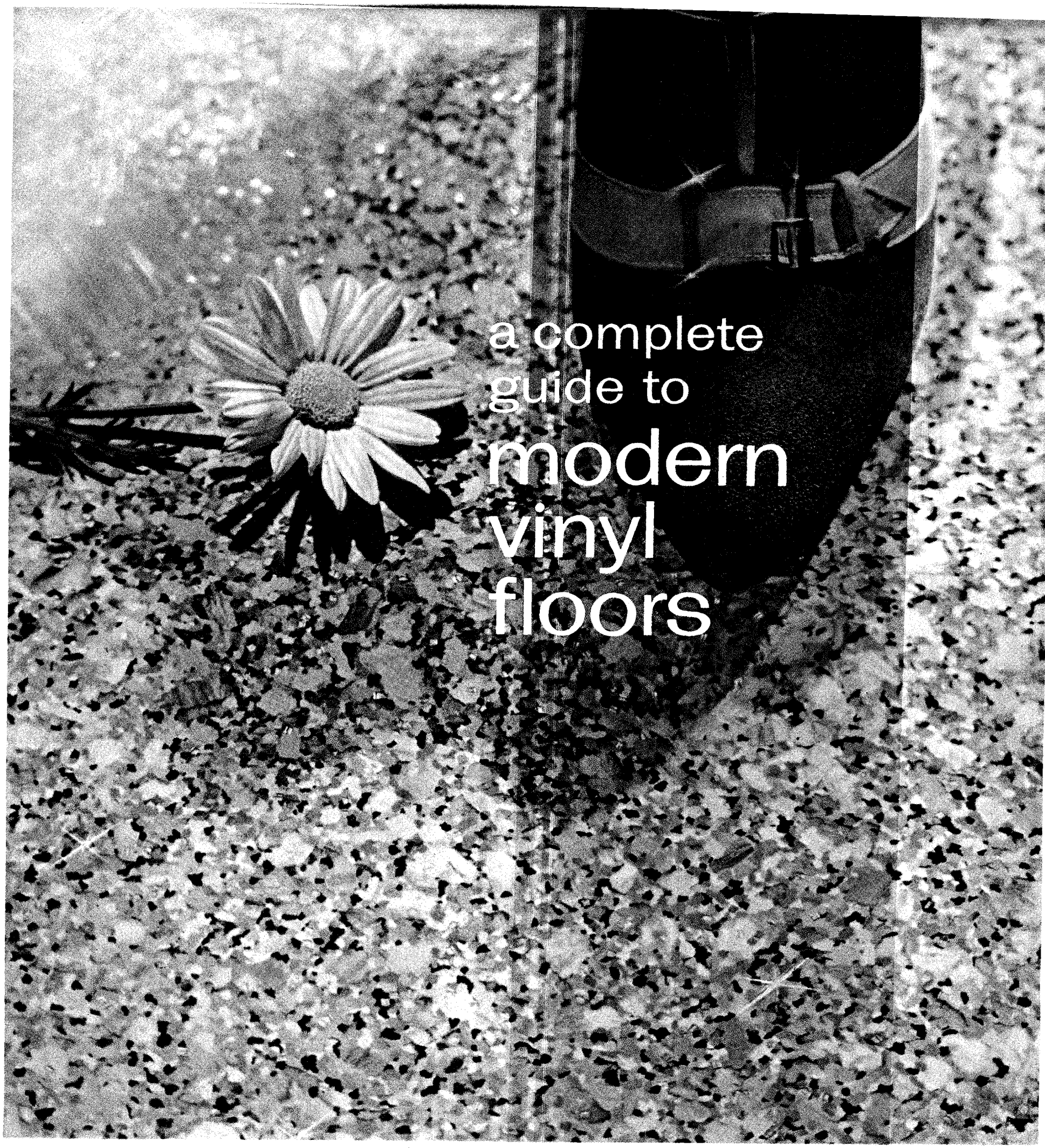

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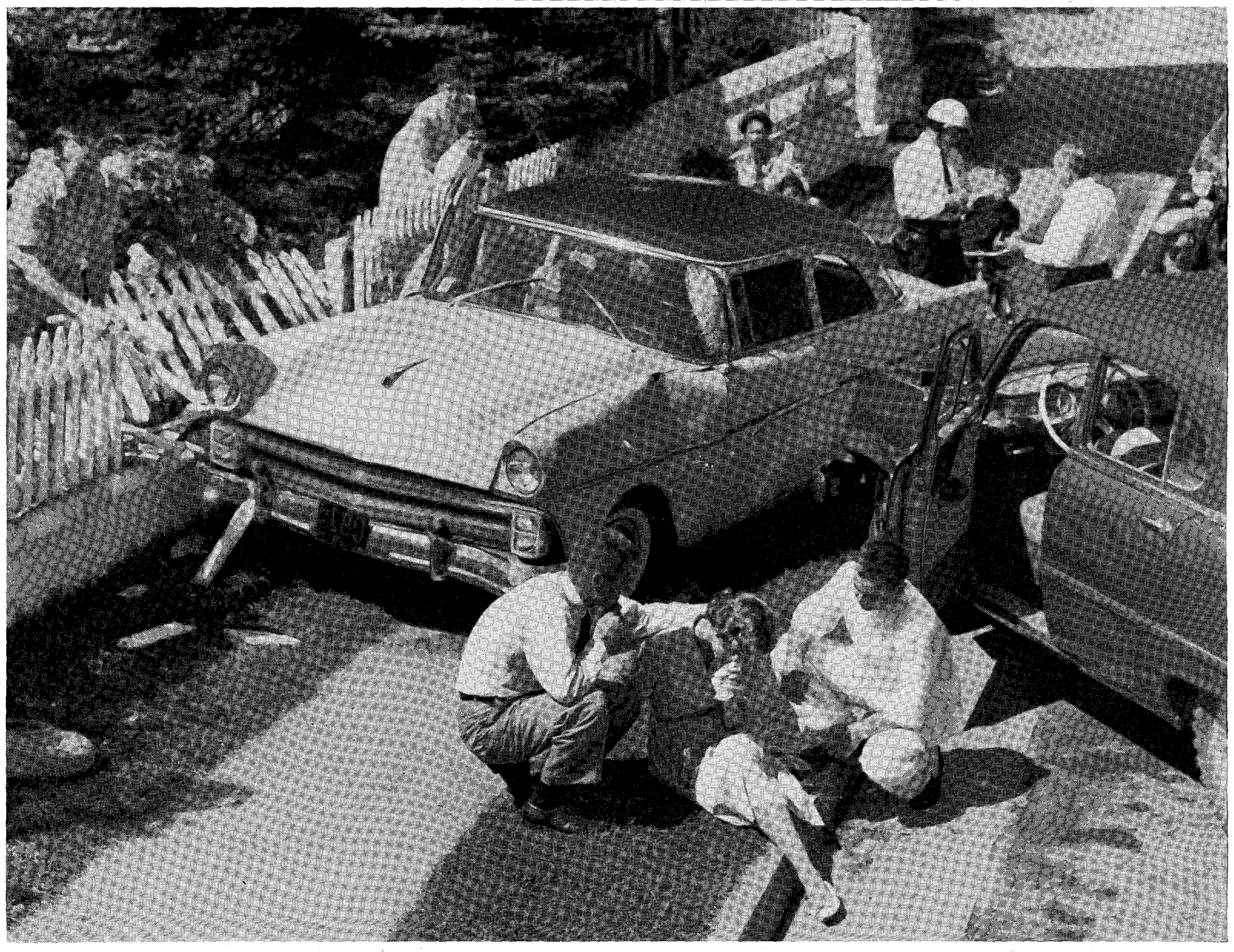

Roadside tragedy: But Liberty Mutual works fast to get policyholder out of trouble

A Liberty car-insurance policyholder writes this about our claims service: "I wish to express my appreciation for the speed in which the recent claim . . . was handled. My dealings with insurance claims have been few and far between, but it is doubted if any other carrier can match your service.

"You can count on one thing . . . on all my future insurance needs there won't be any shopping around. It will be Liberty Mutual, and the reason for it is the service displayed by you and the promptness in which claims such as mine are handled."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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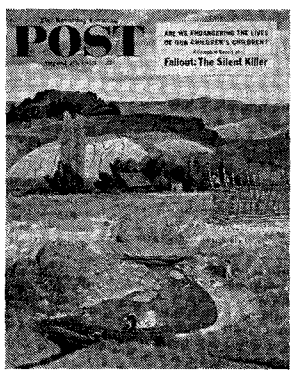

THE COVER

A lazy late-summer day, a swimmin' hole, a couple of kids lazyin' away the unhurried hours. Since the water is barely bathtub deep, imagination has to blend with their swimmin'. But shucks, it's a logy-headed boy indeed who can't dream three feet of water into thirteen feet, and then don his diving gear and marvel at mysterious things he sees away down in the hazy depths. Here on Oregon's eastern slopes it's a dry country, and men have to quench its thirst. In the highlands there is a lake; last spring, melting snow filled it brimming full and all summer the irrigation ditches, fingering downward as you see, have nourished the valleys and kept them green and gold. That hay feeder, artist John Clymer agrees, will need a refill soon to keep the livestock alive.

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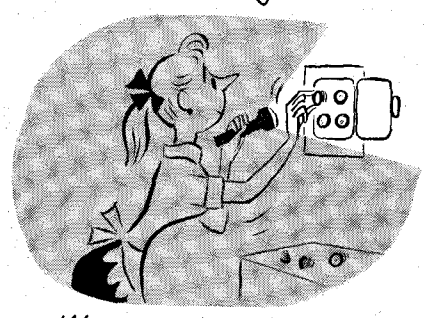
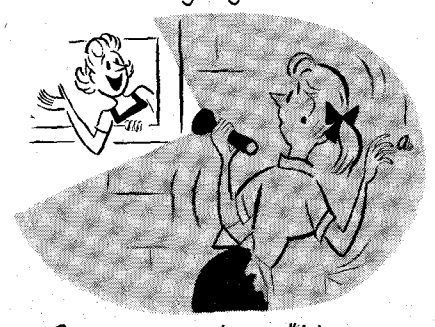
A modern young housewife named Hughes

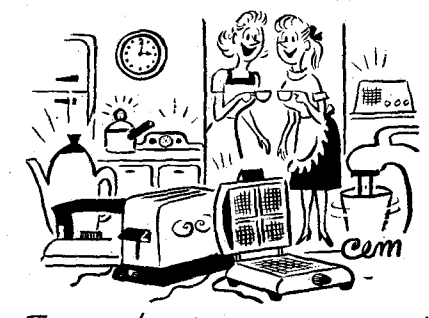


Was constantly changing the fuse



Said a neighbor "My dear,

You need full HOUSEPOWER here



For all the devices you use."

If fuses blow often in *your* home, you probably have *low* HOUSEPOWER—not enough wiring, outlets, and switches to run your electrical appliances and lighting efficiently. To make sure you have *full* HOUSEPOWER, call the HOUSEPOWER Specialist—your electrical contractor—today.

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TRADE MARK

to help you Live Better Electrically, sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

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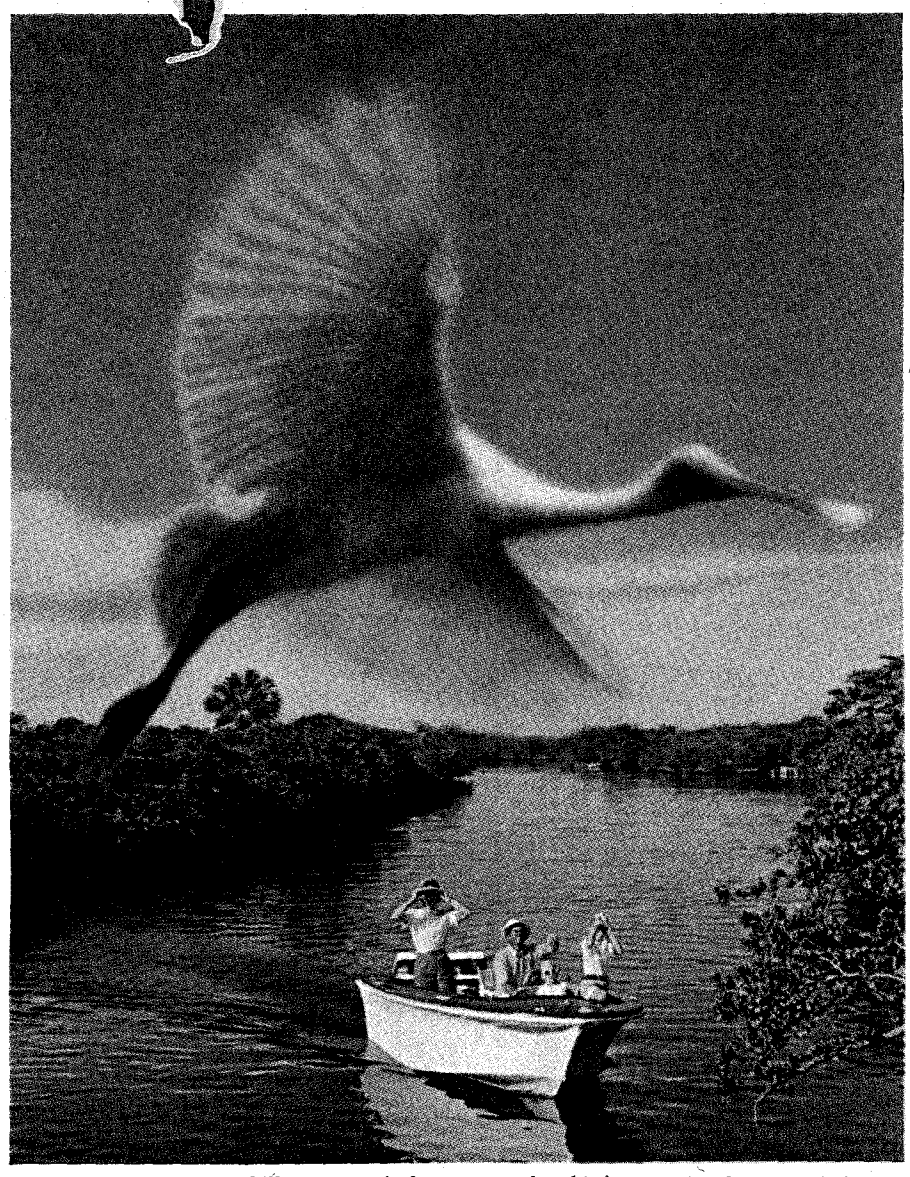
The Everglades . . . one of Florida's nine vacation regions



The roseate spoonbill is one of the spectacular birds seen in the Everglades.

Meet up with surprise and adventure

An easy drive from south Florida resorts brings you to the pristine mysteries of the Florida Everglades.

You see endless sawgrass savannas dotted with palms and burly cypress. There are wild orchids and airplants and streams flashing with fish. Furtive game and huge flocks of spectacular birds find shelter in its thundering silence.

Go on a bird-watching expedition out of Flamingo, tour headquarters of Everglades National Park. Fish the salt-water sounds here or out of Everglades City and Marco.

In Lake Okeechobee, black bass grow to unprecedented size. You'll find fishing camps near Moore Haven, Clewiston, Okeechobee, Canal Point, Pahokee or Belle Glade.

Or drive through the heart of the Glades on Tamiami Trail between Naples and Miami. See Seminole Indians living primitively in thatched chickees. They'll show you how to spear fish or wrestle an alligator.

A visit to the natural wonders of the Everglades is an enchanting experience you'll remember forever—so don't miss it. You can get full details about this and all of Florida's nine vacation regions in the free Vacation Guide book described below. Send for your copy now and plan to see Florida's many unique attractions on your very next vacation.

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FREE! New 100-page FLORIDA VACATION GUIDE book. Gives tour information on Florida's nine vacation regions. 152 full-color photos and route maps. Just mail coupon!

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EXECUTIVES: For facts on industrial advantages, write: Florida Development Commission, Dept. D, on your letterhead.

Letters

A Confederate Yankee?

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your editorial in the July 25th issue of *The Post*, Is IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY—THAT A YANKEE WROTE DIXIE? . . . .

Daniel Emmett's . . . parents were both Southern-born, which makes him a Southerner. He just happened to be born in Ohio!

Dan Emmett of Ohio (and points south).

Please make the necessary correction, and do not take Dan Emmett away from us!

T. W. CRIGLER JR., *Commander-in-Chief*
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Macon, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

No one need worry over Dan Emmett's allegiance; he loved both North and South. As a child in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, I was privileged to know him and to hear firsthand the stories of his travels.

In 1897, when he was 82, he walked about two miles to town for supplies, sat on our steps to rest while we brought him a drink of water. Returning, he always brought candy for us.

When Al G. Field's minstrels played the Mt. Vernon Opera House, a carriage would be sent for "Uncle Dan," and he reigned as king for a day in the minstrel world.

CAROL S. HUERTH
Spooner, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Emmett wrote some words to an old tune and the tune is all there is to *Dixie;* the words are trash. . . .

Emmett is reputably reported as having admitted that the tune to which he wrote the *Dixie* words was known to him in childhood as *Come Philander* and that the first two lines were, "Come Philander let's be marchin'/Every one for his true love sarchin'."

JOHN JONES
Hollywood, Calif.

Child-Care "Experts"

Dear Sirs:

As a parent who has long ago grown weary and resentful of the arbitrary rules on child care laid down by the "experts," I would like to congratulate Hannah Lees and *The Post* for a unique accomplishment—HOW OFTEN DO YOU INSULT YOUR CHILD?, July 18.

The wonderful thing about the article is that the author effectively made her point for recognizing the dignity of the child, without inflicting injury upon the dignity of the parent.

RAYMOND F. ROGERS
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Her respect approaches that of Pearl S. Buck, who shares with the Chinese people the logical belief that children are the ongoing stream of life and must be dealt with in all love and humility, even reverence.

BARBARA W. ELLIOTT
Evansville, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The relationship between parent and child that I have observed . . . is based on "Findout's Law"—"Findout what the child wants and give it to him."

Z. B. SCHRAMM
Goodman, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I had just finished shoving my two young sons, ages four and six, out the back door, saying, "How many other thousands of things are you going to bother me with this morning?" when I picked up *The Post* and read Hannah Lees' article. Well, I'm squirming, 'cause the shoe fits rather tightly.

MRS. CHARLES M. PIPER
Marion, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Eighty per cent drivel. . . .

If people worried a little less about warping the personalities of their kids, and instead impressed on them (with force and harsh words if necessary) the difference between right and wrong, we wouldn't have to bail them out of jail so often a few years later.

RAYMOND T. SOREL
Mystic, Conn.

Of Moose and Maine

Dear Sirs:

Approximately ten years ago *The Saturday Evening Post* published an article on the City of Bangor in which our drinking water was described as tasting like "rotten sawdust and moose tracks" [THE CITIES OF AMERICA: BANGOR, MAINE, by George Sessions Perry, March 10, 1951].

On July 28th Gov. Clinton Clauson turned the valve on a new Intake and Transmission System which will furnish the city with excellent-quality lake water.

JOHN J. FLAHERTY JR.
Chairman, Board of Trustees
Bangor Water District
Bangor, Maine

● *Nice going.* —*ED.*

Mountain Man

Dear Sirs:

Your Jesse Stuart story [MY FRIEND JESSE STUART, by John Bird, July 25] was well done. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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PENNSYLVANIA'S OIL CENTENNIAL MAGIC CIRCLE

THE FAMOUS DRAKE WELL, birthplace of the oil industry, is now part of Drake Well Memorial Park in Titusville, which also includes the Drake Museum. Seeing *your* local history is part of the magic that's all around you—any time you pick up a map and start driving.

OIL CREEK, the shallow but vital waterway of the area, was used in the boom days to transport oil to market by horse-drawn flatboat. Today, streams like this are more noted for scenic drives, but as you drive along the banks, think of the history that's lurking there.

ONE OF THE OLDEST PRODUCING OIL WELLS can be seen at Oil City. Called "McClintock No. 1," it was drilled in August, 1861, and is still producing today. In your own Magic Circle, there are also "oldest of its kind" discoveries all around you.

THE STATELY HOMES of early oil men are still to be seen—like "the old McKinney Place" in Titusville. And when you drive by such a landmark, anywhere, the fun is in knowing what once happened there—and seeing what it looks like now.

On August 27, 1859, a man named Drake drilled the first oil well in the United States—and quickly turned this quiet section around Titusville, Pennsylvania into a roaring area of colorful boom towns. And here, the Petroleum Industry was born.

Today, the mementos of those times make this area an "Oil Centennial Magic Circle"—and a perfect example of the kind of thing you can find in your *own* area. Because all around you, anywhere you live, there's a "Magic Circle" full of fascinating things to see and do by car.

This series of advertisements is published by Ethyl Corporation, to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

"ETHYL" ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

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STILL HOT
after 8 hours of icy torture

"Pour-Easy" vacuum bottles and wide-mouth food jars are available in quarts pints and 10-ounce sizes.

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Pour-Easy
VACUUM WARE

Designed by Raymond Loewy Associates

Brilliant beauty! Proved performance! With such an unbeatable combination, no wonder Universal is the finest vacuum ware you can buy. It's the most complete ware, too, with a bottle or food jar of just the right size to fit any need. And you can be certain of every Universal feature, from dripless spout to unique suspension that makes fillers last longer. Choose yours today.

"Kleen-Seal" Stopper
Odorless polyethylene. Positive seal with easy opening and closing.

UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

This laughing, brave and dedicated mountain man taught me and lots of other grubby tads at Portsmouth (Ohio) High School to praise living while we learned to parse sentences. The roughest students—the recalcitrants and unbelievers—wound up in Stuart's remedial-English classes. We soon found ourselves caught and held in a net of golden language, challenged, cajoled, encouraged. Many a tiny talent for expression burst from shy cocoons and took wings in this man's classrooms. . . .

A salute to Stuart and *The Post*, both good American institutions.

BOB TUCKER
Port Arthur, Texas

Dear Sirs:

One of the best-written stories I've ever read about a fellow human being.

ANTHONY LAUDATI, *D.D.S.*
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to learn that Mr. Stuart once worked for Armco Steel Corp. in Ashland, Ohio, because there is no Armco Steel plant there.

Perhaps he worked for Armco Steel at Ashland, Ky., only a few miles from his beloved W-Hollow.

LEONARD GROSS
Akron, Ohio

● *Our thanks to reader Gross for putting that Armco plant back where it belongs.* —*ED.*

A Good Week

Dear Sirs:

In the July 25th *Post* five of your seven articles are biographies.

TOD MASTERS
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

● *In* The Post *you meet the most interesting people.* —*ED.*

Friendly Pets

Dear Sirs:

The disappointment evident in the words of the boy in the cartoon [by Joseph Zeis, July 18] is probably typical of many youngsters who bring home a snake, frog, lizard or the like.

"I don't suppose I can keep him."

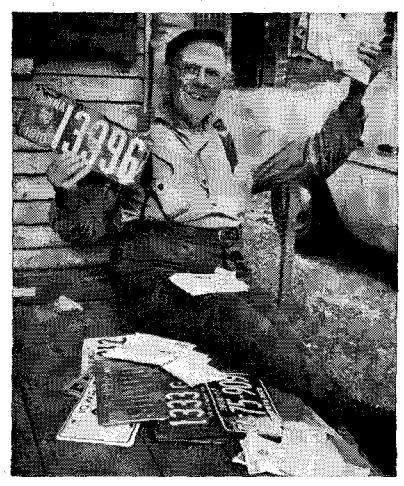
It is a shame that in our modern world, ignorance about a common animal like a snake still predominates. In actuality, frogs, turtles, lizards and many kinds of snakes make friendly and interesting pets, and provide a child with a wonderful, free lesson in biology.

GEORGE W. FOLKERTS, *President*
Southern Illinois Herpetological Society
Carbondale, Ill.

Happy Collector

Dear Sirs:

You may be interested to know that Philip Hatch, the Windsor, Vermont, collector of license plates [THE FACE OF AMERICA: COLLECTOR, photograph by John Titchen, July 4] has received about 100 letters from twenty-one states, Panama, The Netherlands, the province of Manitoba and Puerto Rico since his picture appeared in *The Post*. In addition he has received a score of license plates including a 1910 Pennsylvania plate, which he treasures very much. A Californian has promised to send him the coveted 1906 Pennsylvania plate.



Mr. Hatch opens his mail.

JOHN TITCHEN
Claremont, N.H.

● *But he still hankers after 1912 and 1913 Illinois tags.* —*ED.*

Bemused

Dear Sirs:

In recognition of one of your frequent contributors, my muse has come up with this:

To GEORGE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

I like to read his clever lines;
His verse amuses and delights.
But, alas, the name he signs
Is longer than the stuff he writes.

MERLE A. FARR
Brooklyn, N.Y.

● *Reader Farr, we*
Have news for thee:
That's Georgie Galbraith
And she's a she.

Furthermore, her latest contribution *(see p. 34)* *really isn't very short.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Culver. • 6–John Titchen. • 13–Larry Keighley. • 14–Bill Shrout; Larry Keighley. 15–Larry Keighley; United Press International; Rod Rieser. • 16, 17–James Lewicki. 19–Sid Avery. • 20, 21–Arnold Friberg. • 22, 23–John Bickel. • 24–Robert Jones. 25–Marc Slade from APA; Esther Bubley; Donato Leo from APA. • 26–U.S. Air Force. 27–Bill Shrout; George Burns. • 28, 29–Eve Fischer. • 30–Ferenc Berko; Bill Shrout; Joern Gerdts. • 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Ken Riley. • 36–Sam Bates. • 92–Lincoln McCabe; Frank Ross; Gene Lester.

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school
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minutes...
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ARE AUTOMATIC WASH 'N WEAR...MACHINE
WASH AND DRY, NEED LITTLE OR NO IRONING
And how they perform! Penney's slacks of 70% Acrilan and 30% rayon keep their just pressed look no matter what the weather or work-out! Creases refuse to fade, wrinkles get the old heave-ho! Penney's has pleated models or University-Grad styles with plain fronts, back-flap pockets. Get favorite fall shades of charcoal, medium grey, brown. Get his school slacks now at the Penney's nearest you.
men's pleated model in waist sizes 28 to 42.....6.95
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boys' trim plain front style, sizes 10 to 20.....4.98
junior boys' plain front models, sizes 4 to 10.....3.98
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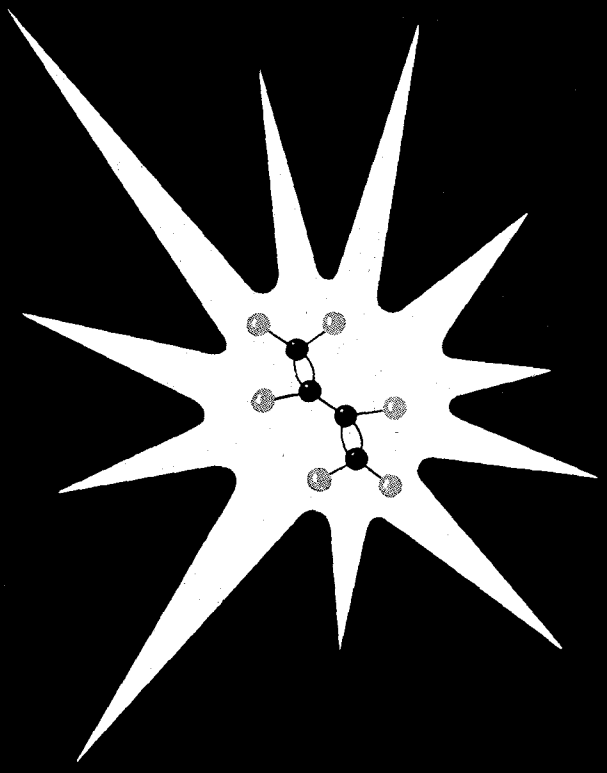
1859 world's first

One hundred years ago
in Pennsylvania, Colonel Drake
brought in the first oil well.
This oil had a unique
molecular structure.

1959 world's finest

Nature's Miracle Molecule
makes Pennsylvania Motor Oils
different from all others.
This natural superiority is
why good dealers
recommend Pennsylvania...
better lubrication for your car.



PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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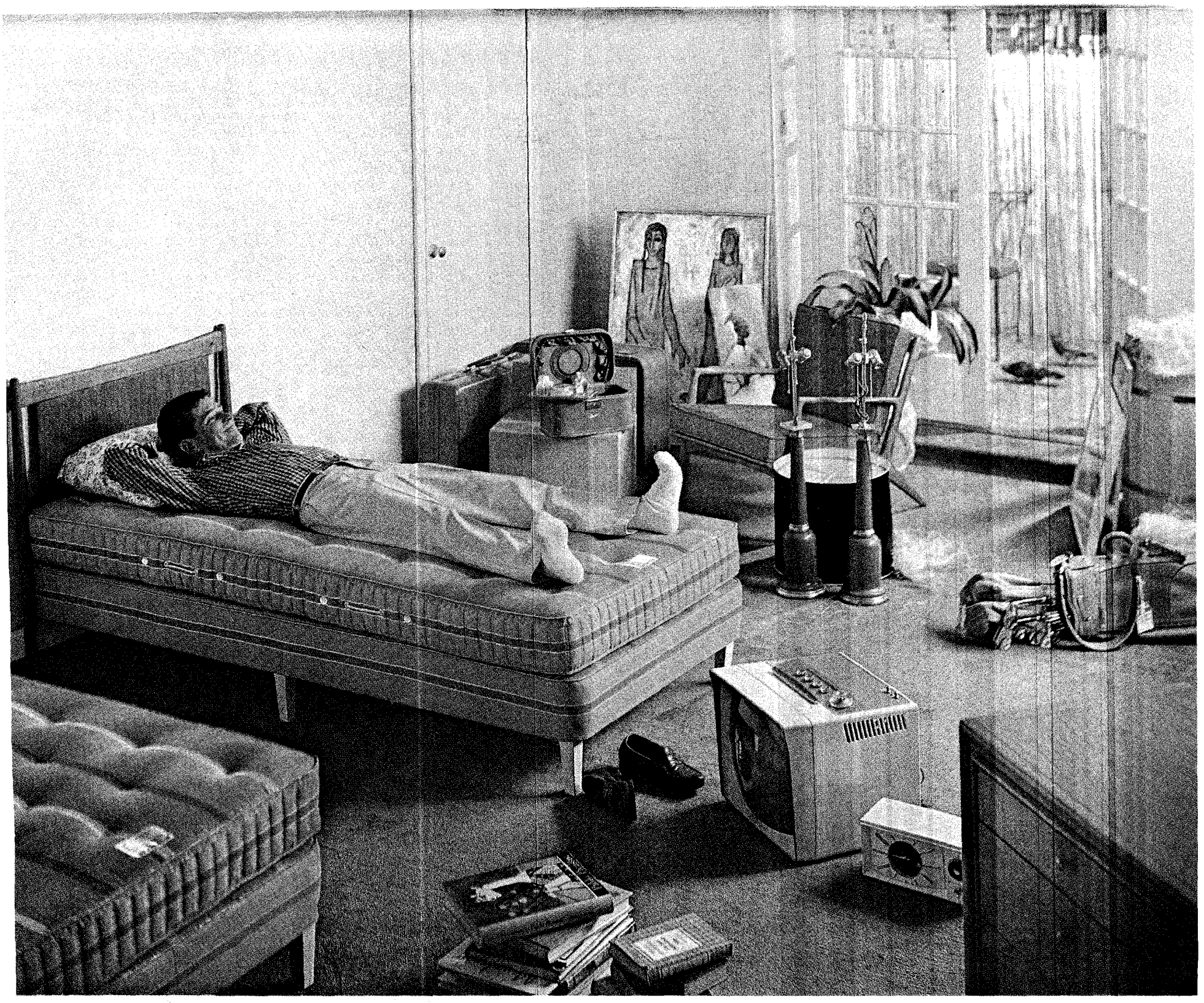


The Temptation of Beautyrest

Another story of the mattress where comfort begins and backache ends

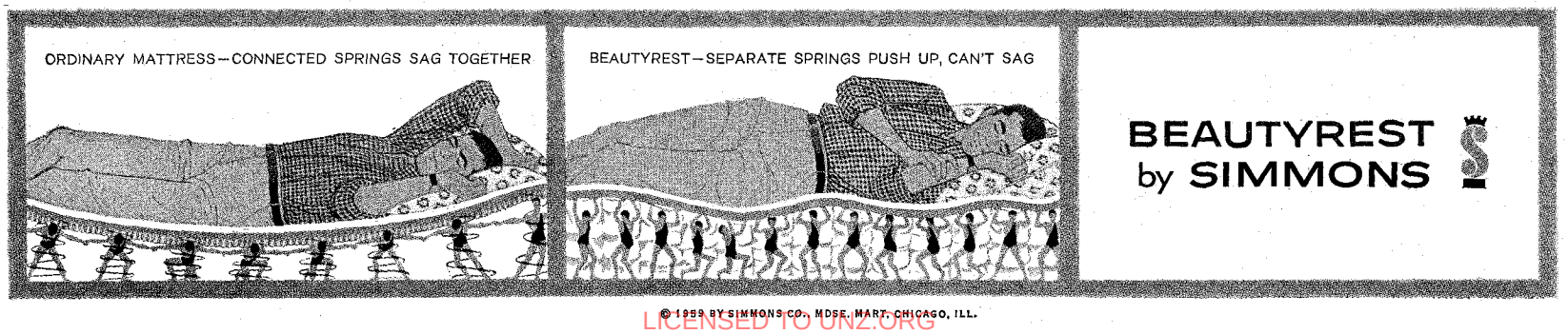
What a day *this* has been! All moved in and all tuckered out. Put a pot of coffee on the stove, Mabel, while I figure out what goes where. And right now I know where I go. Smack on top of good old Beautyrest. I can feel it now, so s-o-o-o-thing. This is it. This is the place where comfort begins and backache ends. Mine all mine.

More people sleep on Beautyrest® than on any mattress because—

It's the only mattress with separate back-supporting springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In other mattresses, the curve of your back gets very little support. But that's not all. Beautyrest gives—

Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

All this—and the best costs the least! Hundreds of endurance tests have proven Beautyrest lasts 3 times as long as the next best mattress. So Beautyrest at $79.50 is the least expensive mattress you can own. Don't bargain with your rest. Insist on Beautyrest!



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Editorials

Congress Should Keep Control Over Foreign-Aid Spending

Foreign aid started in 1946 as an emergency measure to enable the devastated nations to repair their war damage, put their economies together again and resume normal peacetime operations. Most of the countries which received our aid have got back on their feet. Some of them are our toughest competitors in international trade.

So far, so good. But the advocates of and bureaucratic dependents on foreign aid have developed a new switch. Foreign aid has forgotten about war damage; we are now supposed to develop the "undeveloped." We are now in the midst of a propaganda drive to embalm this new type of foreign aid as a permanent policy, with Uncle Sam putting the required amount into the kitty and leaving its distribution to United Nations agencies. Whether the idea is touted as an International Development Authority, or the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development—SUNFED—the nut of the proposal is always the same—take foreign aid away from Congress, which knows nothing about it, and hand the money over to the UN, which knows all about the problem!

Curiously enough, this plan is often advanced as an anti-Soviet program, despite the fact that the Soviet Union is a member of the United Nations and despite the even more important fact that the newly appointed Secretary of the Economic and Social Council of the UN, which will have general supervision over the distribution of aid through United Nations agencies, is Dr. Wladyslaw R. Malinowski, representing the Polish Communist Government!

To support this extraordinary proposal, some bizarre arguments have been advanced. One of these is given an airing in a little book by Cmdr. Sir Robert G. A. Jackson called *The Case for an International Development Authority* (Syracuse University Press). In an introduction to this book, Harlan Cleveland, who is dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse, writes, "The same American who would get nowhere operating out of an embassy is able to become a trusted adviser in a newly developing country if he represents an agency of the United Nations!" In short, they won't take our money unless routed through the UN!

Commander Jackson, who thinks the career of UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) could be a model for the agency given the job of passing out development aid, estimates that $25,000,000,000 would do for a starter. This sounds like a lot of money, but it always amazes the commander that "our governments are so ready to face the vast financial requirements of a fantastic defensive effort and yet fail to realize that positive economic policies which could secure peace in great areas cannot be purchased at bargain rates." He's telling us!

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee recently approved a proposal to put $1,000,000,000 a year out of our total foreign-aid contribution into a Development Loan Fund which would be distributed without fear of congressional scrutiny. Thus, according to Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, "expenditure control through the appropriation process is bypassed." This fund would not be administered by UN agencies, and it is doubtful if Congress, even under present auspices, would sanction such an arrangement. However, the loan-fund idea is a step toward the exclusion of Congress from consideration of foreign aid.

Despite the disposition of many senators to delegate this problem to the bureaucrats, it is the bureaucrats, not Congress, who have made these foreign-aid messes—in Iran, in Laos and in a dozen other areas. The efforts of congressional committees to weed out incompetence and extravagance have had little influence. Pressure for more foreign aid continues as if nothing had happened.

So far Congress has managed to evade proposals like SUNFED and other devices for permitting United Nations agencies to take charge of our money. However, the Monroney resolution, passed last year, calls for the thorough exploration of "the establishment of an International Development Association, as an affiliate of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development." From this distance the scheme sounds like something that does need some cold, skeptical exploration.

Perhaps Humor Will Reform the Litterbugs When Fines and Harsh Words Have Failed!

What this country needs is more Charlie Dooleys. It is true that the original Charlie may be a little hazy in his geography, not being able to tell you offhand whether Utah is northeast of Maine or right in the middle of West Virginia. But one thing he knows very clearly about all those places is that nobody in them should dump bottles and candy wrappers and banana peels and newspapers on the public thoroughfare.

From Florida to Alaska and Hawaii there is a need almost everywhere for stanch hearts to battle against the pestiferous habit of messing up our streets, sidewalks and highways. If we, more than other peoples, have been guilty of this selfishness, maybe the chief excuse is that we have more things to throw away. But excuses are not justifications, and there is one command we should issue to ourselves, "Cut it out!"

When Edna Ferber, the novelist, returned from a European trip several years ago, she took one look at her town and then let out a scream that was heard from the northern border of the Bronx to faraway Coney Island. The dirtiness of New York, she declared furiously, was a horrible disgrace.

A New Yorker with a thousand headaches a day, Mayor Robert F. Wagner, sighed when he heard Miss Ferber, and then he said, "Boys, we've got to start a municipal missionary campaign." Accordingly, some of the town's leading businessmen organized the Citizens Committee to Keep New York City Clean.

Last fall the campaign rose to a new height of success with the creation of Charlie Dooley. The newspapers supplied free space for advertisements. Radio and television time was donated, so was space for cards in subways and buses and for outdoor posters.

And thus the face and the gravelly voice of Charlie Dooley became familiar to his 8,000,000 fellow citizens. Charlie's words are born in the brain of an advertising copy writer, Edward J. Caffrey. The actor who plays Charlie is John Kane.

Charlie is an average, plain-talking New York workingman who carries his lunch to his job and speaks the New York lingo. "A cleaner New York is up to you and me both!" That's his cheerfully rasping motto.

"If you ask me," said Charlie Dooley recently, "anybody that dirties up the street oughta be given a one-way ticket to Mud Puddle, Utah."

Some visitors from Utah saw Charlie with that message on a poster in a New York subway station. Soon there came a biting answer from a Salt Lake City stockbroker, William P. Sargent, "There is no Mud Puddle, Utah, but even if there were, I dare say it would be cleaner than parts of New York City. We'll thank you, Charlie Dooley—or your gag writer—to keep a civil tongue in your head. Or you 'oughta' be given a one-way ticket to Lobotomy, Montana. (Montana, I am only kidding.)"

Next thing, Gov. George Clyde of Utah was writing a letter to Mayor Wagner, inviting Charlie Dooley and other geography-ignorant New Yorkers to visit Utah and see "some of the most beautiful desert country in the world." If they littered the highways, he added kindly, they might be arrested and fined as much as $299.

We need more Charlie Dooleys all over our country. Charlie's name and looks and accent may vary from place to place, but let his tune everywhere be the same: "A cleaner United States is up to you and me both!"

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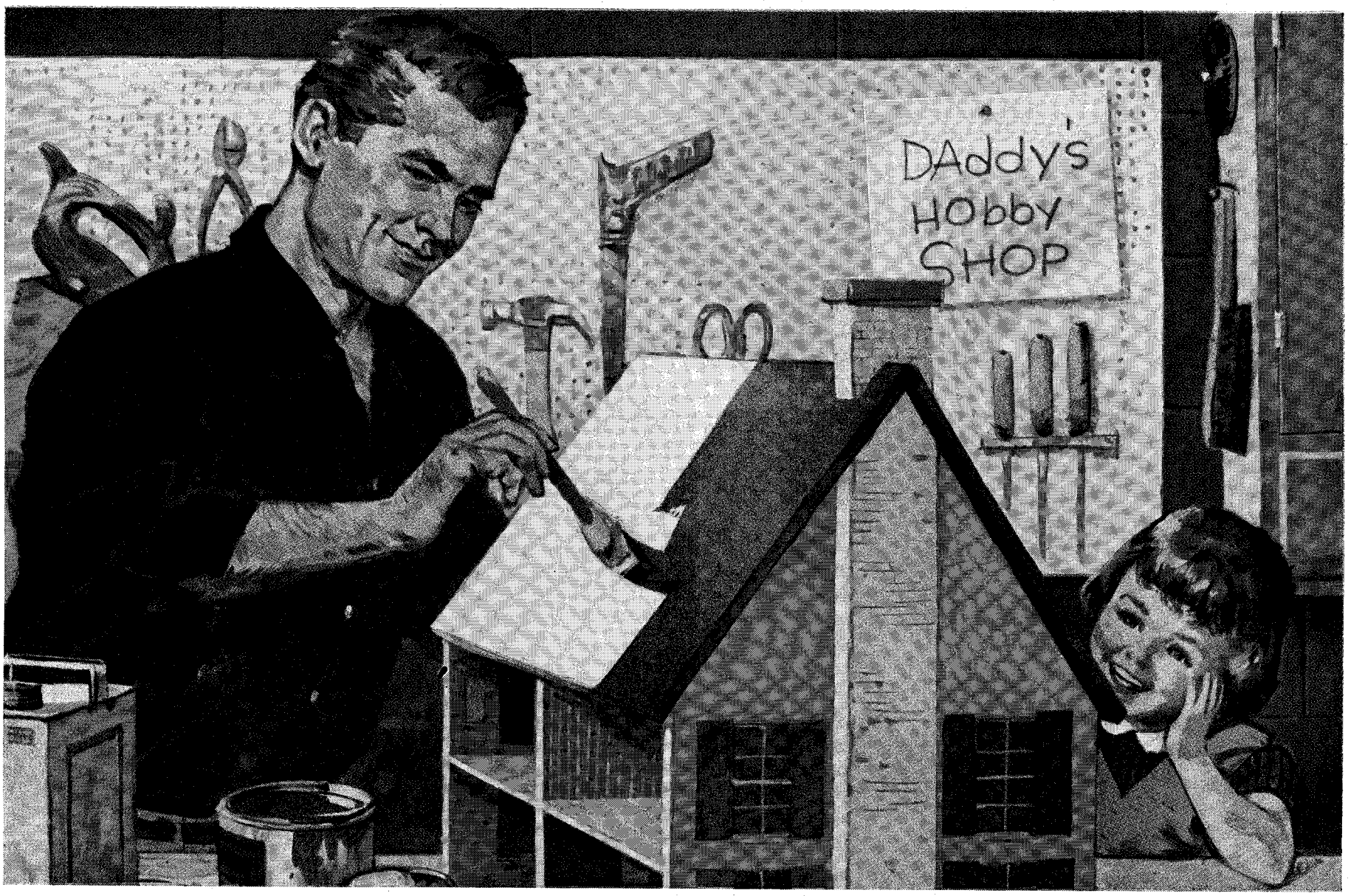

How to manage your emotions...

and lead a healthier, happier life

All of us have emotional upsets now and then. Fortunately, most of us—like the man you see above—have absorbing hobbies or other interesting recreations that ease our worries and tensions . . . and divert our minds from the things that cause us to be worried or tense.

Some people, however, are more or less *constantly* bothered by anxiety, vague fears and other disturbing feelings. They don't face their problems—big or little—openly and realistically.

Persistent, unresolved emotional conflicts keep many of us from being as happy and as healthy as we should be. That's because mind and body are inseparably linked. Whatever affects one affects the other. Furthermore, our attitudes are apt to react on those around us.

Unless we deal with our emotional conflicts intelligently, they bear down on our spirits, drain away energy, and may cause many physical symptoms or bodily disorders. These include heart palpitations, digestive upsets, joint and muscular pains and chronic fatigue. In addition, high blood pressure, ulcers, and some allergies are often of emotional origin.

In fact, a large percentage of all the people who go to doctors today have ailments brought on or made worse by prolonged or severe emotional turmoil. That is why doctors are more alert than ever before to the role of the emotions in all illnesses.

Treatment of illnesses in which our emotions play a major part takes a lot of time and skill. The doctor needs to know many details about the lives of his patients—especially their emotional responses to everyday problems which cause little trouble for most of us.

With this knowledge, he can often help patients recognize those fears and worries which are wholly or partly responsible for their illness. And he can often help his patients learn new ways of looking at and handling problems that might keep them tense, unhappy and ill.

Should you ever become overburdened by emotional troubles, remember it's not wise—it's definitely unhealthy—to keep them "bottled up." Discuss them with your doctor. He, or a psychiatrist or clinic recommended by him, may very well get to the root of your troubles and restore you to better mental health—that pleasant feeling of being on good terms with your life and yourself.

For more information, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Emotions and Physical Health." Use the convenient coupon below.

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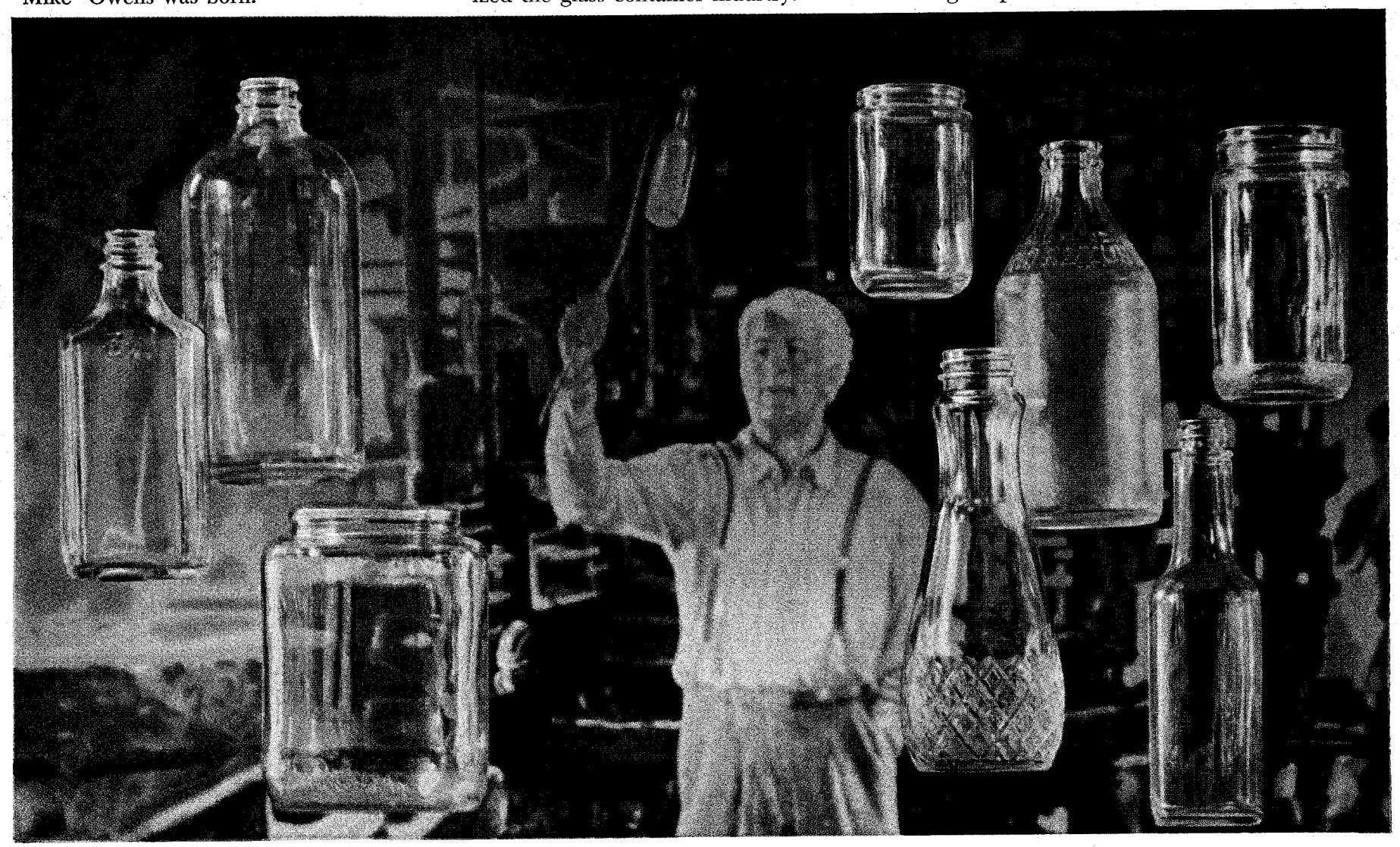
Glass manufacturing looked like this the year "Mike" Owens was born.

The machine he invented revolutionized the glass container industry.

This year—the average American will use more than 400 glass-packed items.



The 100th Anniversary of Mike Owens' birth
He led the way to our wonderful world of glass

Michael J. Owens was the Owens of Owens-Illinois. He invented the first successful automatic bottle machine in 1903. And this year, the 100th anniversary of his birth, Mike's influence is felt in the daily lives of almost all of us.

His machine led to mass production of the millions of Owens-Illinois glass containers we use today. Foods, beverages, medicines, chemicals, toiletries—so many *different* products are packaged better in glass.

Mike's invention also meant more job opportunities, with better working conditions. By 1919 the National Child Labor Commission had written ". . . your machine has done more to eliminate child labor than all our legislation." When he died in 1923, he had revolutionized an industry.

With its multitude of products made from glass, plastics, paper, wood and metal, Owens-Illinois has expanded its services in many directions. Yet the adventurous curiosity which led Mike Owens to devise a new way to make bottles still guides the thinking of Owens-Illinois.

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass TV bulbs • glass pipe glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
TABLEWARE	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
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GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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The Rev. Ferdinand Saunders, who is newly ordained, at his Mattituck, Long Island, church. Before he began studying theology he was "a real organization man," he says.

Parsons-Come-Lately

By HARTZELL SPENCE

Thousands of successful older men, finding their business careers meaningless, have started life anew as low-paid, obscure clergymen. And they've never been happier.

On May 8, 1959, Ferdinand D. Saunders, aged forty-one, shook hands with his fellow executives of the International Business Machines Corporation in New York and walked out on a job paying $25,000 a year. At his home on Long Island his wife June was packing, and there was a FOR SALE sign on the modern ranch-style house. Two days later, in the clerical collar of a deacon of the Episcopal Church, the Reverend Mr. Saunders stepped into the pulpit of his first charge. It was a tiny mission far out on Long Island; salary $3600. He smiled shyly at his wife, who sat in the vicar's pew; she smiled back. They had begun a new life.

Saunders is by no means a unique case. Thousands of men today are entering the Christian clergy in their middle years, after successful careers in the professions, business and industry. The Veterans Administration alone has given GI Bill aid for theological education to 48,219 veterans of World War II and Korea, a figure exceeded only by medicine and the law.

Most religious seminaries have adjusted to the trend. More than half of all United States Protestant theological schools have been compelled to establish family-unit dormitories for students who already are fathers. The ten seminaries of the United Lutheran Church in America have received such a surge of older men that a committee has been appointed to consider a special educational program for middle-aged candidates. The Evangelical Lutheran Church's seminary in Saint Paul, Minnesota, has eighty-seven students who are more than thirty years old. At Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, which is affiliated with the American Baptist Convention, about 10 per cent of the applications for admission involve

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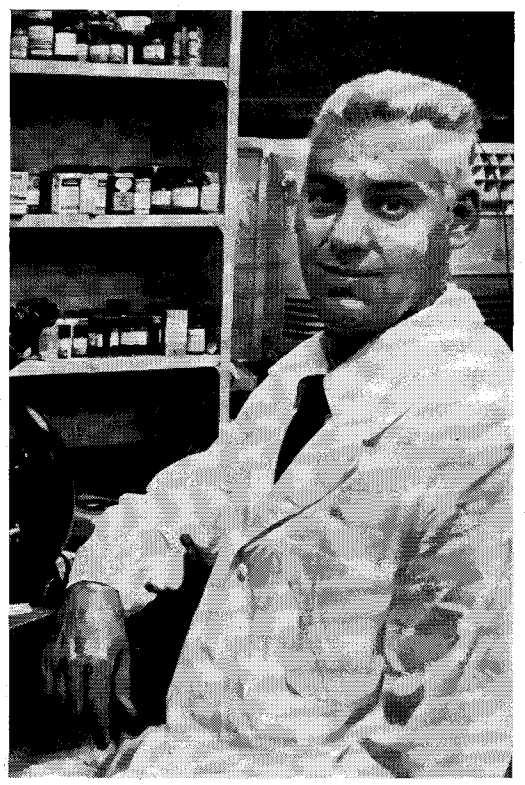
men beyond their thirty-fifth year. The Methodist Church, which is the largest single Protestant body, in 1958 ordained twenty-five men who were more than forty-five years old, and had an increase of about 300 in its four-year home-study course for mature men and women who seek a license to preach.

The Roman Catholic Church has experienced the same phenomenon. Special organizations have been set up to encourage delayed priestly vocations. One of these is the Saint Philip Neri School in Boston, now thirteen years old. It prepares middle-aged men to pass seminary entrance examinations. In its first ten years this Jesuit institution aided eighty-four men who now are priests, and placed 200 others in seminaries. The Saint Patrick's Club and Sodality in New York fosters men who must make up scholastic deficiencies, principally in Latin, and helps them to find a seminary. More than 300 members of this club, mostly aged forty-five to sixty, have reached ordination as a result of the club's efforts. They include firemen, policemen, corporation presidents, and a sixty-eight-year-old public-school superintendent. So successful has this organization been that this year its founder, Prof. Patrick J. Flood of Seton Hall University, has established a similar project in New Jersey, the Saint John The Baptist Late-Vocation Society. Within a month of its inception, twenty-four older men had joined it.



Since 1956 William Atkinson has had two vocations: Weekdays (left) he is professor of anatomy at the University of Louisville (Ky.) Medical School. On Sundays (right) he dons his vestments as assistant rector of Louisville's Grace Episcopal Church.

Although the Episcopal Church is a relatively small religious body, it has been most strikingly influenced by the parsons-come-lately trend. Take the case of the Reverend Mr. Saunders: He had never attended seminary and is not a college graduate. For four years he studied at night and over weekends to pass his canonical examinations and reach ordination while continuing to work at I.B.M. His preparation for the ministry was accomplished at the George Mercer Jr. Memorial School of Theology in Garden City, Long Island, an Episcopal Church part-time education center for older men. A somewhat similar project exists in Detroit, at the School of Theology of the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan. Both institutions prepare for ordination candidates who continue to be active in their job or profession. The age range of the students is from thirty-two to seventy-two. More than half of them are in their forties and fifties. Forty-two per cent of them are not college graduates.

Saunders is typical of these late-blossoming ministers. As a child he regularly attended Sunday school, but as soon as he left home he stopped going to church. After a year at Columbia University in New York, he joined I.B.M., and became what he describes as "a real organization man, heart and soul in the business, day, night and weekends." With this ambitious drive, he worked up rapidly to a responsible position, and left the churchgoing to his wife, an Episcopalian.

What, then, caused such an upheaval within Saunders that he threw aside a career many men might envy and became a country cleric? The motivations which a psychiatrist might search for are lacking. Saunders was happy in his work,

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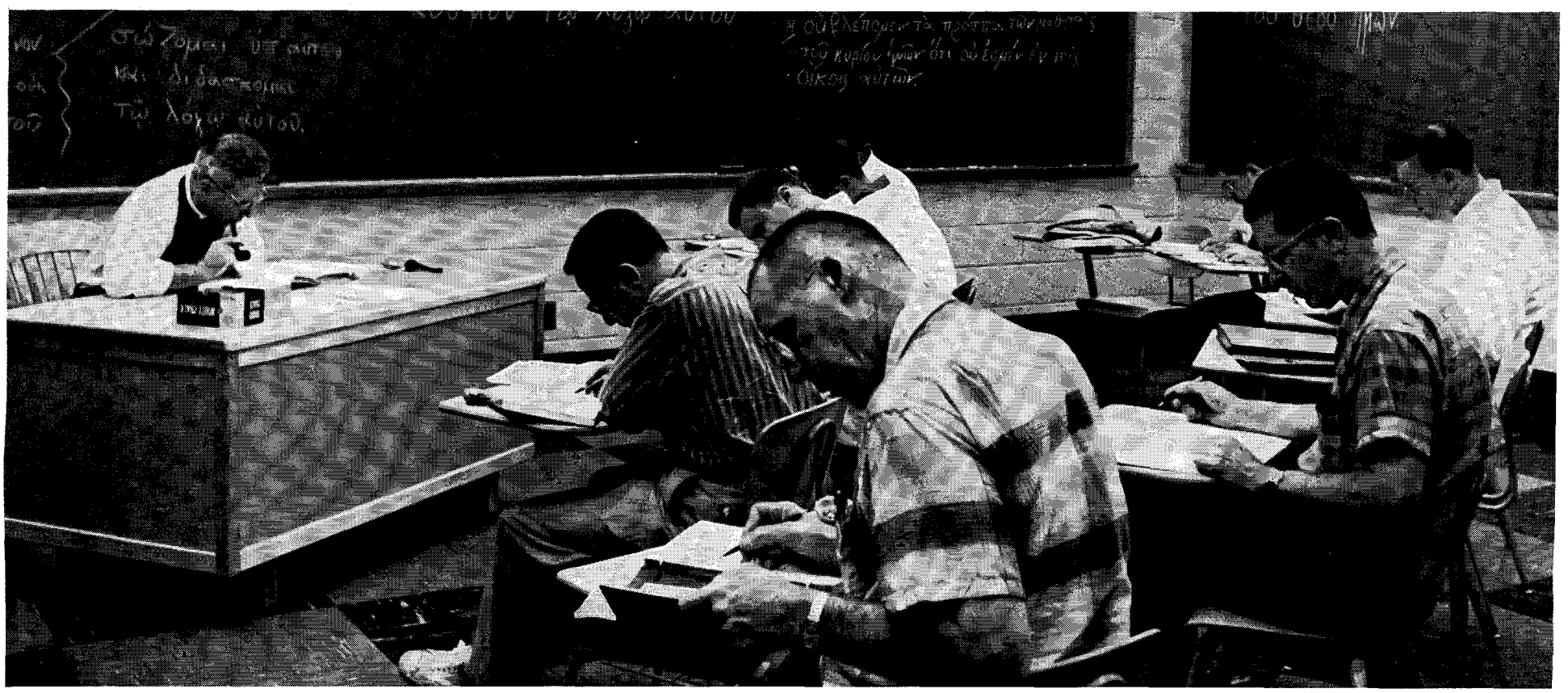

The businessmen above are attending an evening class in Greek at the Mercer Memorial School of Theology in Garden City, L.I., which specializes in educating older candidates for the Episcopal clergy.

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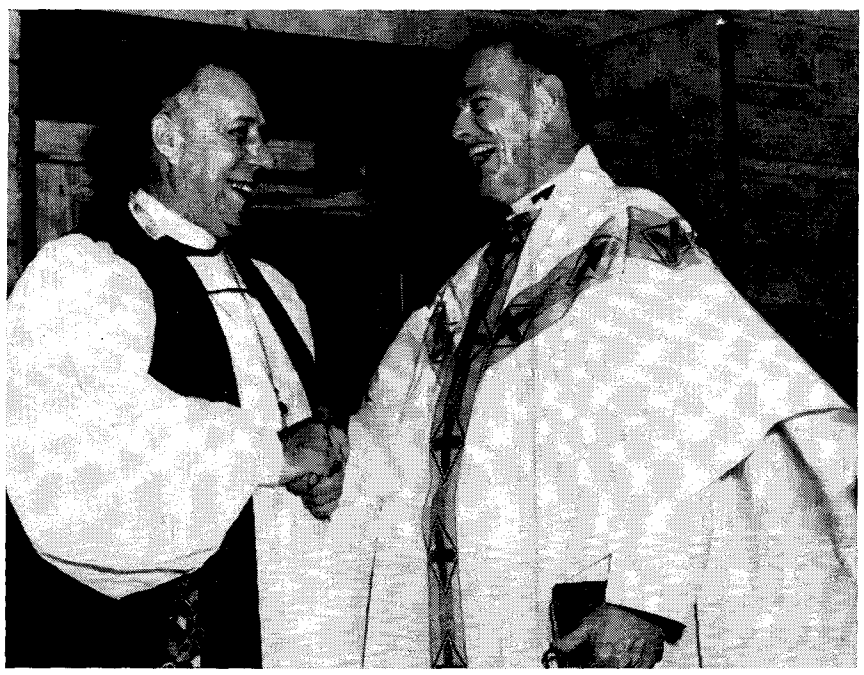
Aspiring to the Roman Catholic priesthood, these men are studying Latin in night school at Seton Hall University, South Orange, N.J. The students work at their regular jobs by day and prepare for their new calling in their spare time.



Another scientist turned Episcopal clergyman is Dr. William Pollard (right). A former head of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, he was ordained priest in 1954 and now teaches theology at the University of the South.

Ex-Detroit policeman Joe Kopera (in surplice) receiving the congratulations of fellow officers after he became an Episcopal deacon last May. He now spends much of his time in juvenile court, trying to help young offenders.

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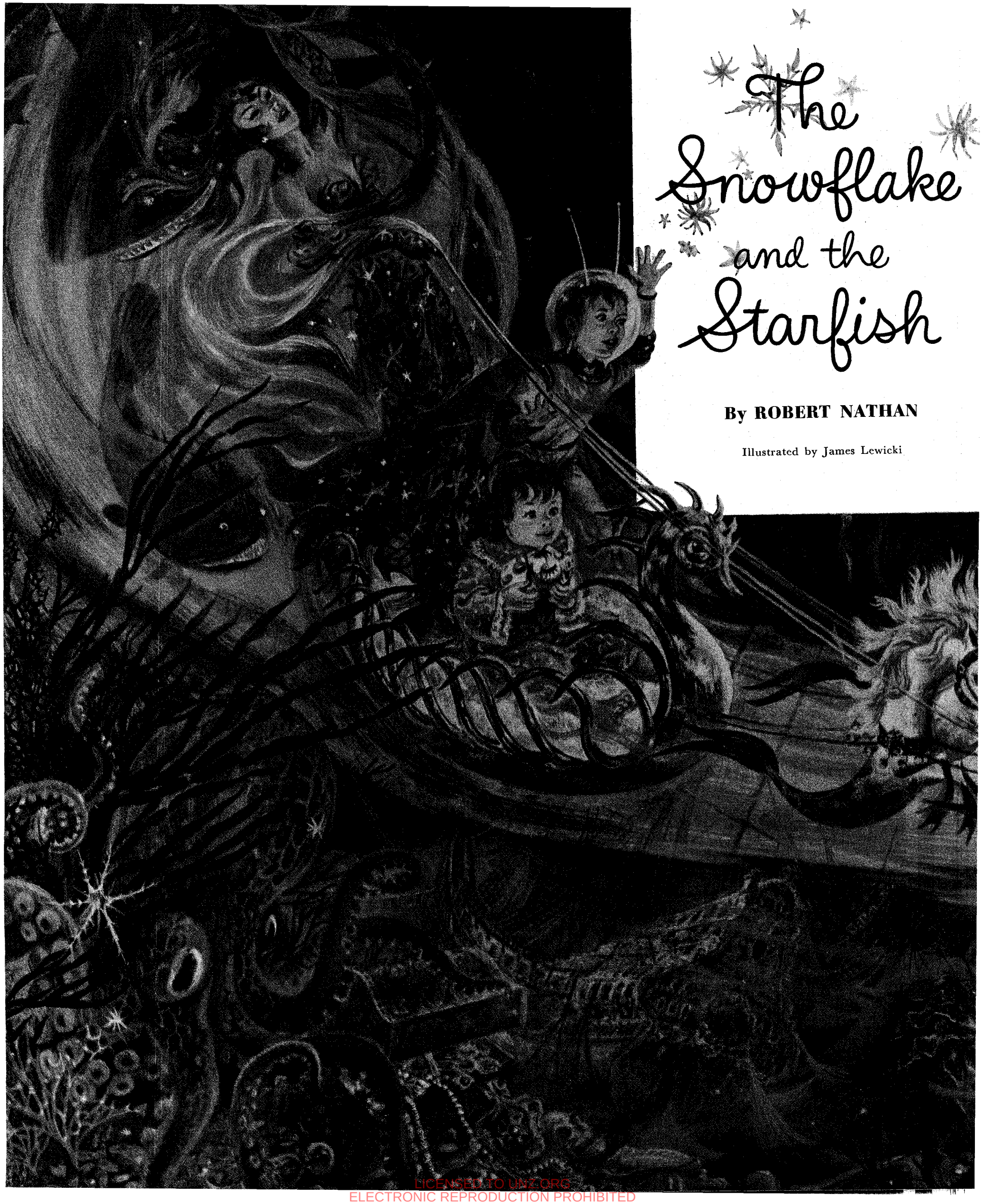

The Snowflake and the Starfish

By ROBERT NATHAN

Illustrated by James Lewicki

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The sea witch came in on the tide, riding on the waves like foam, and her hair floated out behind her like seaweed. She came to the beach and lay there breathing slightly, and her eyes searched everywhere like a hungry gull. And Michael Doyle's little daughter, Vicky, walking along the beach in search of colored shells, turned to her brother, Little Thomas, and said, "It's time we went home to supper."

"I think I saw something behind those rocks," said Little Thomas.

"All right," said Vicky, "do you want to go and look?"

"No," said Little Thomas.

The two children turned and started home down the beach; and the sea witch lowered herself gently into the water and swam quietly along the shore, halfway out, keeping an eye on them, and now and then diving through the waves like a porpoise. She was lonely; she had no children of her own to play with.

Vicky and her brother, Little Thomas, lived in a house close to the water with their father Michael Doyle, the professor, and his wife Helen. It was a good place for playing or looking for shells, except in winter, when the fogs came in or when it rained. Then they stayed indoors or walked on the hills above the sea in the weedy grass and looked down at the ocean, gray and cold and lonely everywhere.

But now it was summer, and they went almost every day to the beach. They knew that there were many strange things in the sea, some of which they wouldn't like; but they were mostly far out where they would never bother ordinary people, like the giant octopus that lived far down in the deep dark bottom of the ocean somewhere on the way to China.

But the things that were nearer at hand they knew very well. They knew the sea gulls and the little sand crabs who lived there, and the hermit crabs in their shells, and the quick, darting sandpipers; and they knew the fishermen who came there to spin their lines out over the surf and stand patient and still until it was time to reel their lines in again. Or sometimes a skin diver would clump down to the water in his big rubber fins and put on his mask and go sliding out to sea like a seal, pushing a blown-up rubber tube in front of him.

(Continued on Page 68)

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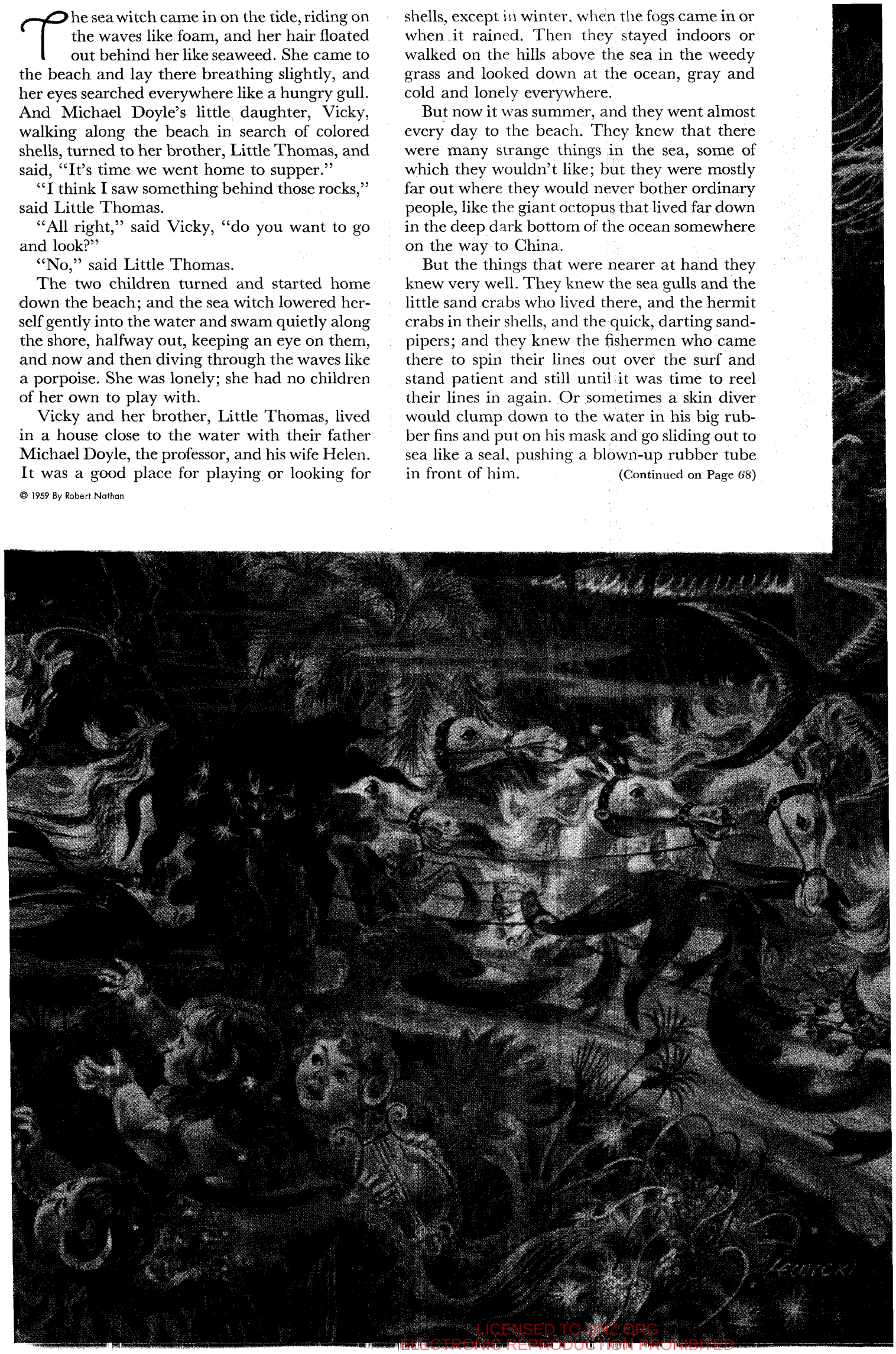

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In Praise of Waste

By GARRETT HARDIN

Darwin changed our views of the origin of living things, but more important still, he changed our attitude toward waste. Before Darwin, the adaptedness of species was explained by William Paley as an example of "design in nature"—a design that existed in the mind of a Creator Who then fashioned nature in accordance with His blueprint; only so, said Paley, could such a marvelously adapted structure as the eye have been produced.

Not at all, said Darwin. It is not necessary that there exist in some mind the idea of a beautifully adapted machine in order that this machine may come into existence. It is enough if nature be permitted to try countless experiments—"mutations" we now call them—among which a tiny percentage produces good results. Each such successful experiment is saved by natural selection and used as a base for further experimentation and natural selection. Mutation occurs at random and entails enormous waste, but natural selection acts like a ratchet to preserve each tiny element of progress; thus do nature's beautifully adapted machines come into being. There need be no blueprint for design to emerge; trial and error suffice. Something of this sort must have been meant by the poet William Blake who said, "To be an error and to be cast out is a part of God's design."

Design can emerge from blind waste. How old is this thought? Who can trace the earliest embryological stages of so tenuous an entity as an idea? Perhaps it is centuries old, but certainly its form was not unambiguously clear until Robert Malthus wrote his *Essay on Population* in 1798. This much-misunderstood work, yearly buried by liberal critics and yearly resurrected by its own vigor, has, entangled in its many errors, a correct view of stability achieved through waste—the Malthusian dynamic scheme of population. From the superabundant vitality of nature comes the ever-present threat of geometric increase, but this *CONTINUED ON PAGE 81*

© 1959 by Garrett Hardin

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND IN BOOK FORM

A selection of twenty-one Adventures of the Mind will be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf on September 21st. Readers wishing to reserve a copy may do so by writing *The Saturday Evening Post*, Dept. 1808, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Advance reservation price (plus postage and handling costs) for the Regular Edition, $4; for the DeLuxe Edition, $5. Purchasers will be billed when the book is shipped. THE EDITORS

About the Author

Garrett Hardin, professor of biology at the University of California, spent ten years in microbiological research on protozoa and algae, photosynthesis and antibiotics before he undertook the task of interpreting current advances in the field of biology to the layman. Doctor Hardin's article is a portion of his most recent book, *Nature and Man's Fate*, to be published next month by Rinehart & Company. The book is an evaluation of the human implications of evolution. Photograph by Sid Avery

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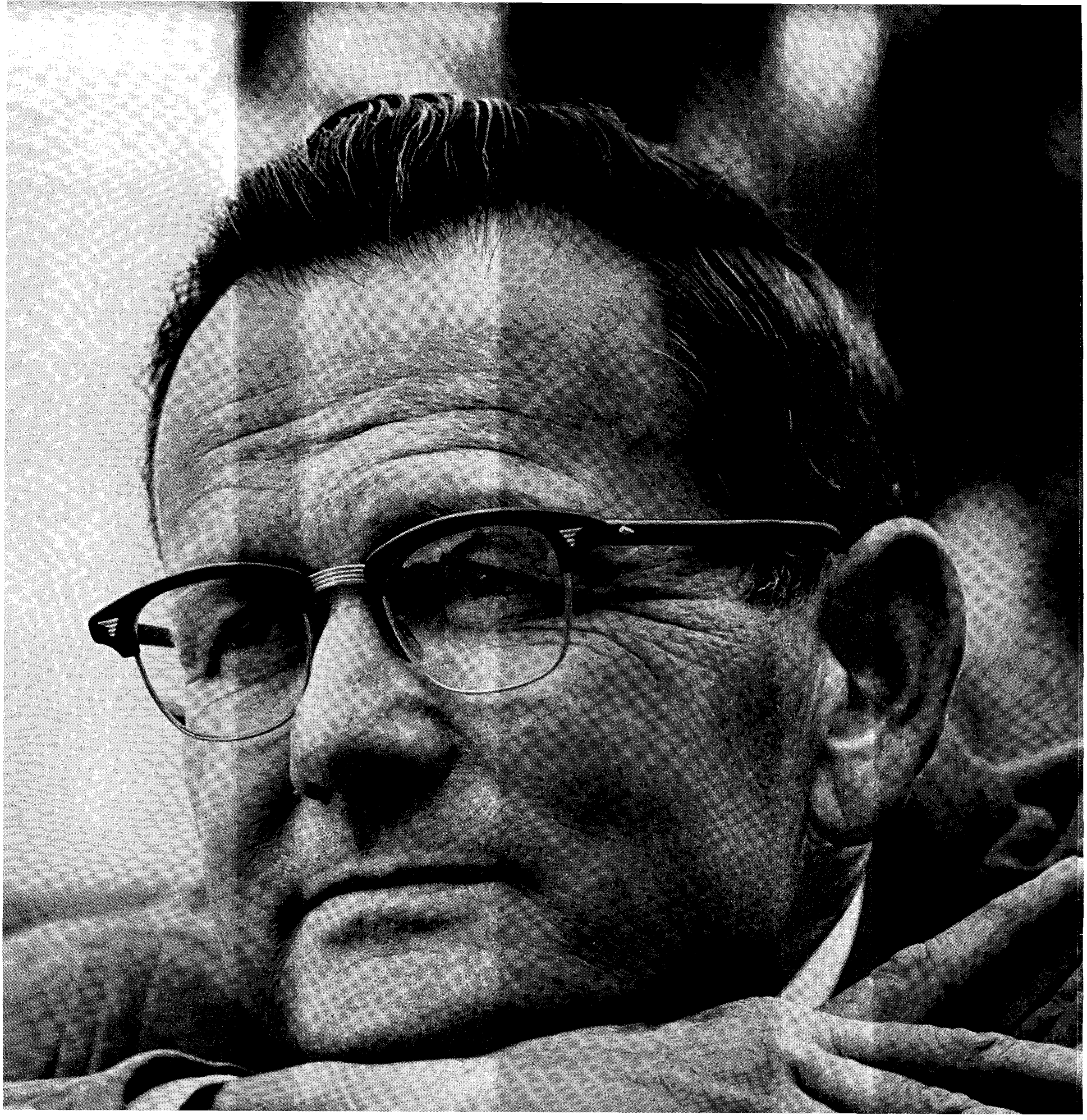

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CROWN FIRE

He risked his life to go in after the other man. Now they both might die.

By ALICE LENT COVERT

When the Bryant twins were assigned to Sky River park, they were just turned twenty-one, fresh out of forestry school. Both were darkly handsome as young imps, and as full of hell. If there was any difference in them, it was that Kip was a shade the wilder. "I'm an hour older than the kid," he was wont to explain, "and I've had more experience."

Neal Marks, the head ranger, had high hopes for them. "They're good boys and

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Kelly swung the jeep around and shouted, "Get in!"

they'll be good men. Give them time to learn the ropes, and they'll be my best."

They were enthusiastic, tireless, and by spring of their second year in Sky River they were taking to their task like veterans. Reared on a ranch in country even wilder and lonelier than Sky River, they were more conversant with mountain and forest creatures than with the human creature in its infinite variety. They had poachers in their own home hills. Now they were obliged to adjust their responsibility to the law they represented with their woodsman's tolerance for a man who took honest camp meat. Hunters who bagged head trophies and left carcasses for the vultures earned their profane contempt. Once, when they'd been helping fight a series of spot fires set by a firebug, the crews came upon the culprit redhanded and the Bryant twins had to be bodily restrained from reducing him to a pulp before he was hauled off to jail.

In Sky River they became familiar with a species they had known only indifferently before. "Throw away the science books," said the irrepressible Kip; "we've got to write 'em over. Organic matter is divided in *four* classes—vegetable, mineral, animal and tourist!" It always got a laugh from the other rangers, who had an amused tolerance for the city dwellers who overran the hills at vacation time.

To a ranger, tourists could spell trouble at any season. They wandered off on unmarked trails and got themselves stuck or lost. They climbed precipices and were unable to climb down again. They ignored high water and snow warnings, were stranded, had to be rescued. They smoked in prohibited areas, built illegal campfires, destroyed plant and wildlife. They left in their wake a trail of beer cans, soda bottles, refuse; a personal signature scrawled in ugly clutter across the face of the scenic (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Arnold Friberg

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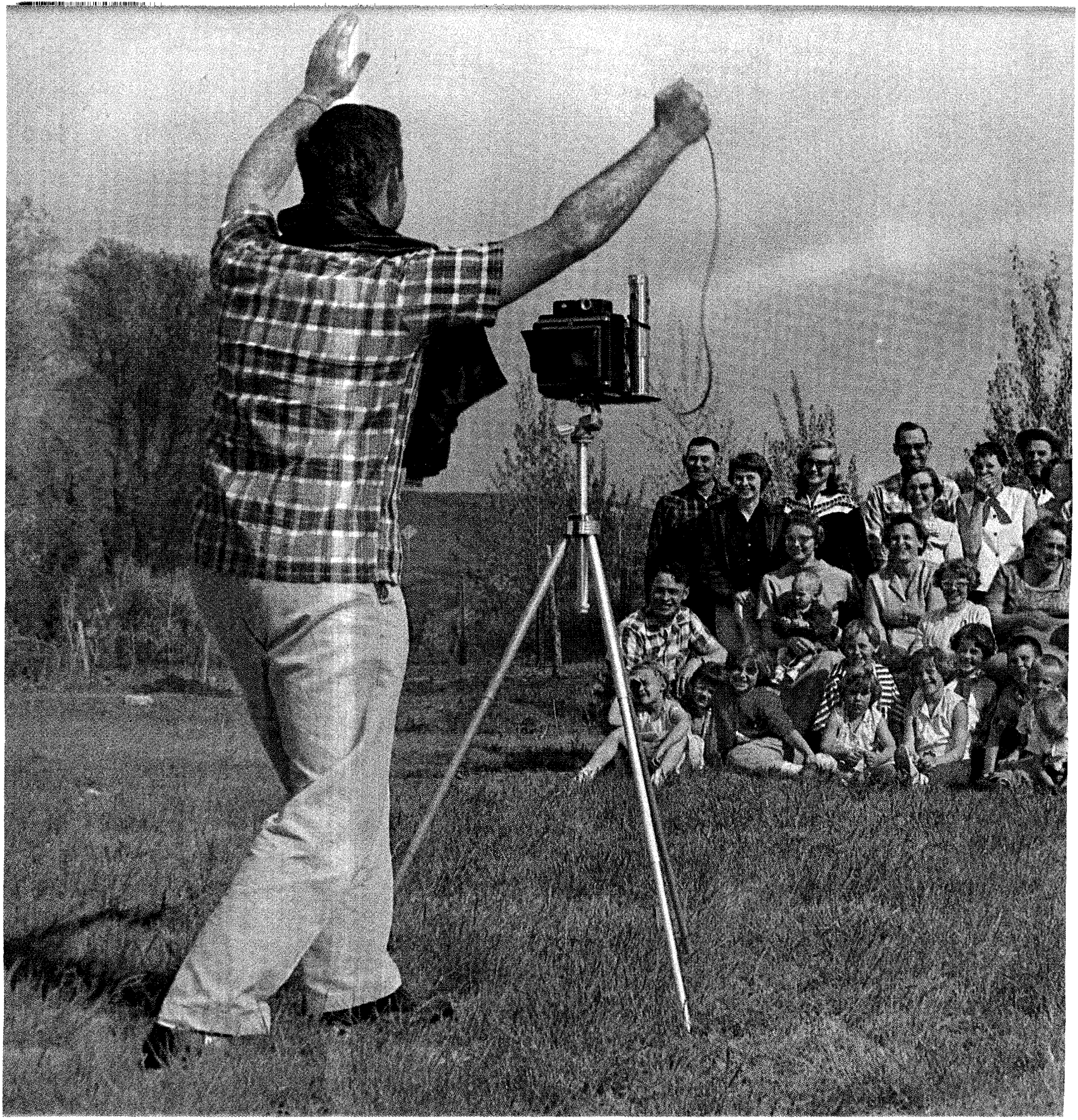

The Face of AMERICA

Family Photograph

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Credit for founding this happy American clan belongs to the proud couple in the center, seventy-two-year-old German-born Adolph Rieger and his wife, Lydia, sixty-nine, whose first progeny, a son, first drew breath in 1911. By last spring the family had grown to seven sons, nine daughters, fifty-eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren and was scattered over much of the West. It required months of planning to find a weekend when most of them could get together. Finally on Saturday, May thirtieth, Riegers and their spouses streamed into the patriarchal ranch between Miles City and Baker, in eastern Montana. Next morning everybody attended Congregational church services in nearby Plevna, then returned to the ranch for a day of visiting, reminiscing, picture taking and picnicking. Five grandchildren, the two great-grandchildren and three sons-in-law were unable to come, but the oldest Rieger—who arrived in this country at the age of four—could still count eighty-three relatives, including in-laws, in his photograph. He had still another consolation—a fifty-ninth grandchild was soon to be born, making for a total of at least seventy-seven lineal descendants to help him and Lydia celebrate their golden anniversary next February. © Photograph by John Bickel

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"I was going over your qualifications in my mind," she said.

The Husband Hunter

By STEVE McNEIL

She had absolutely no qualms about warning her victims that they were fair game.

It was late summer in Oceancrest. The tourists were as thick as mosquitoes in a swamp. They buzzed aimlessly around the town, pausing only long enough to refuel with hamburgers and fried clams, with beer and potato chips, with ice cream and candy bars.

Phil McVey, wearing a sun-faded pair of blue denims, rope-soled shoes, and a T shirt, walked up Broadway. His denims were liberally festooned with green, white and yellow paint. He was a lanky, dark-haired young man with brooding eyes, thick eyebrows and big feet. A coarse, dark, day-old stubble gave him a somewhat fierce appearance which was in keeping with his mood.

He turned into a small restaurant which had a sign, ART'S PLACE, jutting out over the sidewalk. There were two horseshoe counters, and to the left, the grill, ovens and other equipment.

There were ten or twelve customers in the place. Phil found a stool near the wall. Art automatically poured a cup of coffee and slid it across the counter. "Keep your head down," Art said, "and maybe nobody will notice you. I run a nice, clean place here, and ——"

"Oh, yeah? You serve tourists, don't you?"

"Outside of causing traffic jams, picking fights, crowding the golf courses, throwing broken bottles on the beach and trying to get theirselves drowned, what's the matter with tourists?"

"I had to park six blocks away so I could come up here and get a cup of that battery acid you call coffee, that's what's the matter with tourists."

"Now tell me that you had to squander a nickel on a parking meter and I'll give you the coffee." He peered over the counter at Phil's paint-spattered denims. "See you got your cottage painted."

"Uh-huh."

"Rented it yet?"

Phil shook his head. "I got an ad in the Signal. I wanted to wait till I got it ready. It looks nice. I got the fireplace fixed, and I polished those old planked-oak floors, and I got a big hooked rug at the church rummage sale for six bucks. Got a new stove and refrigerator, and Earl just finished with the new electric heating units. I figure I can get fifty bucks a month, easy."

"Man, you bug me. If you'd finished that place in June, you could (Continued on Page 57)

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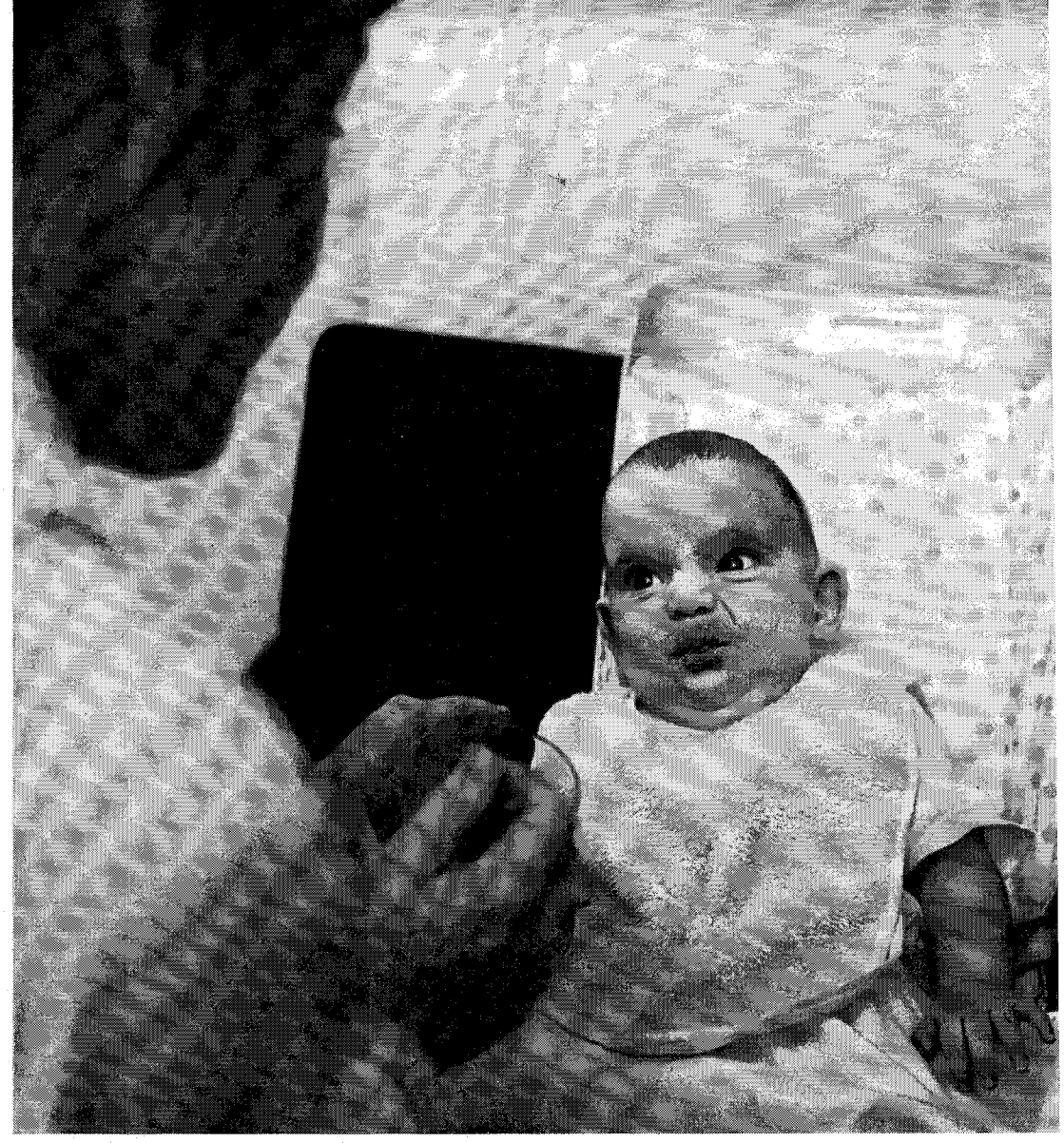
Under pre-1942 rules if you threw a tantrum, you were ignored. Not so today. When baby calls for a summit meeting, his parents are expected to come running.



The sourly skeptical look on the face of the infant shown above is fully justified: What is absolutely right in baby care today is all wrong not many years later.

Were You Boiled as a Baby?

If you were born after 1914 you probably were reared according to the Government's famous manual, *Infant Care*—which has been changed so radically that your poor parents may have done everything wrong.

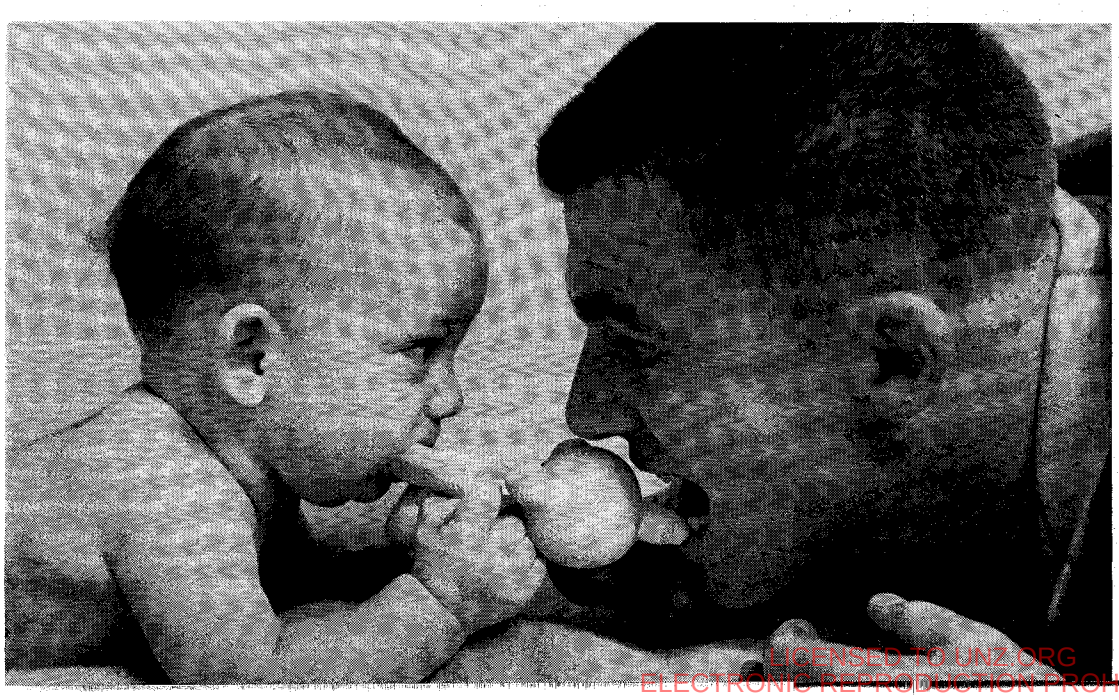
By ROBERT M. YODER

A remarkably influential little book will begin on December first its forty-sixth year of extraordinary service to the country. You will agree at once that "extraordinary service" is not too laudatory when you understand that this book very possibly figured importantly in your own development, having had much to do with making you the fine, likable, unspoiled, even-tempered man or woman that you are.

That's because *Infant Care* warned that it wasn't good to feed doughnuts, griddlecakes, pork, coffee or beer to year-old infants, and cautioned against boiling babies on the stove. This book also said to take a tough line with you, saving you from becoming spoiled and fussy.

Infant Care, the premier publication of the Children's Bureau in Washington, is one of the mightiest of nonstop best sellers. Ever since the first copy came off the press in 1914, it has been this country's most used manual on raising babies. It very probably governed your first two years on earth. Of course those fine, sensible rules, representing the best thinking of the time, have now for the large part been rescinded, reversed and thrown out into the alley. But that only makes *Infant Care*—and its influence on you—more interesting.

For American parents by the uncounted millions this (Continued on Page 67)



Until 1951 the nursery was practically off limits for dad. Then, in a typical about-face, the experts began advising him to have more "direct contact" with his baby.

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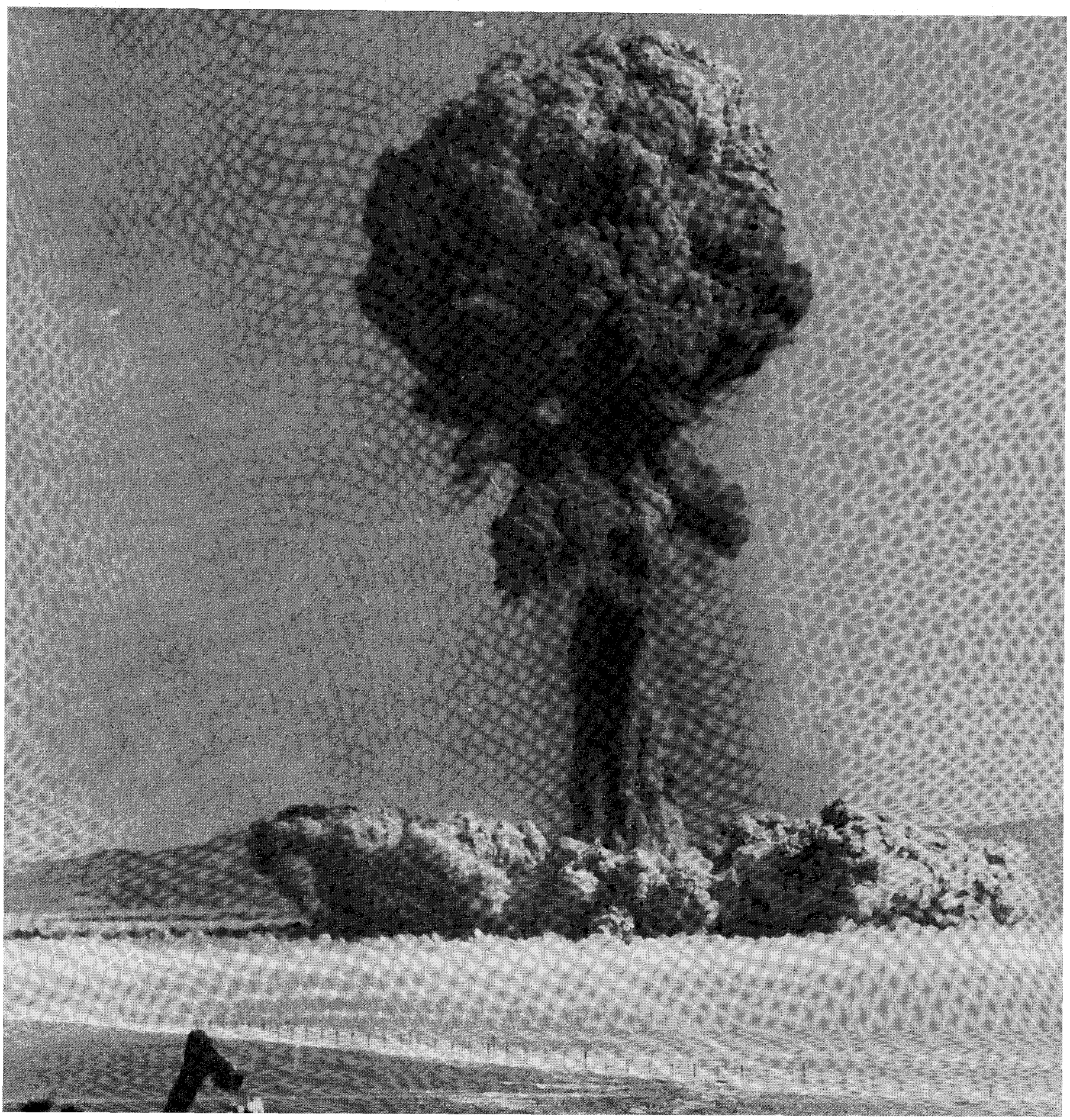
FALLOUT: The Silent Killer



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Part One

By
STEVEN M.
SPENCER

Memphis, Tennessee: A meteorologist sets out a gummed sheet designed to catch particles of radioactive debris over a twenty-four-hour period.

New York: At the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory, scientists Merrill Eisenbud (left) and Dr. John Harley receive exposed sheets from all over the globe.

A Post editor reports on one of the most controversial—and crucial—problems of the atomic age: How harmful is nuclear-weapons testing to us and to generations as yet unborn?

At exactly 12:30 Greenwich civil time every day in the year, 169 men in 169 cities around the globe perform a simple chore of world-wide importance. Each steps out onto a roof or into a yard, removes a one-foot square of sticky cellophane from an exposed wooden frame, clips a fresh sheet into place with spring clothespins, folds the old piece into a brown envelope and mails it off to an address on Columbus Avenue in New York City.

Here in the Health and Safety Laboratory of the United States Atomic Energy Commission the bits of gummed film, with their twenty-four-hour catch from an increasingly polluted sky, are analyzed and the data put together with evidence from some thirty other sampling systems to make up the atomic weather report.

No matter how you read it the report is not good. For it concerns the clouds of radioactive particles, invisible but potentially harmful and even lethal, which have been blown into the air by the explosion of nuclear bombs and which drift back down upon us as fallout. Just how bad the report is depends on who is interpreting it, and some say no weather report since the one given to Noah has carried such foreboding for the human race. Certainly man has seldom faced an issue so troublesome.

The pervasive by-product of weapons testing now blankets the entire planet. It contaminates the air, the sea and the soil. It lies twice as thick over the Northern Hemisphere as the Southern, and is more heavily concentrated in the United States than anywhere else on the earth's surface. And every living creature, man included, has in its body a few particles of radioactive strontium 90, some of which will remain for life.

Moreover, the fallout will get worse before it gets better, even if bomb tests are never resumed. The spring of 1959, contrary to some of the forecasts, was radioactively the "hottest" yet, due in large part to the Russian tests of last fall. Scientists estimate that the burden of accumulated bomb debris now floating in the stratosphere, seven to ten miles up, is so great that "drip-out" to the ground will actually increase for seven or eight years before it begins to taper off.

Upon these basic facts of fallout the experts are in fair agreement. But there is sharp and disturbing disagreement among them, and among Government officials, members of Congress and plain ordinary citizens, as to what the fallout figures mean in terms of hazard to the present and future populations of the world.

How concerned should we be, then, about the amounts of radioactivity in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, the milk we give our babies and growing children? Is fallout partly responsible for the reported rise in leukemia? Is it also inducing other forms of cancer? Will it shorten our lives through subtle, nonspecific effects, as laboratory-applied radiation has shortened the lives of mice?

And what about the genetic effects? Are we now, without knowing it, sowing bad seed that will cause an increased number of physical and mental defectives to be born to future generations? And finally, are the biological risks, no matter how small or large, worth taking as the cost of developing bigger, cheaper or more "discriminating" nuclear weapons?

Such questions do not lend themselves to quick, precise answers. No scientific issue in many years has so exasperatingly eluded all efforts to lay hands upon the truth. But the public, paying out its tax billions for the bomb tests and the study of their troublesome debris, deserves more understandable answers than it has received.

Moreover, the public's understanding is not improved by semantic efforts to put a benign face on the atom with such "happy" terms as Project Sunshine, the AEC's original name for the fallout-measuring program. One scientist suggested this may have been chosen to counteract the gloomy impact of an earlier Project Gabriel. In any event, fallout has no more positive connection with sunshine and health than does the bomb itself.

The citizen is more bewildered by reading on one day a warning headline: ATOM TEST RATE CALLED PERILOUS, and on the following morning a reassuring one: STUDY MINIMIZES FALLOUT DANGER. Both appeared in the same newspaper, the trustworthy *New York Times*, and both articles were accurate accounts of testimony at hearings on fallout from nuclear-weapons tests, held last May by the radiation subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy.

The subject's frustrating uncertainties were expressed more specifically in testimony of Dr. Charles L. Dunham, director of the Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Biology and Medicine. He was discussing the question of strontium 90, which is deposited, like calcium, in the bones, especially the growing bones of children. "It is possible," Doctor Dunham said, "that the average body burden of strontium ninety in young children over much of the United States could rise to ten units as a result of fallout from weapons testing to date. . . . Bearing these dose estimates in mind, one can on the basis of one current theory estimate a maximum number of fifty to one hundred additional cases of bone cancer per year in the next seventy years, and for leukemia as much as double that number." Then he added, "Of course, there may be no additional cases at all, as the United Nations Scientific Committee was so careful to point out."

Doctor Dunham was not referring here to the obvious threat of radioactivity as an accompaniment of the fire and blast of nuclear war, a topic which the same Congressional subcommittee took up in another hearing—both hearings ably conducted by Congressman Chet Holifield

(Continued on Page 87)

A-bomb test at Yucca Flat, Nevada,
mber, 1957. In the history of the world 206
ar bombs have been exploded.

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Photographs by the Author

MASTER OF THE MOUNTAINS

By EVE FISCHER

Eddy (center) with actors James Donald (left) of England and James MacArthur of the U.S. Petrig coached them for a new Disney film.

Among the greatest of the Alpine guides is Eddy Petrig. With skill and patience he leads timid tourists up Switzerland's dizziest heights.

I asked a climbing friend if he knew any mountain guides in Switzerland. "Sure. Go to Zermatt and get Eddy Petrig. He'll teach you how to climb, and you'll love it."

I explained carefully that I didn't want to climb, that I was afraid of heights and got dizzy just looking out a window. I wanted to learn about mountain climbing and a guide's work—but most definitely no climbing for me.

"You will," he said smugly. "Want to bet?"

I bet.

In Zermatt months later Elena, the pretty barmaid at Seiler Haus Hotel, mixed an expert Gibson. No. She hadn't climbed. But one day she was going to. "With Eddy Petrig, of course." She suggested that we might do our first climb together. I explained about my phobia of heights. She bet that I'd go up long before she did. I bet two to one that I wouldn't.

Then the Walt Disney crew arrived to do a costume film, Third Man on the Mountain. I heard that Mr. Disney, to make it authentic, had hired guides to teach the actors to climb. I tackled two of the stars. Yes, they were learning to climb, with a guide named Edmund Petrig. At first they were scared, but he was teaching them to enjoy it. "Why?" they asked. "Are you going to climb?"

So I placed a couple more bets and searched out Eddy. And I learned what a good guide can do for you!

The job of leading famous—and frightened—people up mountains and introducing them to the beauties of his high-tilted world presents few new problems to Edmund Petrig, mountain guide of Zermatt. His list of clients—"tourists" is the guide's term—reads like the nursery rhyme, "Rich man, poor man," and includes movie stars and munitions makers, housewives and hotel help. He has climbed and skied with princes and priests, photographers and phone

(Continued on Page 39)

Zermatt, a mecca for mountaineers, is Petrig's base of operations. Here, says the author, "climbing is a built-in pastime. There's nothing else to do but climb."

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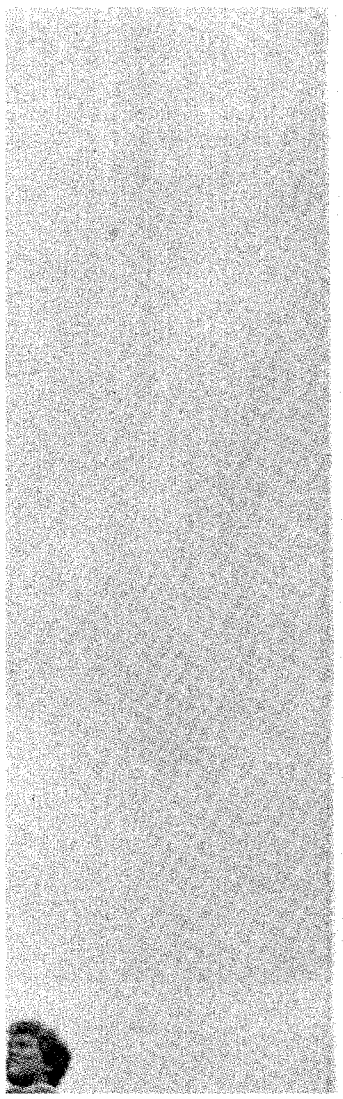

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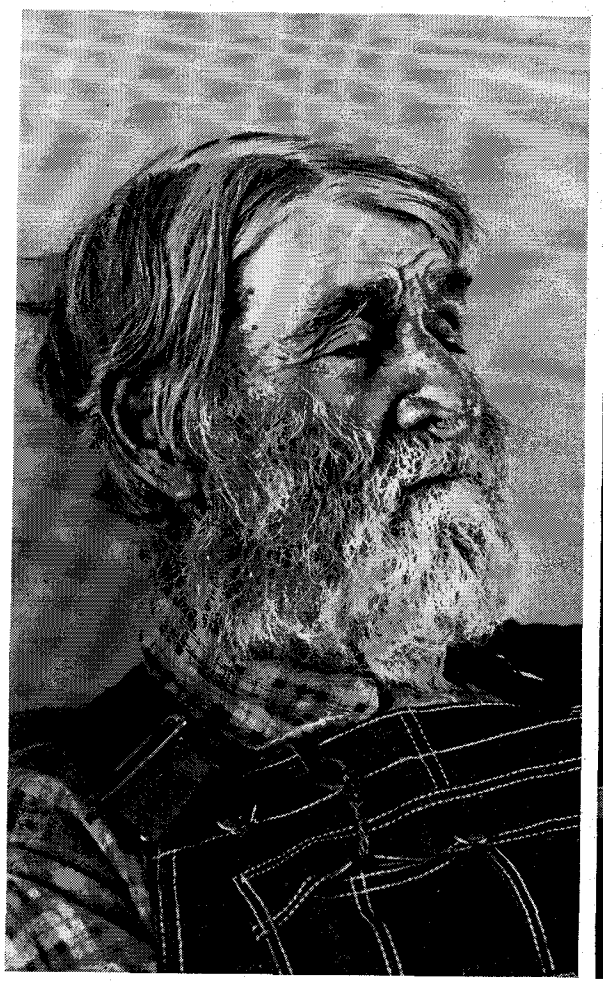
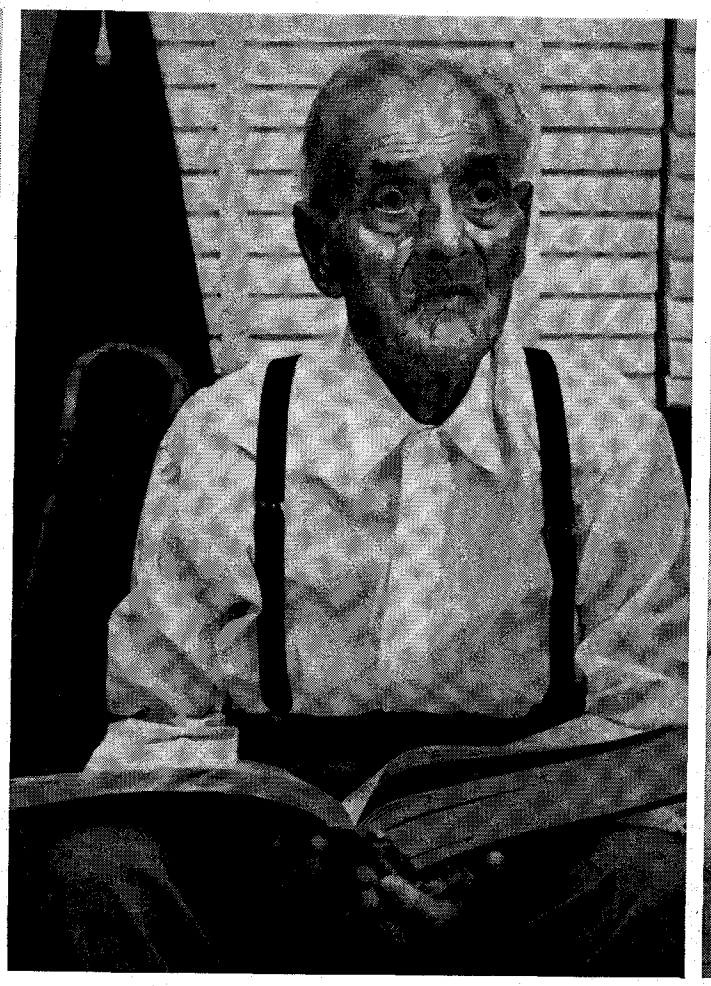


Hank Gooch of Platteville, Colorado, age 106. Unlike most of the old people polled, Gooch doesn't believe in any religion.



James Brett, 109, of Houston, Texas, with his Bible. A God-fearing man, he has spent his years in piety and peace, desiring only "to be comfortable and stay with my family."

William Perry, a 106-year-old San Franciscan, is stubbornly active. Despite his age and an artificial leg, he still goes on periodic gambling trips to Reno.

The Secrets of Long Life

How do your religious beliefs, marital happiness and occupation influence your chances of living to be a hundred? What about your money worries and sleep habits?

By Dr. GEORGE W. GALLUP and EVAN HILL

Conclusion

Last summer, wearing his usual loose, bib overalls and knee-length rubber boots, Hank Gooch rode his mare along a stretch of barbed-wire fence in the grazing lands of Northern Colorado. He was doing what he has done for sixty years—tending sheep. He guided the young mare too close to the fence, and she caught a stirrup on a post.

"She jerked loose," Hank says, "and threw me. The doctor said I was O.K., but I was a little lame for a while." That was only a few months before Hank had his 106th birthday.

Easygoing, gentle Hank Gooch lives in Platteville, Colorado, thirty-seven miles north of Denver. He has a full head of iron-gray hair, his hearing is excellent, and his blue eyes are better than those of many an American college student, although they are beginning to water. He is five feet five inches tall, and he weighs 130 pounds. In winter he wears a closely trimmed white beard—"It keeps me warm when I'm working out"—but in summer he is close-shaven.

For the first fifty years of his life he farmed in Republic County, Kansas, and as a boy he stood alongside the Mormon Trail, watching the Latter-day Saints migrating westward to Salt Lake City. "There were miles of them," he says. "Wagon trains with kids and sheep and cattle." But he felt no urge to go west himself; he had chores to do. He remembers the huge buffalo herds on the prairie, but he didn't shoot any. "No need to," he says.

For longer than most Americans have been alive, Hank has led a lonely life in the sheep camps. He's more careful now since the mare threw him, but he's still on the job, although he admits that "it's getting pretty hard for me to get on that horse unless I can find a piece of high ground."

He is a placid, comfortable old man who would like to own his own sheep instead of herding them for someone else. Still, his economic status does not disturb him; he's happy in his old age. He likes companionship, but his occupation has kept it from him. "When I'm out there I miss people," he says, "but I don't let it bother me."

In fact, there is very little that bothers Hank Gooch. In this respect he is like the majority of the 402 persons ninety-five years old or older whom we have interviewed. This painstaking study of the aged was aimed at discovering the secrets of longevity. Commissioned by the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* and using the field staff of the Gallup Poll, the survey led us to many oldsters like Hank Gooch. For Hank—in his personality, his happiness, his ambitions and his worries—is typical of his age group.

(Continued on Page 63)

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LOVE WON'T WAIT

By LAWRENCE LEE

"If you know it's right, don't waste your chance worrying what others will think."

"It's been years since you did that to me," Nancy said after he kissed her.

Are they having a dance in the town?" Alan Gordon was sitting up, a stocky twelve-year-old boy staring in wonder into the darkness. He had heard the heavy stir of his grandfather's large body in the small bed at the opposite side of the darkened room; he knew that the old judge was awake.

"You must have been dreaming, boy," Judge Bullock said; in the stillness his slow, affectionate laughter could be heard.

"What made us wake up then?" Alan asked.

It was as though music had come through the windows of his grandfather's room from the country landscape which lay still tranquilly visible beneath the summer stars.

"It was a rooster crowing," Judge Bullock explained to the listening boy.

"Oh," Alan said. "Is it nearly morning?"

"No, Alan, it's not morning yet. It's only an hour or so past midnight."

"Why does he crow then?"

"Because he's glad to be alive. There is a poem which explains it," the judge said. "It's in a book in the bookcase in the hall outside the dining room. I will show it to you in the morning. But we had better get some sleep now, Alan."

They spoke softly across the darkness of the room which Alan shared with his grandfather when he came from Montgomery to spend the summers in the country town that was the county seat of Barbour County in Alabama. The summers with his grandfather seemed to Alan to be the happiest parts of the years since his parents had died and he had lived with an aunt, his father's sister, in the Cloverdale section of Montgomery.

In a short while his grandfather fell asleep again. Alan could hear the ponderous regularity of his enormous and untroubled breathing. An image of his grandfather's reclining bulk, towering and majestic, diminished into the unconsciousness of Alan's own sleep. Neither the judge nor his grandson awoke until the sun was above the trees, and a (Continued on Page 48)

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Suddenly the sub surfaced, her conning tower dark against the sky.

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It was the strangest crime ever conceived—
and the strangest weapon.

The U-19's Last Kill

By JACK FINNEY

That Frank Lauffnauer was able to find the old *U-19* again was a miracle. For the little sub, whose existence was known only to him, lay hidden under 100 feet of water off Fire Island. Here Lauffnauer, as a young German sailor, had abandoned her in 1918. Even more surprising, however, was the fact that the sub appeared still to be watertight. Thus there was a chance, Lauffnauer thought, of operating her again and of making her part of his incredible plan.

Later Vic DeRossier, now in league with Lauffnauer, sought out Hugh Brittain, who had served with Vic on a U.S. Navy submarine. Without disclosing the plan, Vic tried to tempt Hugh to join the mysterious venture. Would Hugh like a share of a million and a half dollars? Would he like to sail on a sub again? Intrigued, Hugh agreed to meet Vic's accomplices.

II

We walked in silence for a quarter of a mile along the beach at Fire Island. We hadn't said much on the way, either, but just read the Sunday paper, occasionally exchanging sections of it.

Then I looked down at Vic beside me. He was wearing blue denims and work shirt. I wore a white shirt and gray wash pants. "You haven't said anything about who I'm going to meet here, Vic."

He looked up at me. "No."

"You want to watch my reactions when I meet them cold."

He nodded. "We thought it might be a good idea. I was on the phone with them last night, to say you were coming."

"All right." I nodded. "That's all right with me, but you'd have found out what I think anyway. I don't consider this a social call, Vic; no occasion for politeness or pretense. A million and a half bucks with a darn good chance of death or prison instead is serious. You'll find out what I think, all of you, precisely and in clear detail."

"O.K., Hugh." He smiled up at me. "Don't get huffy."

"Sure," I said. "But don't treat me like a kid, either. Now, just exactly where are we going?"

He pointed to a gray-shingled cottage some two hundred yards ahead; one of an endless row of almost identical houses just back of the low dunes. "Right there. We've rented the place for a month."

I stared at the open porch of the little cottage ahead. A man sat on the railing, and as we walked along the smooth, damp sand toward him, I narrowed my eyes, and within a few dozen more steps I could begin to make out his features. He was about fifty, I thought, though I learned later he was older, and his face was thin, the cheeks cutting in very sharply under the cheekbones, and grooved with two straight lines angling down from the base of his nose. There was a stern dignity about the man, and I felt he was, or had once been, somebody.

Now—we were a dozen yards from the steps—he stood up from the railing and smiled at us very pleasantly, his eyes friendly and pleased, and I suddenly felt that I was going to like him. From the corner of my eyes I saw Vic smile; he'd been watching my face, and when he spoke I could tell from his voice that he was relieved at my reaction. "Come on down, will you, Frank?"

(Continued on Page 74)

"Hello, sucker," she said. "You are crazy, like the rest of us?"

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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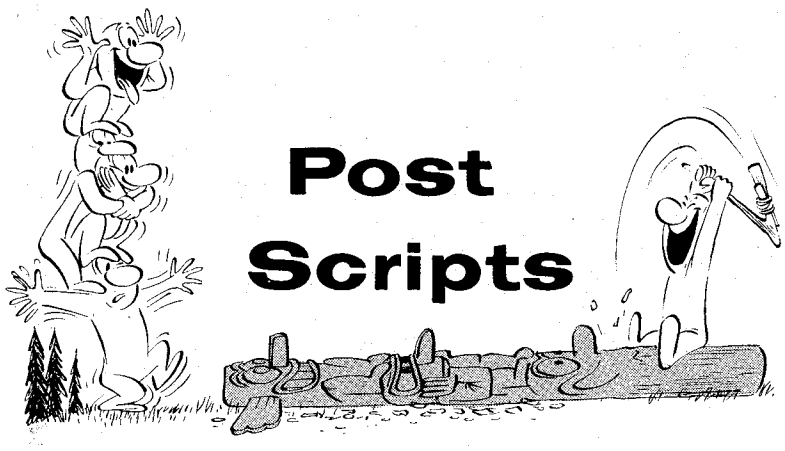


Post Scripts

The Yolk's on Me

Eggs *à la Suisse?* Or Eggs *Mornay?*
I leap to my stove to tackle
The fanciest dish of eggs you could wish
As quick as a hen could cackle.

Nor matters how tricky the recipe
On which I have gaily gambled;
Les Oeufs au Crème or *les Oeufs Suprême*
Will come out *la même: Oeufs* Scrambled!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Heinrich Schnibble and the Clubwoman

"Good afternoon, sir. You are Heinrich Schnibble, the horticulturist, are you not?"

"Nein, nein! Ich ben Schnibble, der farmer."

"Ah, such delightful modesty! Mr. Schnibble, I am president of the Burst o' Bloom Garden Club. We have selected you as our next speaker."

"Ach! Meinself nicht ben ein spokenspeaker!"

"Yourself nicht ben ein what?"

"Ein spokenspeaker mit der outenspouten."

"Oh, but of course you are, Mr. Schnibble. The mere fact that we have selected you establishes your reputation."

"Meinself ist nicht speaken to der Bloomenbusters!"

"Burst o' Bloom, Mr. Schnibble; and we just never take no for an answer. Now, what we will expect from you is a practical, down-to-earth talk—how you feed your plants, for example."

"Feeden mein plants? Ach, du lieber! Ist plants eaten mit comen to der table? Nein!"

"Mr. Schnibble, I was using an expression in common horticultural usage."

"Das expression ist dumbisch, ja?"

"On the contrary. We like to think of plants as little friends who live with their feet in the soil."

"Himmel! Der Busterbloomers also ben dumbisch!"

"It's Bluster—or rather, Bursten —— Oh, never mind! Mr. Schnibble, we most certainly don't ben dumbisch! Our group ist der cream of ——"

"Ach! Ist der Bloomers ben ringen ein dingler und serven der food mit knifen und forken?"

"Our Bloomers—I mean, der Busters —— Mr. Schnibble, your coarse humor is not amusing. Consider mein invitation withdr——"

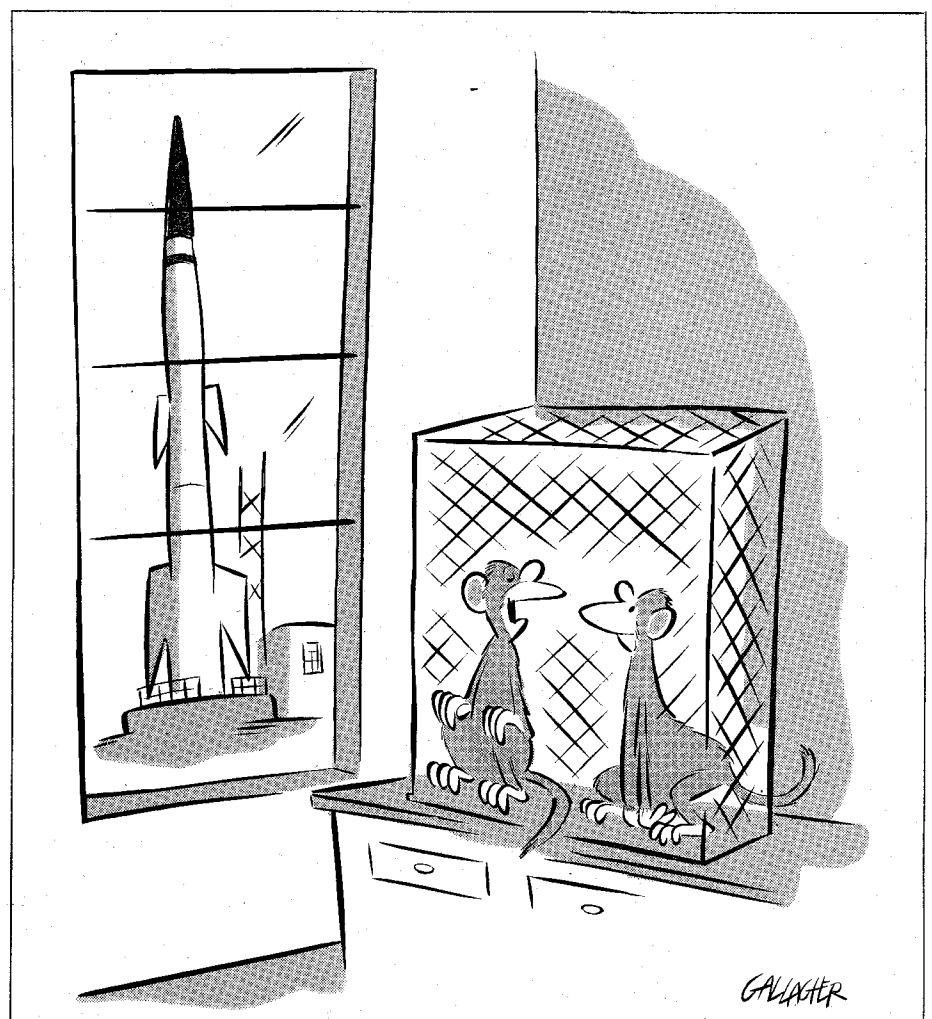
"Meinself ist accepten der inviten!"

"Yourself ist not accepten der inviten!"

"Meinself ist! Der answer ist ja!"

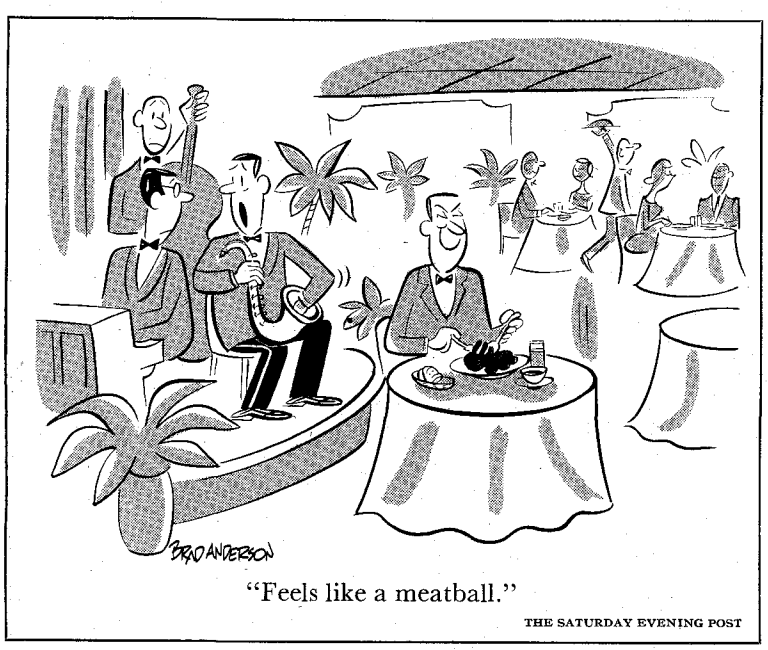
"Yourself ist not, und der answer ist nein! We don't nicht—ach! We ben feeden our own dingler—das outenspouten plantbibbers ist —— Himmel! Mr. Schnibble, what I mean ist der dumbisch Bustlebloomers just never ben tooken ja for ein answer!"

DAVE MORRAH



"Oh, it gets you there and brings you back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Feels like a meatball."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DON'T WORRY

Camp Luckee - Lassie
August 13 I think

Dear Mother and Daddy.

This isn't the time they make you write home to your parents but I am anyway. Estil Patterson is in my cabin and I hate her guts a bit but I have a new friend name Marlene. Shes been and wears lipstick. When the counslers dont see her.

The horses all knew me and Injun threw me just like he did last year but I wasn hurt much. You shouldn't have worried so much about my clothes because I got plenty. because I only been wearing the white T shirt and my jeans. See I am saving you the washing ha ha. My money is lasting o. k. but I may make some mockasins, then I will need $3.65. I never found my toothbrush but it is only 3 more days and I am not going to waste my good money. Since I got one at home.

Give the kampsters a kiss for me and also each other. Marlene is homesick and cries but I'm not. Except at night. But I haven't cried yet just allmost. We went on a hike yesterday but it rained and oh Mother the food is just Pew. The kids in Owlet cabin say Ugg but our cabin says Pew.

Dont worry about me.

Lots of love,
Your daughter,
Paula Jean M.

KAY NELSON

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GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...WHEN LIGHT SUMMER MEALS START WITH *Campbell's* GREEN PEA SOUP

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Here are fine garden peas blended with real country butter — so smooth, so satisfying! Add a pretty salad and fruit for dessert. Such an easy meal (only 4 minutes to make your one hot dish) — and such a good-tasting meal for everyone to enjoy!
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Mm-mm, good!
Nourishing good!
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Green Pea Soup!

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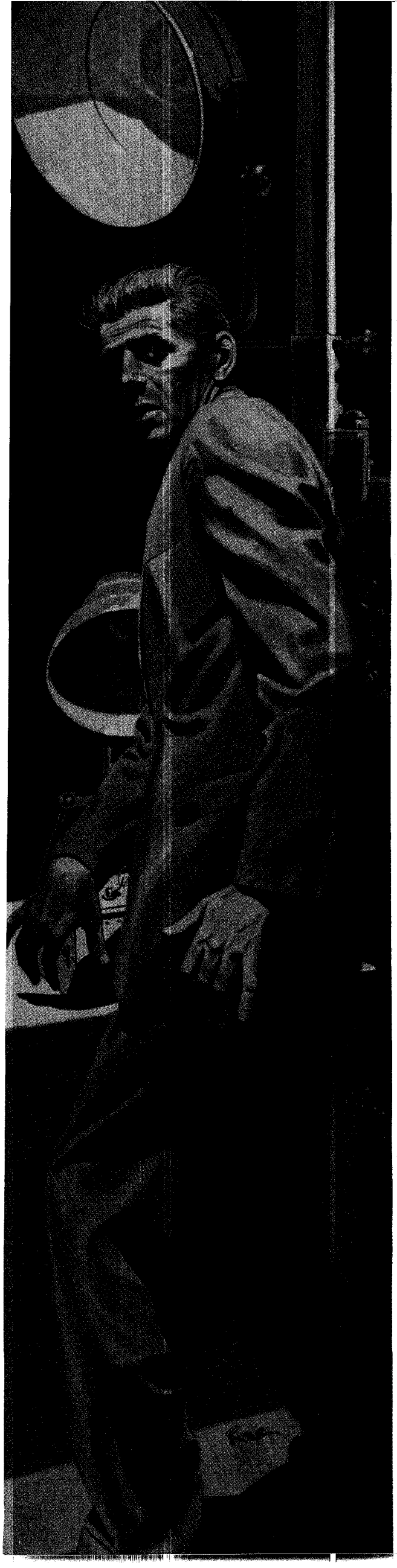

Mark of Treachery

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

All Avery's troubles were over but one: the TV saboteur was still at large.

"You'll accept our proposition or else we will put another TV station in Van Buren and put you out of business," the syndicate leader threatened Avery Truslow.

Avery's enemies had apparently switched their strategy from outright sabotage of HARP-TV to a business conspiracy. But Avery forestalled the plan to force his station into bankruptcy by winning the sympathy of well-known comedian Ben Hart, a member of the syndicate.

That evening Avery's picnic with his assistant manager Deke O'Brien, Felicia Sewell, and Phryne Morningstar was interrupted by the arrival of the malevolent international crook, Philidor, and his two henchmen.

"Two packets containing a million dollars in bearer bonds, Miss Sewell. Where are they?" Philidor demanded. When Avery got the packets out of the glove compartment of his car, Philidor tore one open, but the bonds were missing.

CONCLUSION

Philidor stared at the blank sheets of paper that should have been a million dollars' worth of bearer bonds. It was clear that he was shaken to his foundations. His first expression in the flickering light was one of frustration, of disbelief. It was succeeded by a grimace of insane rage. His pale, beautiful face lost all resemblance to a human being's and became that of some malignant, diabolical monster.

He hurled the papers to the ground and backed away a pace or two, crouching. As he stood there under the moon, in that eerie light, he might have been the perfect model for a painting of a killer. He spat vicious words at Felicia Sewell. His handgun's muzzle pointed at her, not six feet away. Sweat sprang out in beads upon his high, broad brow as he struggled to master his nerves.

"Hold it!" snapped Avery and Philidor's eyes shifted to him for an instant.

Avery spoke again. "The bonds are somewhere," he said. "They exist."

As the lights came on, the intruder jerked erect.

"They exist," Philidor repeated after him and a vestige of sanity returned to his distorted face.

"No one knows where they are," Avery said, "but Miss Sewell."

Avery's abrupt command had broken Philidor's intention—his avidity to shoot and kill. To shoot and kill for the sake of killing.

"The jig is not up," Avery said almost in a whisper. "So long as Miss Sewell lives, the jig is not up."

Philidor was listening. Avery had penetrated to the man's reason. Every second gained brought a glimmering of hope.

"No one," Avery repeated, "knows where they are but Miss Sewell."

Philidor nodded, and then he seemed to regain possession of himself; reason reasserted itself. He ceased to be a malign monster and became human, capable of reasoning and planning and hoping. All was not lost. So long as those bonds existed it would be possible to reach them and to possess them. But to make that possible, Felicia Sewell must remain alive and capable of disclosing their whereabouts.

"Where are they?" he asked in his normal voice.

Felicia stood mute.

"Miss Sewell," he said, almost with politeness, "with infinite pains I traced those bonds from Moscow to London. It was not chance or luck that informed me there was a Soviet agent in your embassy, and it was not polite questioning that induced him to tell me they had gone to America in the diplomatic pouch. I knew they would go from the pouch to Aldrich." Vanity flared. "My equal does not exist."

"As a spy," said Felicia.

"As a spy," Philidor agreed.

"But," said Felicia, "up to this point you had been guilty of no overt act."

"I seldom am," he replied complacently.

"But," Felicia said, "you were not omniscient."

"No?"

"You," she said, "did not know that I was in Mr. Aldrich's house as upstairs maid."

"A detail," he said and shrugged.

(Continued on Page 42)

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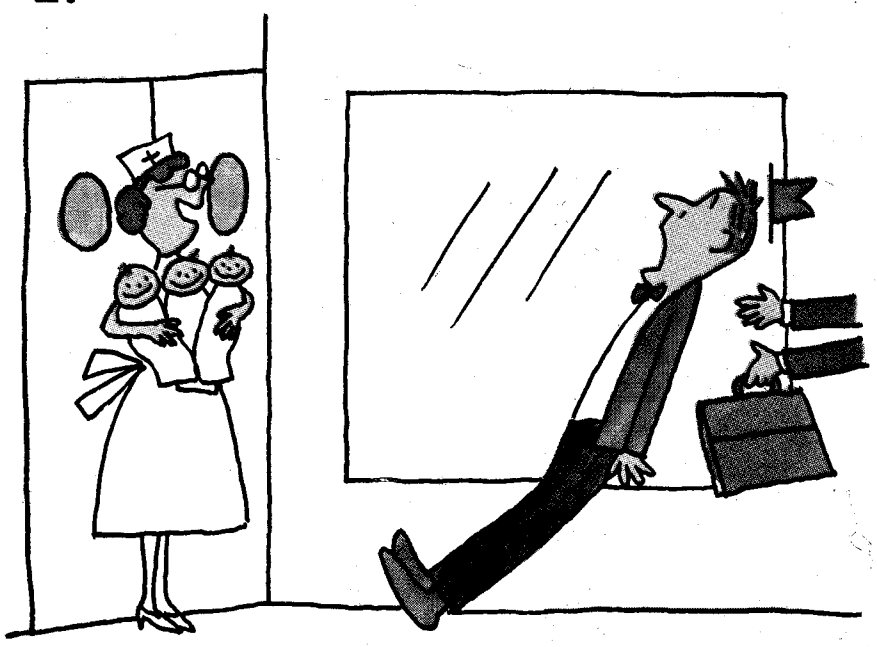
Charlie Dunn's fourfold blessing

1.



"Congratulations—triplets!" smiled the nurse to Charlie Dunn.
Said he, "Ah, woe is me! I'd made provision just for one.
My life insurance program bathes one boy in plenitude,
But it will take a great deal more to educate *this* brood."

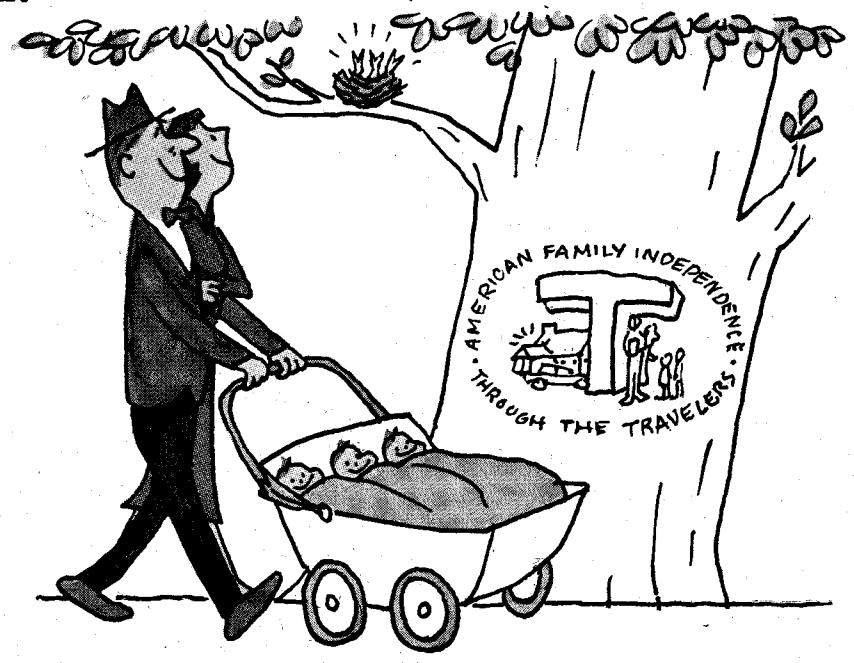
2.

Now luckily for Charlie Dunn, a Travelers man stood near.
"Allow me," he remarked, "I couldn't help but overhear.
Now Travelers life insurance helps to solve your triple birth:
The *more* you buy the *less* you pay for every dollar's worth.

3.

"Our More-for-Less insurance discounts ease financial strain—
Your threesome will be educated, *you* will feel no pain.
Health, accident, your auto, home—The Travelers covers all.
For friendly service any time, you'll find us on the ball."

4.



So Charlie bought an all-inclusive (monthly payment!) plan—
American Family Independence—thanks to Travelers' man.
You might not be a millionaire, but why take second best:
Get Travelers' planned protection for a wisely feathered nest.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies
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All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

Find Your TRAVELERS Agent in The Yellow Pages

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Salem's new cigarette paper discovery "air-softens" every puff

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Now even the paper adds to Salem's Springtime Freshness

An important break-through in Salem's research laboratories now brings you an entirely new kind of cigarette paper — HIGH POROSITY paper — which breathes new freshness into the flavor.

Each puff on a Salem draws just enough fresh air in through the paper to make the smoke taste softer, fresher, more *flavorful* than ever. If you've enjoyed Salem's springtime freshness before, you'll be even more pleased because of this amazing new development. Smoke refreshed — smoke Salem!

Salem's amazing new HIGH POROSITY paper "air-softens" every puff.

Invisible porous openings blend just the right amount of air with each puff to give you a softer, fresher, even more flavorful smoke.

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Salem refreshes your taste

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Master of the Mountains

(Continued from Page 28)

operators. His coiled ropes, an extension of his strong, capable hands, have meant security to all kinds of people, from an eight-year-old American boy climbing in the Rockies to a seventy-two-year-old Swiss man climbing in the Alps. His *Führer-Buch*—the "leader book" in which his tourists write their experiences of the climb and their estimate of their guide—reads like a collection of love letters and hymns of praise to a man who has not only given them a major experience but has frequently saved their lives.

Eddy is a member of the elite in mountaineering in a country famous for great mountains and great guides to climb them. He represents the finest type of *Bergführer*—a "mountain leader"—who is an expert in climbing techniques and ski mountaineering, in weather, maps, geology; who is a fine linguist and a past master of psychology. Tall, fine-boned, with level brown eyes and sun-bronzed skin, his lithe poise and relaxed, easy pace proclaim his profession even before you can spot the Swiss Alpine Club pin that is his badge and license.

"It's in the blood," says Eddy. "You must have an instinct, like the chamois. They have something born in—a mountain guide must have this also. You can't learn it. You can learn many things, but not this. It's a crazy life, but I love the mountains. When dawn comes and I look up there, I just can't keep away."

Eddy at forty-two has climbed everything in Switzerland, and by practically every route, at least once. Everywhere he has been, and where there have been mountains, he has climbed them. His adventures on the perpendicular have taken him up the Savoy Alps in France, the cliffs in the English Lake District, and the stark precipices of the Italian Dolomites. His mountain climbing includes seventy-five peaks in the Canadian Rockies and fifteen peaks in the United States. I asked him what he did on vacation. "But Eve," he laughed, "it's all a vacation!"

Eddy was born to a rich heritage of both work and geography. A tourist once asked a rope-draped climber, sitting on the Guides' Wall at the Mont Cervin Hotel in Zermatt, if he was a guide. His reply was terse and to the point. "No. I wasn't born here."

Zermatt is a narrow, winding, cobblestone street bordered with large hotels and surrounded by a stupendous amount of vertical scenery. Clustered around the mile-high valley are the magic "4000-meter peaks," those tremendous upthrusts of rock and ice that tower more than 13,000 feet into the thin air. The mountains dominate the valley and the people in a town where almost everyone who isn't a hotelier is a guide.

Everything climbs in Zermatt. People climb, of course. But so do cows and mules and goats and dogs. Early every morning the climbers, two- and four-legged, spill out into the freshly washed street. A guide meets his client near a tea-room. Then, with back-tilted head, he points out the route of tomorrow's climb. Bicycles and carts move over for the horse-drawn hack that transports milord, complete with ice ax, from station to hotel. Mellow-eyed Swiss cows amble up the street past the gift shops en route to their slanted pasture. A troop of school children, rucksacks on back, march along in formation, yodeling as they go. An Indian princess draws aside her long gold-bordered sari as a herd of goats fills the street with confusion and jangling bells. Local maidens parade in native costume, led by a brass band playing very fast and very loud. And the trade-marks of Zermatt, for king or milkmaid, movie star or student, are the rucksack and mountain boots and the painfully won badges of the climb—bruises, cuts, abrasions and the deep sunburn and the sprained ankle.

Beyond the town the roads suddenly peter out into a choice of breath-taking paths that climb along frightening ravines or zigzag steeply up the great knees of the mountains. From here everything goes up, and by midmorning the whole teeming street scene, including the cows, has moved up and dispersed itself on the mountains.

Mountain climbing in Zermatt is a built-in pastime. There's nothing else to do but climb. Little Swiss boys of six go romping over Alps before breakfast. Old men of eighty go tramping over Alps before lunch. Farmers' wives stalk up steep, winding paths with huge loads strapped on their backs, knitting as they walk along the edge of space.

And for lazy tourists who want the effect but not the exercise, the chair lifts and *téléfériques* swing out and up over the green mountain meadows and onto the great golden-brown rocky shoulders of the mountains. And the high places are filled with people who sit and eat lunches out of pink bags and pick bright Alpine flowers and drink from the glacier streams that tumble through the landscape. Then they succumb to the lure of what's above and start climbing some more.

At nightfall they all limp back to make what their deferential waiter calls, surreptitiously, "*La grande ascension de la table d'hôte.*" And next morning at dawn when banner clouds stream like a white flag from the twisted peak of the Matterhorn, or a crest cloud fits like a snug cap over the snowy heights of Monte Rosa, they clomp across the waxed floor of the hotel dining room, study the barometer with profound air, order a packed lunch—and start out all over again.

These are the babies of mountaineering, cautiously exploring a fairyland of great Alpinism. They're learning to breathe. They're gaining poise and balance. They're adjusting to thin air and getting a head for heights. Sooner or later they'll approach a guide—for The Climb. Most of them don't know it yet and will protest that they'll never—no, never—go any higher. It's a good time to take on bets.

Perhaps nowhere in the world has the profession of mountain guide reached any higher standard of artistry than it has in the Swiss Alps. The modern Swiss guide is a master of techniques that have slowly evolved since mountain men first chased the nimble-footed chamois from cliff to cliff and hunted out shiny rock crystals for the snuff boxes, sword hilts and garter buckles of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dandies. A Swiss becomes a guide because he was born in the mountains and loves them, and because his forefathers were mountaineers before him.

From his earliest childhood Eddy remembers only one ambition—to follow his father's profession and "to become one of the great guides of Switzerland." At the age of six he was scrambling up cliffs and along the rims of steep mountain pastures, following agile mountain goats and learning to climb as they climbed. At twelve he was exploring the craggy face of the Riffelhorn, the "practice mountain" near Zermatt, and bivouacking on high rocky slopes for days to test his strength and wits against the mountains. By eighteen he was already an able and technically brilliant climber with a remarkable "mountain sense," and had made his first great ascents up the 4000-meter peaks.

At eighteen the guide aspirant may apply to the government for his porter book; Eddy became a porter for his father and then for Joseph Knubel, one of the towering names in Alpinism. Youth in a climber is strength and daring which must be tempered by the practicing knowledge and caution of an older guide accustomed to the responsibility of leading clients. A porter carries the client's rucksack and is last on the rope going up, first coming down. He helps find footholds and, if necessary, places the feet of the wary novice. Most important, he learns that the mountains are not made for speed and that a ballet along a thin edge of perpendicular rock is not necessarily good climbing. A porter learns to take it more slowly and evenly and to adapt to the pace of the climber. He learns that it is

... ...

Love Song for Middle Age

By Frances Higginson Savage

Time breathes upon your
hair and stains it silver,
Turning the dark to gray,
the bright to dim;
He scathes your forehead
with his scythe of sorrow,
Leaving it creased with an
unconscious furrow,
Jealous that we take
cognizance of him.

But now our love, once
tentative and slender,
Shy as a stripling, full of
foolish fears,
No longer vulnerable nor
compliant,
Ignores him, having grown
into a giant
Impervious to the petty
spite of years.

... ...

sometimes better to turn back, even though the summit is close.

A porter must have certification each year of his apprenticeship, a solid grounding in first aid, and high recommendations from the guides with whom he has climbed. At twenty-two, armed with these, Eddy was ready for the Guides' School, which would earn him the coveted *Bergführer* pin of the Swiss Alpine Club and the *Führer-Buch* issued by the government to all accredited guides.

Guides' School provides the final polish in mountain deportment as well as intensive technical training under experts in all phases of mountaineering. Mountains, even easy ones, are not toys, nor are they a playing field, and mountain climbing is not a competitive sport. A mountain leader must be prepared for his work by a knowledge of topography, geology, meteorology, rescue techniques and the use of instruments. He must have a conviction that his chosen job represents the acme of smooth teamwork and never personal glory nor a record finish.

At the Guides' School a physician supervises routine first-aid problems—cuts, finger splints, snapping a dislocated shoulder back into place. A guide must also know how to handle an injured man trapped in a crevasse. He must know the safest method of carrying a wounded man down a rock face on his back.

The mountains are the classroom during the day, and the teachers put each student's former experience to rigid practical tests. He climbs high snow slopes rhythmically on skin-clad skis. Then he demonstrates his skill as he hurtles and zigzags back down, or turns and brakes to a swift stop in a plume of sparkling snow. On a glacier he circumvents a yawning crevasse, then with compass finds the right direction back to his original course.

Every day the examiners and the doctor have written down what each student has done, good or bad. And it is better always for him to have exhibited caution rather than mere virtuosity: to ask questions when he doesn't know, to turn back when he's not absolutely sure. The course comes to an end with the most severe test of all—putting a seasoned guide on his rope, the student leads difficult climbs under all conditions. This is the final examination. As one guide said wryly, "If you fall, you fail—and vice versa!"

The new guide's first problem is to get tourists, and Eddy, who is ambitious as well as intelligent, feels that the better linguist he is the greater will be his opportunity and the more efficient his work. A guide must have one language in addition to his own. But Eddy speaks five fluently: English, French, German, Italian, and his native *Schwyzerdütsch*. "You just can't risk fumbling at the wrong time for the right word in the right language," he says. "If you're fourteen thousand feet up, and you need a word fast, you've got to hit it on the nose the first time."

In the tourist bureau of each climbing center you can find a poster-sized list of available guides together with a schedule of reasonable fees set by the government for each climb. The Guide's Regulations forbid a guide to solicit a tourist, but tourists spotting a guide on the street often size him up and arrange for a climb. Eddy and his two guide brothers, Joseph and Hermann, get most of their clients by referral and through the reputation they have established.

The best guides know perfectly their obligation and responsibility to their climber. Well-groomed, courteous, versed in mountain etiquette and with a fine sense of diplomacy, a guide is not a servant nor is he just a strong man to pull people up mountains. A guide may not have a college education, but few men have been as highly esteemed as some of the great guides of Switzerland. "When someone puts his life in your hands," says Eddy, "you must be friends and companions on the mountains."

Any Swiss guide can haul a tourist up the Hörnli Ridge of the Matterhorn. But better guides feel you should not climb the mountain "just to say you did it." If climbing is to be enjoyed it must have purpose, and it must be with a leader who understands his climber's limitations. Because climbing and skiing seasons are so brief, a guide must be practical about the work that comes his way. But Eddy's ideal would be two kinds of climbing: to make climbs of great technical difficulty and challenge with experienced climbers, and to teach inexperienced climbers to become mountaineers.

Most guides think that the best groundwork for climbing is long daily hikes to strengthen the leg muscles. Fatigue, rather than the mountain itself, is often the worst enemy of a climber. Sally Deaver, lovely American ski champion whom Eddy considers a fine climber, goes beyond this. She spent the summer of 1958 climbing in Zermatt to keep herself in good form for skiing.

I watched Eddy teaching the English actor James Donald how to climb when

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James was training for his role as a guide in the Walt Disney film. Eddy first took him up a rock face "to start the simple things." How to balance, to relax, to breathe; and to gain confidence. "Confidence is the main thing, like learning to swim. Confidence first in your guide, and then in yourself. You'll never be able to do it by fighting the mountain."

A few days later Eddy, with his magnificent, effortless co-ordination, led James up higher on a ragged wedge of a mountain. From a ledge where I huddled near the base I could see Eddy, watchful, patient and radiating security as he called down encouragement and praise to his student. "Three points of contact with the mountain. . . . Two feet and one hand on the mountain. . . . Don't lean against the mountain. . . . Two hands and one foot on the mountain. . . . Up. . . . Wonderful, James. That was wonderful rock climbing. And now we rest."

The sequel to this was that less than two weeks later James was trying to lure me out a skinny pebble-strewn path that lay on the bias, overhanging a glacier. "Flat on your feet, Eve. Always walk flat on your feet. Bend at the knees, Eve—you mustn't stretch your legs." He sounded just like Eddy, and I didn't know whether it was superb acting or whether his sudden dedication to this new sport had turned him into a Swiss guide. At that stage of the game, however, I still hadn't become converted.

Eddy's bachelor quarters with wide casement windows that frame snow-capped peaks tell the story of the man and his mountains: Chess sets and a professional harmonica that make him an entertaining companion in the Alpine huts; tennis rackets, Canadian riding boots, and cameras—his hobbies; maps, magazines, books on the mountains and on psychology, and dictionaries in four languages; six pairs of exquisitely beautiful skis and expensive gear for every type of climb. Hanging over the desk and dominating the cozy wood-paneled room is a huge railroad calendar with bright-colored pictures of the Rocky Mountains.

"Oh, I get so homesick for that land," he reminisces. "Swimming. Square dancing. Riding horseback—why, you can ride all day, all week, for weeks, and never come to the end. No customs borders. No immigration officials. Just America. It's a big country, where people think big."

Eddy first came to the United States by way of Canada. In the spring of 1950 a Canadian railway invited him to come over and be its guide in the Lake Louise district, and although he could have gone to the Himalayas or the Andes he chose North America instead. After a successful summer of climbing in Canada, he crossed the border to become a ski instructor at our Sun Valley. For four years he climbed and skied between the two countries, and then settled in the United States to become a citizen. During his stay in Canada he had made a brilliant record for leading difficult ascents with top-flight Alpinists, and had won high praise from the president of the Alpine Club of Canada for his leadership of amateurs at the club's annual camp at Mount Assiniboine.

Eddy continued on as ski instructor at Sun Valley, and climbed wherever he had clients—the Rockies in Wyoming, Colorado and Idaho, and the Cascades in Washington and Oregon. During summers when he hadn't sufficient work lined up, he returned to climb in Switzerland and all over Europe.

Ironically enough, the whole problem of climbing in our country is related to the thing Eddy loves most about America—its vast size and great distances. In the Swiss Alps the peaks nestle closely around the towns, and you can awaken in a first-class hotel, gather up your rucksack, ice ax, and bottle of wine, walk out the front door and start up the path to the overnight hut at the base of the mountain. In America the mountains are often far away, and a climb can involve an expensive expedition—toting supplies and sleeping bags or tents, with the guide acting as porter. Nor is there an organized system of mountain huts, such as the Swiss Alpine Club has established, where a guide may stay and meet his climbers at the foot of the mountain.

When Eddy was climbing in Zermatt during the summer of 1958 some of his American clients, who had followed him over, told me their problems. One family of four climbers would have found it more convenient to climb near home that summer. But they believed they could get in more climbs in a shorter period of time by going to Switzerland. Another client, an experienced Alpinist, said he hoped to persuade Eddy to come back to the United States permanently with some assurance of steady climbing, because "he has given us an experience in guided climbing such as we rarely meet up with at home."

The letters in his *Führer-Buch* give a picture of his magnificent achievements in mountains that were unfamiliar to him. In the Grand Tetons—which, Eddy says, have climbs that compare with the best and most difficult in the Alps—he met a professional who also had led climbs. His exciting letter in Eddy's book tells the story:

". . . I had planned my fifth climb in the Tetons. Originally I intended to take two rope parties . . . up to the top of the Grand via Erion Route. Then Eddy returned from the Canadian Rockies. He invited me to join him in an ascent which promised to be far more extravagant.

"We camped at Amphitheater Lake. Our dilemma was: North Face or North Ridge? Paul Petsold, a veteran of K2, termed the North Ridge as technically more difficult. That settled the argument in favor of the latter.

"What a fabulous experience! What a route! Three most interesting chimneys with a chokestone in each, and a lot of ice and snow besides. Eddy worked his way up in the lead with such care and variety as I have never had a chance to observe before. He climbed the much feared overhang in the second chimney in a matter of seconds. This familiarity with adverse conditions on difficult climbs, his thoughtful patience toward his partner, his absolute refusal to take unnecessary chances, again proved to me what Eddy, with his typical modesty, would of course never himself admit—that he is truly among the very best of the elite of professional climbers who are able to claim international reputation.

"The North Ridge was the thrill of my lifetime in the mountains. Thank you, Eddy, for this truly unforgettable experience."

My own particular downfall—a bad word to use in mountain climbing—was, of course, inevitable. One night Eddy and I had dinner with James and Ann Donald. James, who in his role had been getting progressively more guidelike and who had even taken to climbing when he didn't have to, turned to me. "When are you going to make your climb, Eve?"

"Next Tuesday," I said promptly—never for a moment intending that "next Tuesday" would arrive.

"Next Tuesday?" Eddy queried. Then he smiled and shook hands with me.

Hours later in my room I suddenly remembered that in Switzerland a handshake is the equivalent of a legal contract—that I could probably be thrown in jail if I defaulted. My Time Had Come!

Tuesday morning the valley was so smothered in fog that I couldn't even see the top of the hotel across the street, let alone the mountains. I was delighted. I went back to my room—the only nice flat space in Zermatt—and settled down contentedly.

Faint yodeling down the corridor, coming closer. Knock on door. It was Eddy, smiling and happy as a lark, ropes, rucksack, and all the fixin's. "But Eddy," I wailed, "there's fog. See?"

I have said that Swiss guides are also weather experts. Eddy stepped to my balcony, made meteorological motions and looked triumphant. "No matter," he said gaily. "We'll be above it!"

He was right. We were.

By this time I knew that on the "ordinary" route of a mountain I must stand upright and lean away from the mountain—never against it. Eddy had said, "It's against the nature, but it *is* that way." I knew that a "handhold" might conceivably be the size of a silver dollar. That a "ledge" for resting would just about accommodate a small cat—minus the tail. And that you usually came back down on your heels, facing outward, looking below and gripping with hands at the side. I wished I had a ladder. I wished I were home.

Eddy adapted to my slow pace and we scuffed up the steep narrow trail across the scree to the base of the mountain. This was the "practice mountain," but to me it was a huge threatening mass of rock and rubble surrounded by nothing more solid than a lot of thin air. The fog lifted, and far below I saw a crinkled glacier and a great deal of Swiss scenery that I couldn't appreciate. With expert hands he slipped a noose around my waist and then scrambled up to a ledge above. The rope was taut between us, and he pointed out tiny foot- and handholds. Very tiny.

"Your right foot there, Eve. Your left foot there. Two feet and one hand on the mountain. Slowly . . . slowly. Don't fight the mountain. Now, two hands and one foot . . . up!" And then my head at last was on a level with Eddy, and his strong firm hand reached to help me. "Good, Eve. That was fine. And now we rest."

This was a ledge and we accommodated ourselves closely to the inadequate little mantelpiece. I opened one eye tentatively, then quickly closed it again. "Open your eyes," Eddy commanded. "Both of them. Isn't it beautiful on the mountain?

"And now we start up again. Straight on your feet—don't hug the mountain. Two hands and one foot. Your hand there . . . your foot there." At last another ledge. Rest.

There was a rhythm to it and a very satisfactory discipline. I was much too busy and concentrating too hard even to think of fatigue or of looking down. It was exhilarating. This was fun and I felt victorious. There's an unfortunate tendency to yodel on a mountain. I let out a cracked yodel and discovered a talent.

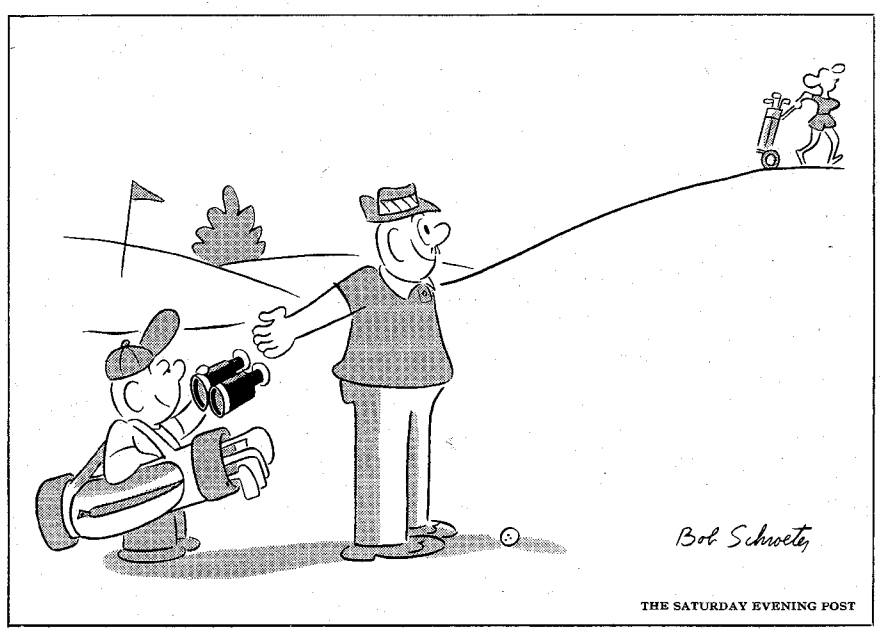
We had worked our way across the face and had perched on a ledge near an exposed ridge. And there, directly above, was the first overhang. Eddy climbed up and around it, his rope tight and secure. Then he looked down and pointed the way. The rock looked grim and bare and cold. I thought of all that empty space above, and all that landscape below—where I might suddenly arrive without their expecting me. And I froze on the rope.

In a split second Eddy had belayed my rope around a rock and was rappelling down the wall and swinging through the air to my side. From his rucksack he took a sugar cube and poured a drop of brandy on top, while he told me stories of the mountains. And then, enthusiastically, "Say, that would be a swell shot for your wide-angle lens, Eve. Let me do it again." And he climbed up, then swung back down against the sky, yodeling at the top of his lungs and singing to his mountains. I knew that all was well, and that I was safe and that nothing could happen.

"Three points of contact with the mountain. Two hands . . . slowly . . . two feet. Up. Up. UP!" Then Eddy was shaking hands and patting me on the back. "Wonderful, Eve. That was wonderful!"

It seemed steeper coming down, but it was easy. I just did what Eddy told me to, one step at a time, braking back down the mountain. I couldn't wait to get to the bottom so I could boast to everybody—and then go back up again.

I felt good. Very good!



Letter for Eddy's *Führer-Buch:*

Dear Eddy: I should have written this before, but I've been busy making money to pay off a lot of foolish bets.

You and I both know that my "climb" was the sort of thing you did as a little boy of twelve. But to me it was just as great a conquest as the ascent of Mt. Everest. And I'm sure you never had more need for patience, good humor, and tact, than you did in taking me up the Riffelhorn.

You were a good companion on the mountain, and you gave me confidence and an experience that I shall never forget. This is the highest art of a guide, the gift of a man dedicated to his profession.

I want to join those who are proud to know you not only as a guide but as a friend. As one of your climbers wrote, "You not only belong to the tradition of great mountain guides, but you also belong, in part, to those of us who have climbed with you."

With my affectionate regards,

EVE

THE END

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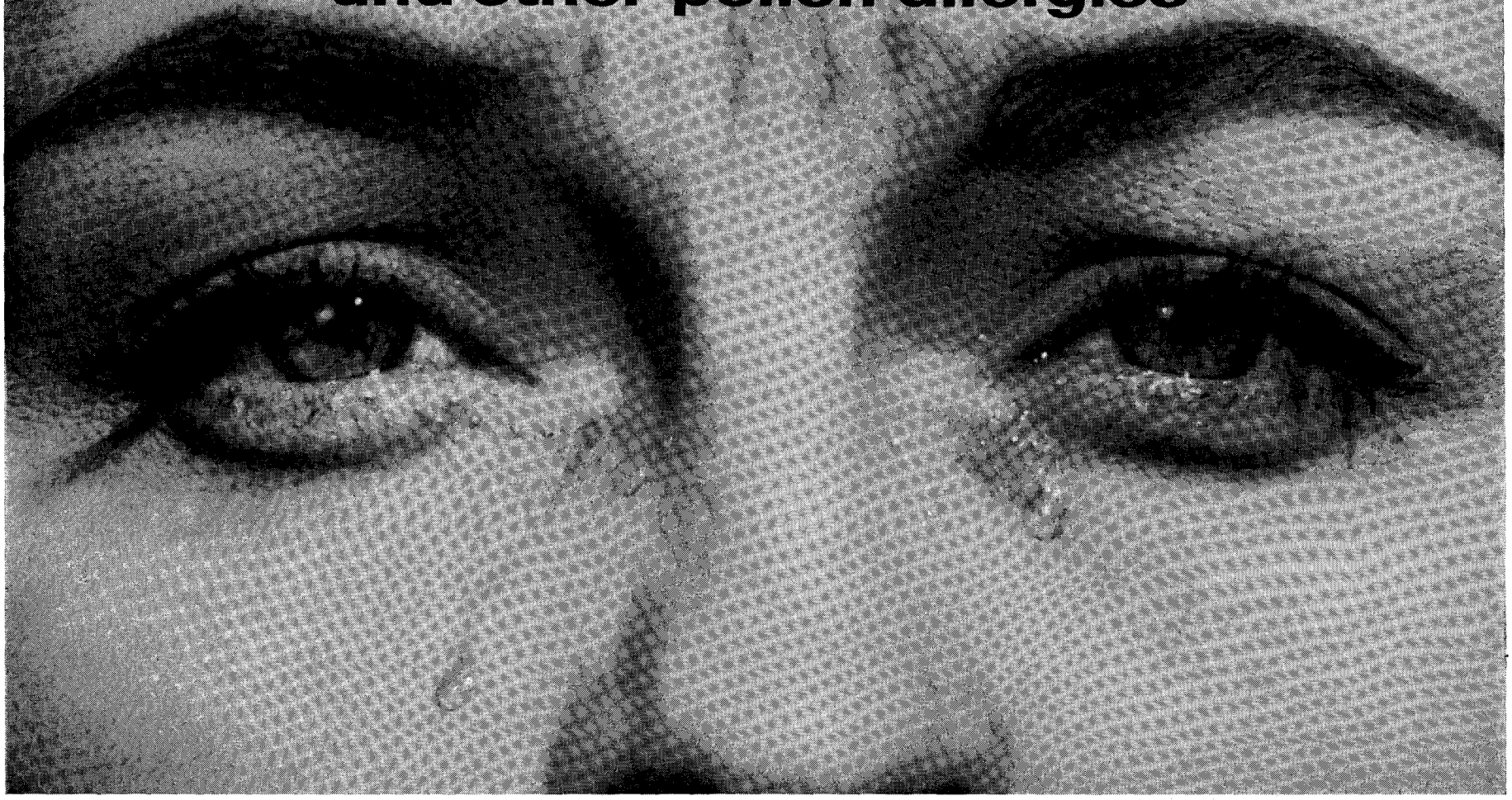
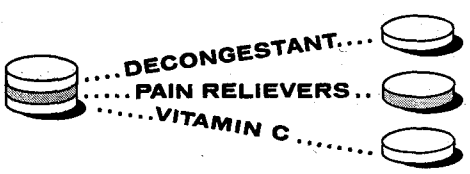
Here's new relief from miseries of HAY FEVER

and other pollen allergies



Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on CRITICAL AREAS of POLLEN IRRITATION



DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet.*

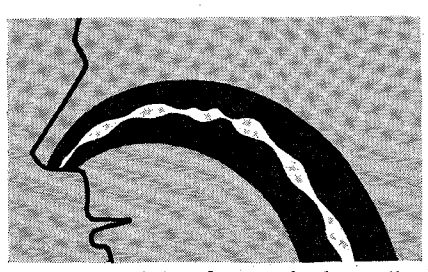
Working through the bloodstream, Dristan:
1. DECONGESTS swollen nasal passages.
2. RELIEVES watery itchy eyes . . . checks sniffles, sneezing . . . restores free breathing.
3. PROTECTS against further pollen irritation.

This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies.

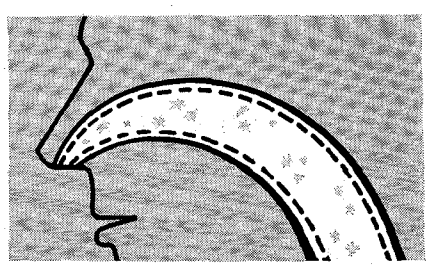
DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets . . . remarkable medical achievement . . . bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues . . . drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief . . . swift, prolonged, effective.

Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And . . . *important* . . . accept no substitutes!

There's Nothing Like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*



BEFORE: With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling is reduced, free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

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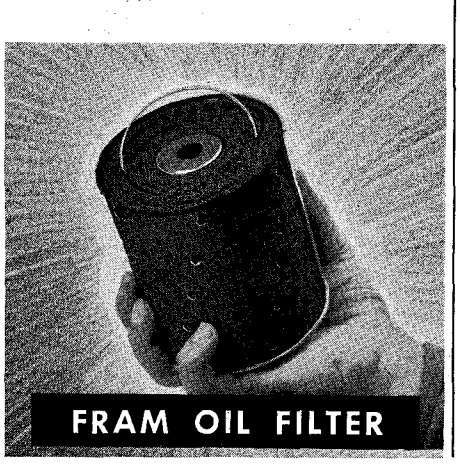
...with the modern chemically treated clean oil type filter that is the standard of the automotive industry today



Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 36)

"The detail that tripped you," she said. "This time you could not avoid the overt act."

"Such as?" he asked sneeringly.

"The clumsy murder of Mr. Aldrich," she said. "Why not a simple burglary? Why not a breaking and entering? Didn't you realize that Aldrich would not dare report the stealing of those bonds? He would have had to account for them."

"I had my reasons," Philidor said.

"Surely you didn't expect it to be mistaken for suicide?"

He smiled thinly. "I was avoiding the overt act," he said. "No one ever could prove I had a hand in the death of Aldrich."

"Of course," she said. "Rao Singh and this gunman—they were expendable, directed and paid by you. To be thrown to the lions if necessary."

"You reason well," Philidor said. "As none of you four will ever be in a position to testify, I admit that you have come close to the mark."

Rao Singh, prone by the fire, stirred and lifted his shaven head. He raised himself to all fours and crouched there, moving his skull from side to side. No one noticed him, so tense was the situation at Avery's car. The Hindu pushed himself to his haunches and crouched there. His beady eyes rested on the silken scarf which stirred in the gentle breeze at his feet. Like an automaton he picked it up and commenced to make lightning passes with it, so that it seemed endowed with life. Like a crippled dog he crawled toward his master. He was in a fog, but, as some hypnotic subject might have done in obedience to previous suggestion, he crept toward Felicia Sewell. Unnoticed, he forced himself to stand erect, the silken scarf slithering from hand to hand. His arms reached out. In a twinkling he would execute that lightninglike, flicking movement which would bring instantaneous death.

Only Philidor was aware of Rao Singh. A gloating expression came into his eyes, and he bent forward as one who peers at a welcome spectacle. That expression Avery Truslow saw. It alerted him. It touched and awakened some instinct and, without pausing to reason, he threw his weight against Felicia, sending her staggering. At the same instant there was an almost inaudible coughing sound and Rao Singh screamed, dropping the lethal scarf from a mangled and bleeding hand.

"We will now," said a mellow voice from the darkness beyond the portal, "proceed with decorous discretion. Mr. Philidor, for instance, will let fall his weapon. His trained ape will lift his arms. . . . I trust, Miss Sewell, you were not bruised by Mr. Truslow's violence. Timely violence."

An enormous body moved between the rocks guarding the little swale, and Parsifal Nebo minced forward, seeming to advance on tiptoe, balanced, ready.

A shot from Philidor's gun was earsplittingly loud in that confined space. It echoed and re-echoed as it rebounded from crag to crag. Nebo's queer-looking weapon wheezed and Philidor turned half around, snatched at his right shoulder with his left hand and sank to his knees.

"A silencer is so discreet," Parsifal Nebo said conversationally. "It does not gossip. . . . Disarm the anthropoid, Mr. Truslow." He minced a few steps closer. "Would you assert that my arrival was opportune, friends?"

"Opportune and prodigious," said Phryne Morningstar, who leaned against Deke O'Brien for support. "Never," she declared in her metallic voice, "did so outsized a rabbit materialize from a hat."

"You express yourself admirably, mademoiselle," Nebo said, bowing from the waist. "Shall we now adequately garner our crop of miscreants?" He turned his head. "Become visible, gentlemen," he said, and two uniformed officers rounded the boulders. Nebo smiled upon them affectionately. "There are times," he said, "when the police possess great charm. Manacles, please."

The young officers went, businesslike, about their duty. Avery, feeling weak in the knees with relief, spoke to Parsifal Nebo.

"How" he asked—"how did you get here?"

"Ah, yes. Yes, indeed. A little bird. A demonstration of the results of bread upon the waters. By the way, officers, you recorded in imperishable shorthand the conversation just preceding our er—melodramatic entrance?"

"We have it all," said one of the officers.

"Excellent. Now as to my opportune arrival. One may say justly, Mr. Truslow, that you are the architect of that edifice. If I may resort to a figure of speech. . . . I was engaged in a game of dominoes, a form of sport highly popular in police stations, with Chief of Detectives Harte. His telephone rang. A distrait female voice came over the wire and when her incoherence was unraveled the chief and I considered it advisable to call upon her. She was torn, as we may say, between gratitude and infatuation. But infatuation was getting the worst of it. In a most repentant and confessional state of mind, she was. It would seem that, urged on by a too-burning affection, she had been betraying the secrets of her employer. Yes. . . . Yes. . . . And stirring up resentments among other employees against him. She rationalized. She convinced herself she was justified by injustice done to her ardent boy friend."

"You do maunder," said Phryne. "Delightfully. With charming dialectics. But you do take a long time to come to the point."

"Various occurrences, various crumbs tossed on the water, came to her attention. They undermined her rancor. They made her question. And then Mr. Truslow heaved an entire loaf upon the current. In short, *messieurs*, *mesdames*, he snatched her identical twin from the horrors of the hoosegow."

"Gwen Silver!" exclaimed Deke.

"The same," replied Nebo. "She related to us how she had listened to a telephone conversation in which an engagement was made for a picnic on this spot. This tidbit she relayed to—what is the masculine of inamorata? He bade her to luncheon with him, and there present was our unhappy companion, Mr. Philidor. Who cross-questioned her."

"Tom Skeen and Philidor," said Avery.

Parsifal nodded assent. "It frightened her. She deemed Mr. Philidor to be a dangerous person with evil intentions. But it was not until the hoosegow incident transpired that she, as the saying goes, shook in her boots. Gratitude wrestled with infatuation and pinned its shoulders to the mat. So, certain that something lethal was in contemplation, she lifted her telephone and we made our call. . . . " He bowed elaborately to Avery. "Hence your well-cast bread has come home to roost in the persons of myself and these young minions of the law."

First aid was given to injured Philidor and Rao Singh, and the two officers herded the trio into a police car and drove down the mountainside. Parsifal preened himself and expanded, if expansion were possible in so ponderous a pachyderm.

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"A most satisfying denouement," he purred. "A confession overheard and written down by impeccable witnesses. The miscreants in durance to await extradition. For the ill-contrived slaying of Mr. Hubert Aldrich. An over-reaching, an inexpedience." His manner changed, was no longer urbane. He looked down at the gun still held affectionately in his hand and at the silencer with which it was equipped. "And now, Miss Sewell, that the incorruptible police have gone their way, where are those bonds?"

He spoke incisively, beating around no bushes. His great onion eyes appeared to be less mild, and that urbanity which had seemed so true a manifestation of his character was no longer present. Nothing but terseness and grim purpose.

"I deserve some reward for services rendered," he said.

"But you—you brought the police," Avery stuttered.

"I had need of them. What I have need of I endeavor to procure. And the police, placed his weapon in its holster. "I might have known," he said without rancor. "But I could hope. . . . When did you send them to Washington, Miss Sewell?"

"On the afternoon," she said, "before the murder. By registered mail."

His great shoulders heaved in a shrug. "So the murder was totally futile," he said. "And why, then, Miss Sewell, did you skedaddle across America with spurious packets of worthless paper?"

"I quote Mr. Kipling to you, 'The bleating of the lamb attracts the tiger.' I believe that is Stalky. Mr. Philidor avoided overt acts. If he followed me and followed me, he might, inevitably would, be guilty of a slip. An overt act."

"Astute. But requiring fortitude."

"One obeys orders," she replied.

"I am without means of transportation," Parsifal said. "With whom may I ride to the city?"

"I shall be delighted," Avery said.

Parsifal stood a moment and seemed somewhat downcast. But then he lifted his head.

"So many slips between my lips and the cup," he said with genuine amusement. "I expended time and money and infinite gray matter upon this project. Which was to bring me security in old age. . . . Well, there are other treasures and other schemes. . . . May I use a vulgarism, my young friends? . . . Someday, I am confident, I shall hit the jackpot."

It was not crowded in Avery's car, because Parsifal occupied the entire rear seat. Phryne rode in the pickup truck with Deke O'Brien. At the foot of the hill they stopped the vehicles and conferred. It was Phryne who decided.

"We will go to my house," she said. "I want to add to the string of pearls of my adventures—which I hope will be many—the large pink pearl of having scrambled eggs for the most stupendous and lovable scalawag I ever shall meet."

"Miss Morningstar," Parsifal said, bowing from the waist, "I never have been so flattered by so much intelligence, grace, and beauty. . . . My irreducible minimum is eight eggs."

"You shall have a dozen," she promised.

Avery Truslow III had been on a drive around the city inspecting the billboards he had contracted for, and found them conspicuous and capable of arresting attention. It was impossible as yet to evaluate the advertising campaign he was waging in the newspapers, but daily reports did indicate a healthy increase in local sponsorships, especially in spot advertising. Even with this encouraging improvement, the station still operated at an unpleasant loss. To overcome the deficits and to put HARP-TV in a position where it could commence to reduce its debts, it would be necessary to sell Class AA time at $462.00 an hour or Class A time at $420.00 to the continuing programs of national advertisers. It would be necessary to corral such sponsors as Octane Oil Company with its phenomenally successful humorous show, known as Ginger, which ran fifty-two weeks a year; or a cigarette sponsorship, which telecast National or American League baseball games. It would go a long way toward hoisting Avery from the red if, for instance, he could manage to lure the razor company which broadcast weekly fights and all nationally important sporting events. But his Eastern reps had met with no success in these fields.

On the morning after the melodramatic events on the mountaintop near the transmitter station, Gwen Silver had come into his office to stand before his desk unhappily. Today her beauty seemed to be drained of vitality and her eyes were swollen with weeping.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Grandfather's Farm

By James Hearst

The worn scythe hangs in
the box-elder tree,
The wheelbarrow lies on its
side by the shed,
The grindstone tips forward
to kneel on the ground,
Aged beyond use, they
recall the unsaid

Promise I made when I was
a boy
And worshiped grandfather,
to equal someday
The skill of his hands and
walk in his stride—
I look at my soft hands.
What would he say?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

God love them, are so extremely useful and of unbelievable gullibility. So, Mr. Truslow, I cultivate them. When I arrive in a new city I ingratiate myself with them. I come bearing letters of introduction from gold badges in New York and Washington. Even from Scotland Yard. I entertain and amuse these dignitaries and I have been of service to them many a time and oft. I throw sops to them in the way of minor criminals. My alert brain has solved intricate problems. I am *persona grata*. . . . And I play an admirable game of dominoes."

Phryne Morningstar perked her head to one side and peered birdlike at Mr. Nebo. "You like Latin tags, sir," she said. "And I like you. You are a *rara avis*. If you were younger and a bit more on the slender side, I'd loosen my clutch on Deke O'Brien and try for you."

"My avoirdupois has frustrated my love life," Parsifal said regretfully. "But we return to the bonds, which I covet. I am a persistent man, not easily balked. Miss Sewell, where is this treasure?"

Felicia was smiling. Avery found the smile monstrously attractive. It was gay, it was debonair. It was a bit saturnine.

"Mr. Nebo," she said, and arched her perfect brows, "so astute a gentleman as you should know where the bonds have betaken themselves."

He inclined his huge head and compressed his lips. He nodded three times and reaching into his left armpit he re-

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Stops mold, mildew and musty filter odors.
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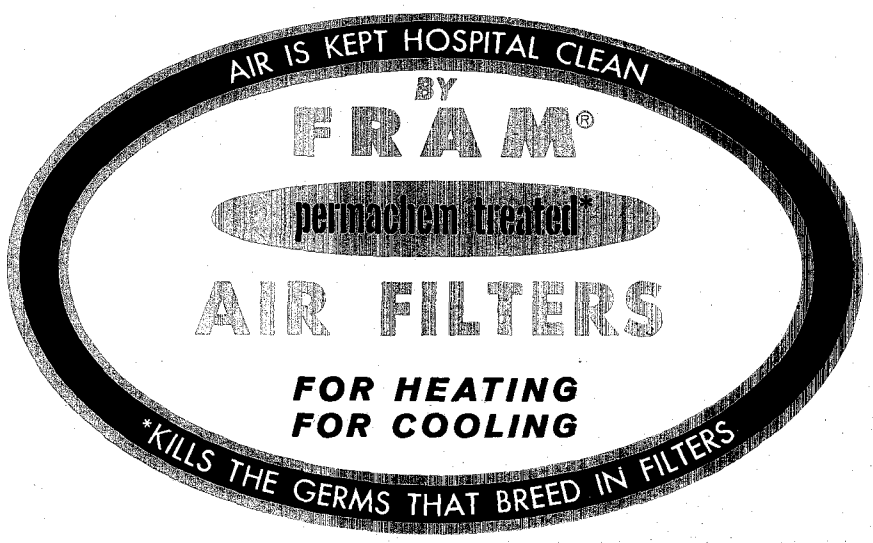

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"Mr. Truslow," she said, "I ——" She paused in confusion and seemed to seek a word. She found one. It was a word he would not have deemed to be in her vocabulary. But, whether by accident or study, it expressed exactly what it was in her troubled heart to say. "I—I am contrite," she said. And then: "I am not resigning, Mr. Truslow. That wouldn't be right. Because I deserve to be discharged."

Avery, greatly troubled, got up and walked around the desk. Gently he took his secretary's arm and led her to a chair.

"Sit down, Miss Silver," he said. "Let's talk things over."

"There's nothing—nothing ——" she began, but her voice failed her.

"Oh, yes, Miss Silver, I think there's something to be said. Of course, I know that you have felt no sense of loyalty to me, but have regarded me as an interloper. I know that your affections were engaged to my predecessor. This placed you in a difficult position. A too-difficult position. I have been aware that you were reporting to Mr. Skeen."

"Everything!" she exclaimed. "Everything confidential!"

"That," Avery said, "wasn't exactly nice. But you thought and hoped that my tenure would be short and that Mr. Skeen would return to his old place. It was a great temptation to help that to happen. Of this I was aware. I didn't get rid of you for two reasons, one quite a decent reason, the other not so admirable. I hoped I might win, if not your friendship, at least your loyalty." Here she saw his fine eyes twinkle. "And secondly I was being astute. I foresaw a time when I could, through you, relay false information to Skeen and upset his applecart." She was astonished to see how boylike his grin could be, and she, out of her misery, almost smiled in response.

"But I ——" she started again to speak. Avery held up his hand to silence her.

"Miss Silver," he said, "I believe that every human being is better than he thinks he is. I believe that most of us, not all, of course, but most of us come one day to face a crisis. We arrive at the moment of choice. You made the good choice and were brave and admirable. And I am most grateful to you. And, Miss Silver, I will consider myself very fortunate if you will remain as my secretary. . . . And I guess that's all. . . . And we'll forget the whole blasted business. Now skedaddle."

Gwen Silver got slowly to her feet and stood with downcast eyes. "It's not true," she said in a whisper, speaking to herself. "It can't be true. There's no such person."

She turned, walked to the door with erect shoulders, opened it and disappeared into her cubicle. Avery heaved a sigh of relief. Any manifestation of gratitude embarrassed him sorely.

The telephone rang. The operator plugged in Avery's desk and said, "Manx and Loder of New York on the wire, Mr. Truslow."

Avery put the instrument to his ear. "Truslow speaking," he said.

"Loder, of Manx and Loder. What availability have you Wednesdays, seven o'clock through ten?"

Avery consulted his chart. "Nine-thirty to ten," he said into the instrument.

"It will come to you film," said Mr. Loder. "Miracle Pencil. The Ben Hart hour. Confirmation will follow. The first commitment will be for twenty-six weeks. . . . By the way, both American Research Bureau and Telepulse report greatly improved ratings. . . . The film will arrive in time for next Wednesday's broadcast."

"Thank you, Mr. Loder," Avery said, as if receiving an order of this size and character were a routine matter. "That will give me time to do some newspaper advertising and put some promotionals on the air."

"Glad to make the connection. Oh, yes, I was almost forgetting. Please let me have as soon as possible a list of your adjacencies and what they are next to."

"I'll telephone within the hour," Avery said, and after a minute's desultory chatting with Mr. Loder the conversation ended.

Avery asked Deke O'Brien to come down and that gangling young man appeared almost instantly. Avery was in a mood to drop dignity and tread a war dance of elation.

He pointed to the telephone as if it were Aladdin's lamp. "Over the phone!" he said. "Direct from the agency. Without solicitation. Miracle Pencil. The Ben Hart show. Firm commitment for twenty-six weeks."

"Didn't fall and hit your head?" asked Deke.

"At AA rates," Avery went on. "Two hundred forty-nine dollars and fifty cents a crack! And only the agency commission to pay."

"When?" Deke asked.

"Next Wednesday. Film. Hart doesn't go on live again till October."

"Next Wednesday," Deke said and frowned. "Going to advertise, of course."

"Naturally."

"Got a pull with the governor?" Deke asked.

"What's the idea?"

"Have him call out the national guard to toss a cordon around this station and the transmitter. Can't have this one flummoxed. Does something happen to this one and we fold our tents."

Avery sat back in his chair and was very still. His eyes were closed. He was relaxed.

"Going into a trance?" asked Deke.

"Something like that. Shut up."

Avery did not move for what seemed an interminable time. Deke fidgeted, but did not interrupt his voyage into the subconscious. He did not know Avery was absent on such a psychological quest. Neither did Avery, but he had learned by experience that if he sat quite at ease and made his mind as nearly a complete blank as possible, useful ideas were apt to pop up.

He sat erect presently and blinked his eyes. "Ferd Perini's a good chap, eh?" he asked.

"Smart too. And he'd let the Hottentots chop off his right hand for you."

"Think he'd be willing to take on a funny job?"

"For you—yes. By the way, he's quite an actor. Belongs to the Comedy Club."

Avery put the telephone to his ear. "Please ask Mr. Perini to come to my office," he said.

They awaited the arrival of the young artist and when he came Avery motioned to a seat.

"Would it," Avery asked with a grin, "make you tearing mad if I fired you without notice?"

Perini noticed the grin and reasoned that something was afoot. "I," he said, "could rant and rave like a hungry gorilla."

"And blast me and HARP-TV with lurid words?"

"I got quite a vocabulary," Perini said.

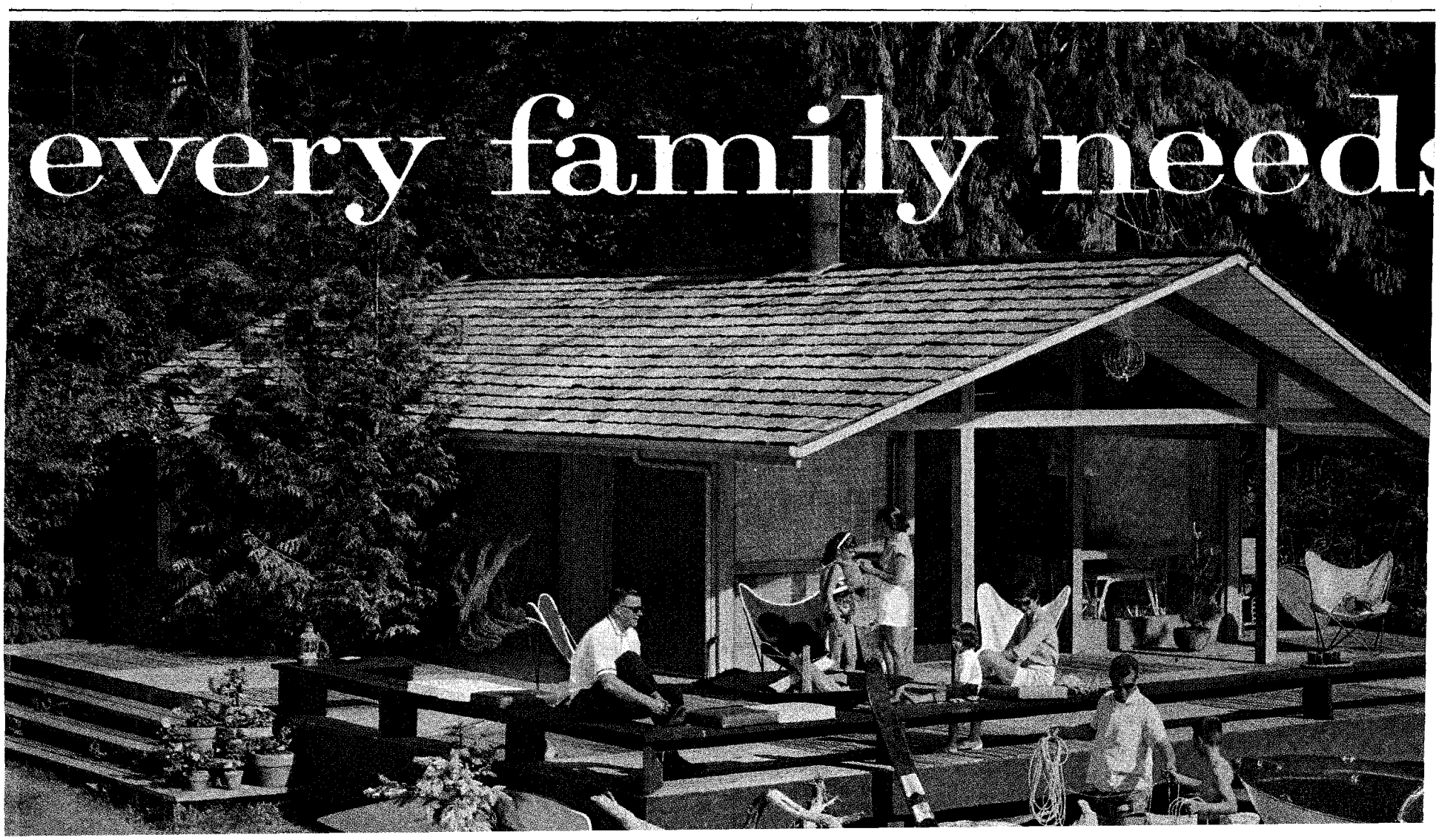
"Right," Avery said. "So you're fired. Lopped off with one slice. Now, if you knew something that would hurt HARP-TV you'd like to peddle it."

"Wouldn't I!" said the artist.

"Just broadcast or to someone in particular?"

Perini studied Avery's face and then he, too, grinned. "I think I would pick out Tom Skeen," he said.

"Next Wednesday we start to broadcast the Ben Hart show," Avery said.



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"Remember what happened to the last big show we tackled?"

"I sure do."

"Now a lad like you, who has been doing a good job and gets discharged without reason would naturally want to get even."

"Human nature."

"We have an oscillating generator up in the storeroom," Avery said. "Understand how it works?"

"No."

Avery explained how it was used for test purposes, and also how, by a mischievous hand, it could be made to send out interference or distortion waves causing unhappy conditions on the screens of the viewers.

"Say no more," Perini said excitedly. "But I suggest a modification. Give me a week's notice, so I'll have an excuse to be around the station Wednesday night."

"Walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly," chortled Deke O'Brien.

Avery made two telephone calls: one to the hospital to inquire for Footsy Bundle, who still was unconscious; the other to Ben Hart at his hotel. Mr. Hart answered his phone.

"I'm indebted to you, Mr. Hart," Avery said, and did not become effusive. "Would you dine with me Wednesday evening and come to the station to watch your show?"

"Delighted," Hart responded.

Avery, restless, went on a tour of inspection of the building. He had not progressed far when he became aware of a peculiar atmosphere which might have been one of sharply revived hostility. If he approached two people in conversation they ceased abruptly to talk and quite obviously avoided him. If he stepped into an office there would be a sudden silence and sidewise glances which seemed to Avery to be hostile. Something was going on. The atmosphere was secretive. He approached a group of three young salesmen and they separated in a furtive, hangdog manner. It hurt Avery. He had hoped that in some measure, at least, the animosity against him had abated.

If it had decreased, it was evident that something had occurred to rekindle it to renewed flame. It could not be the spurious discharge of Perini, for that had not had time to permeate. It was something else. Avery returned to his office and shut himself in and his heart was sore. Just when things looked brighter for the station—when there was a ray of hope for betterment and even success—this condition had again to confront him.

Miserably he took stock of himself to see if he could determine how he had failed—to identify, if self-examination could tell him, what defect in himself, his personality, his behavior, made it impossible for him to earn the tolerance, if not the friendliness, of his large staff. Could it be because of his background? Because of his name and his connections? Could it be his speech, his accent, so different from that of the Midwest in which he found himself? Did that give rise to suspicion of snobbery?

At any rate, in that moment, he felt himself to be a dismal failure. He had not justified his father's hopes and confidence, and would have to slink away, tail between his legs, in disgraceful defeat.

He was upon the point of lifting the telephone to speak to his father—to tell Mr. Truslow II that he wanted out—when something stopped him. It was the something that makes a fighter get up off the floor even though he knows knockout is inevitable. Before he stepped down, his fighting spirit demanded that, at least, he should cling grimly until he brought to a permanent stop the sabotage which threatened the existence of station HARP-TV.

Ben Hart dined with Avery at the club and walked afterward to station HARP-TV, arriving a quarter of an hour before the great comedian's program was to go on the air in Van Buren for the first time. They sat in Avery's comfortable office before going into the audition room.

"I've not adequately thanked you, Mr. Hart, for influencing this program to come to us. It was unexpected. Because I have not yet proved the charges I made at the meeting in the bank."

The jet age has been welcomed by European countries because it enables Americans to come across faster.

E. J. KIEFER

"I felt I owed you something," Hart said. "I was convinced without positive evidence."

"Perhaps," Avery said, "I shall be able to supply that this evening."

There came a rap upon his door, and Perini thrust his head into the room and nodded, disappearing immediately.

"Ten minutes before you are on the air, sir," Avery said. "Will you be so good as to come with me?"

Hart raised his brows, but asked no question. He followed Avery down the corridor, past Studio B, through the engineering shop and the control room and thence into the large, gloomy storage room behind Studio A. Stairs went upward from a point near the middle of this space behind which huddled the chief engineer's office, in which there was no light. An outer door gave upon the wide alley which sometimes was turned into a makeshift studio for commercials. Avery guided his guest to this small apartment.

"And what," asked Hart, "is this in aid of?"

"Quiet, if you please, sir," Avery said. "Maybe a bit of special entertainment."

They had not long to wait. Through the alley door which stood ajar a man's figure came stealthily. It advanced across the space, dimly lit, with sure steps and without hesitation. It walked to a bench at the right, and Avery pressed Hart's arm to direct his attention. The intruder busied himself at the bench and suddenly the room was flooded with light. It revealed Tom Skeen manipulating a small object about the size and shape of a storage battery from an automobile. As he stood revealed under the lights, he jerked erect, stood startled and uncertain an instant, and then turned as if to flee from the room. But Deke O'Brien was standing in the door barring flight.

"Evening, Skeen," that young man said. "Visitors always welcome. Were you planning to have fun with the oscillating generator? Figure to tickle our audience to death with cunning distortion waves? Well, well!"

Skeen lurched forward as if he considered an attack upon Deke, but halted, hesitated. "You got nothing on me," he said.

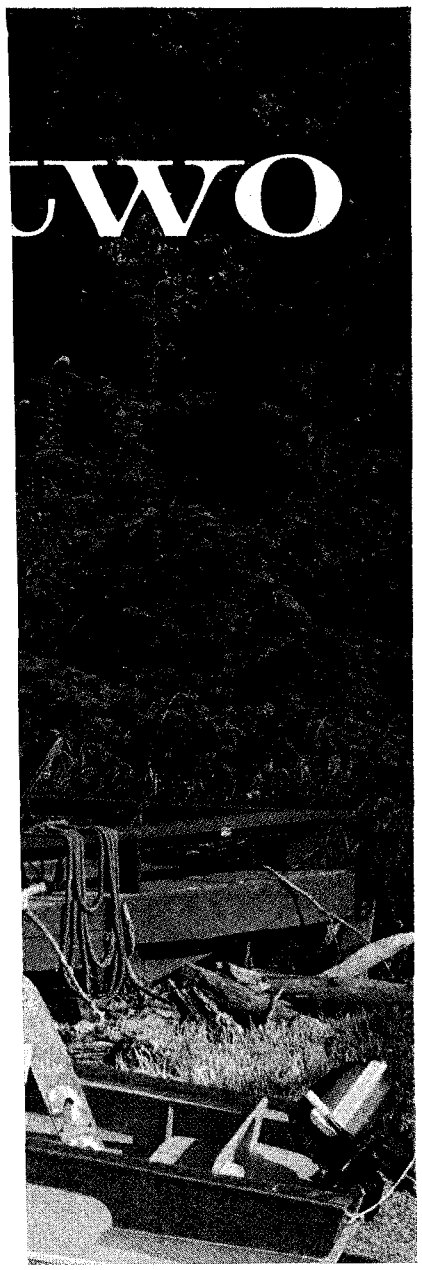
"An ample sufficiency," Deke said. "Enough for our purpose, wouldn't you say, Mr. Truslow?"

"Quite ample," Avery said as he and Hart stepped out of the engineer's office. . . . "Mr. Hart, this would be Mr. Skeen, who was about to wreck our first showing of your show."

"Prove it," snarled Skeen. "I just came in to ——"

"Shall I bust him one for luck?" Deke asked eagerly.

Avery shook his head. "Skeen," he said, "this was just a demonstration for



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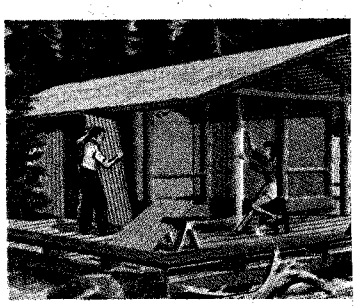

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Mr. Hart's benefit." He paused. "I'm afraid, Tom, you believed the reports coming from the hospital that Footsy Bundle would never regain consciousness. They were somewhat exaggerated. The boy will recover. Tonight he was able to talk. An hour ago. His mind is clear and he was able positively to identify you as the man who assaulted him. . . . The police permitted this little demonstration before they took you into custody."

Two detectives in plain clothes stood just inside the door. Skeen stared at them unbelievingly, then he wilted, staring about him like some caged rat as the officers snapped steel about his wrist and led him out of the building.

Avery sighed. "We'll be just in time for your show, Mr. Hart," he said. "It won't be sabotaged tonight."

During the ensuing three days there was a curious atmosphere in station HARP-TV. There was a sort of suppressed excitement. The air was full of surreptitious whisperings and conferrings. More acutely than ever, Avery felt that he was being avoided by his staff. He was conscious of what seemed to be inimical sidewise glances. All of which he translated into a welling up of hostility. Even the office boys ducked around corners to avoid meeting him face to face. It was a condition which depressed him. In spite of the fact that daily reports brought good news of increased business, he could not feel satisfaction. If things continued as they were going, next month, for the first time, the station would at last break even and every prospect was that they were upon the threshold of profitable operation.

Even with this probability of material success Avery felt that he himself was a failure. The condition reached a climax when he encountered the sales manager and the comptroller in an upstairs corridor. They were deep in conversation so that he was within a yard or two of them before they became aware of his presence and then, with what seemed to Avery a deliberate snub, they turned and walked away in opposite directions without nod, smile or speech.

For him, that was the last straw. He made a decision. He had had it. He sent for Deke O'Brien and when that young man gangled into the office and took a seat with legs sprawled halfway across the room, he said abruptly: "Deke, you have what it will take to run this station."

"Sure. They're considering me for president of NBC."

"I shall recommend you for the place," Avery said.

"Yeah? And what about you?"

"I'm resigning today."

Deke was perplexed. He refused to take Avery with seriousness. "Just when the breaks are coming our way!" he exclaimed. "You're barmy as a crumpet."

"No," Avery said with stony face. "My position is impossible. I'm resented by everybody. Hostility toward me is growing ——"

"*What!*" demanded Deke.

"It's increasing. Why, I can't walk through the station without being made conscious of it. It has increased during the past few days to a point where it is unendurable."

"Like what?" Deke asked.

Avery heavily described the attitude of the employees toward him. He described it in detail—their avoidance, their whispering behind hands, their scurrying away when he approached, their startled, unfriendly looks. "I tell you, Deke, it's building up to some sort of a demonstration."

Deke eyed his superior gravely and nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I see what you mean. I hoped you wouldn't notice it. Yeah. Sure. I'm afraid something is going on. Blooming shame. . . . But, boss, give me a day to think it over before you quit. Eh? No killing hurry. Hold it up until tomorrow. I want to talk it over with myself before I decide if I want your job."

"Very well," Avery said. "Another twenty-four hours won't matter."

Deke went out of the office, then turned and poked his head through the doorway. "Listen," he said, "you be home tonight, eh? I'll drop over and we'll chin. Don't go roaming off. I'll drop in, say about a quarter of eight."

"Right," Avery said.

He bathed and shaved before going down to dinner, and dressed in a light blue suit. As he arranged his cravat before the mirror he did not scrutinize himself with approval nor find satisfaction in the fact that he was a young man of rather more than ordinary good looks. Other things than his personal appearance were on his mind. He sat down to glance through the evening paper when his telephone summoned him. It was Deke O'Brien on the wire.

"Can you come down to the station immediately?" Deke said, urgency in his voice. "Something has come up that requires your presence."

"I can come down," Avery said, "but what's the matter?"

"Best not discussed on the telephone. As soon as possible, Avery."

"In five minutes," Truslow said.

He put on his hat, went down to the street, and, with worried face, strode toward station HARP-TV. He could not imagine what emergency had arisen, or why Deke O'Brien should be in the station at that hour when he should have been eating his dinner. It was disturbing.

He reached Cleveland Street and cut across the intersection to the entrance to the building. The façade was, as usual, dignified and rather impressive. Advertisements were in place in the niches on either side of the doorway. All seemed to be serene, so Avery's mind was rid of the fear of some physical accident. He pushed open the door and stood in the lobby where quiet reigned. There was no girl behind the receptionist's window, but that was not unusual at this hour of the evening. He pushed open the swinging door which led to his office and to the corridor leading back to the rear of the building and came face to face with Deke O'Brien.

Deke's expression did nothing to relieve Avery's anxiety. It was preternaturally solemn.

"Thank goodness you're here," he said.

"What is it? What is it, Deke?" Avery demanded.

Deke made no reply, but took Avery's arm and urged him down the corridor, past the control room and to the left. The control-room door was closed. Other than Deke, Avery had not seen a soul since entering the building. Nor had he heard a sound, save, as he passed the control room, the muffled voice of an announcer. He felt himself ushered through the door into the storage room where Tom Skeen had been detected in *flagrante delicto*, and then through the huge doors that gave into Studio A.

He blinked in the sudden brilliant light. It seemed as if every means of illumination was in use—scoops poured down their brilliance from the grid above, powerful lamps on standards disseminated yellow light. His eyes accustomed themselves to the glare, but he could not believe what he saw. The big studio had been converted into a banquet room. The bare walls flaunted decorations of bunting. Trestle tables occupied the floor at which were seated at least a hundred men and women. At the far end of the room, on an improvised daïs, was a speaker's table, but the light was in his eyes and he could not see who occupied it.

As he stepped into the room a small orchestra became suddenly audible and it burst into a tune he never expected to hear under that roof. Voices joined raggedly with the orchestra as Deke pushed him forward, and there was clapping of hands and noises of welcome.

"What—what is it?" Avery stammered, his cheeks colorless.

"Just keep going," Deke said. "It's just a kind of a sort of a party that the folks got up. For you."

Avery was being pushed toward the head table, and he was bewildered and unbelieving. Then he understood something. Those whispers, that avoidance had not been hostility but secrecy, concealing preparation for this party.

"For me!" he exclaimed. "For me!"

He mounted the two steps to the daïs and discovered that he was to sit at the right of Ben Hart, who occupied the place of master of ceremonies and who held out a welcoming hand. It was not the glare of lights that dimmed his vision now and he brushed his hand across his eyes. His throat was stiff and he tried to swallow. A chair was pushed against his knees and he sat down and someone spoke to him. It was Felicia Sewell who leaned toward him and smiled and said something that did little to restore his equanimity.

"The sweet people," she said softly. "All these sweet people."

"I—I don't—understand," he faltered, and then an incisive, metallic voice spoke from the left of Mr. Hart, and Phryne Morningstar said in her most snobbish way, "Just an outpouring of low-class infatuation. But isn't it just too, too luscious!"

There was food, of course, but Avery was unconscious of its presence. He sat unbelieving, trying to understand, striving to comprehend what was happening and why.

And then Mr. Hart rapped for order and announced that there would be no speeches, but that he had been asked to say a few words and to make a presentation. And he said a few gracious words which informed Avery that he had earned the regard of his employees and not only their regard and respect but their loyalty and affection. "Because," Mr. Hart said, "they have come to know that he is able in his job, that he has courage in adversity, that he is quick to implement sympathy with generous action and that he is in character and conduct deserving of the high title of gentleman. And so, on your behalf, I present him with this illuminated scroll, drawn by your own artist, Mr. Perini, and signed by every employee of HARP-TV. It is simple, but eloquent, in its simplicity."

He paused and then read the few words. "To Avery Truslow III: We like you. Our friendship is yours. We trust and admire you, and we hope to the bottom of our hearts that you will never leave us." There was more, but Avery did not hear it.

Then he became conscious of silence and that something was expected of him. He got to his feet and found it not easy to utter words. But words came to him and he spoke them haltingly.

"I was going away," he said, "because I thought you did not like me. You say that I was mistaken and that you do like me a little." His voice broke and it was seconds before he continued. "So I shall not go away. I shall stay as long as you want me. . . . You have—have made this my home."

He sat down abruptly and then came applause and a crowding forward and a forming of a line to pass the spot where he stood and shake his hand.

Then it was over and they all went to their homes and the lights were extinguished. Avery and Deke and the two young ladies went out to Avery's car and drove to the Morningstar home. They did not go into the house, but walked on the soft grass of the lawn, and the night air was clement. Phryne and Deke O'Brien drifted away, or Phryne led him away, leaving Felicia and Avery on a garden seat close by an iron stag.

"Are you pleased, Avery?" she asked.

"I am pleased," he said simply.

Before he could say more there came an elated, shrill voice from the shadows behind them.

"Hey, playmates," called Phryne Morningstar. "I've hooked him. He's flopping on the shore. He put up a dilly of a fight but I sank the gaff and he's my fish."

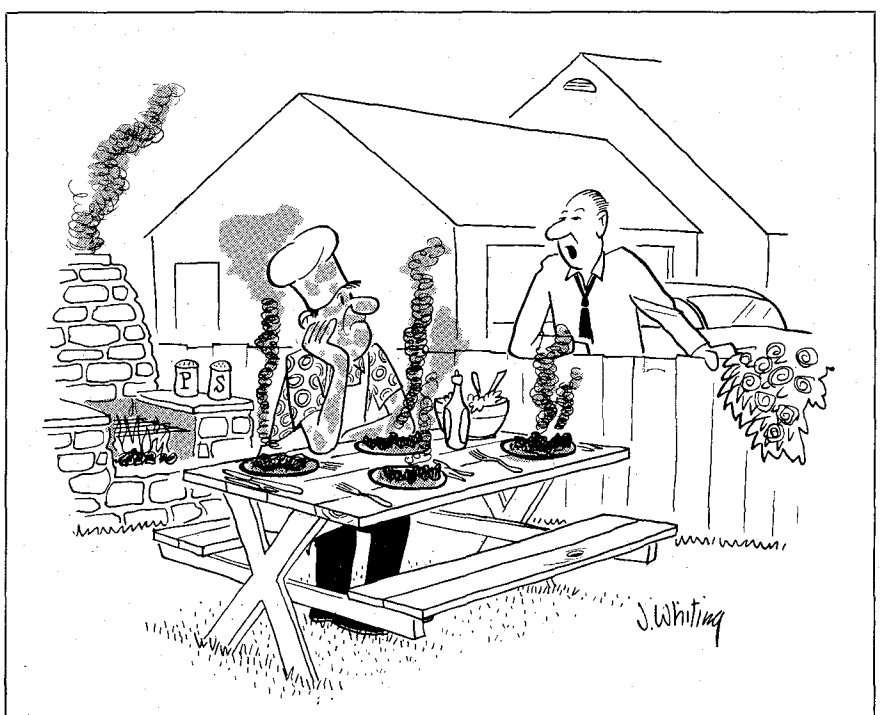
"Congratulations," called Felicia.

"It's jim-dandy," Phryne said brashly. "Why don't you folks try it?"

Avery reached out his hand and touched her hand. "Don't you think that's a fine suggestion?" he asked.

"Phryne," said Felicia softly, "is a very smart girl."

THE END



"Everybody chicken out?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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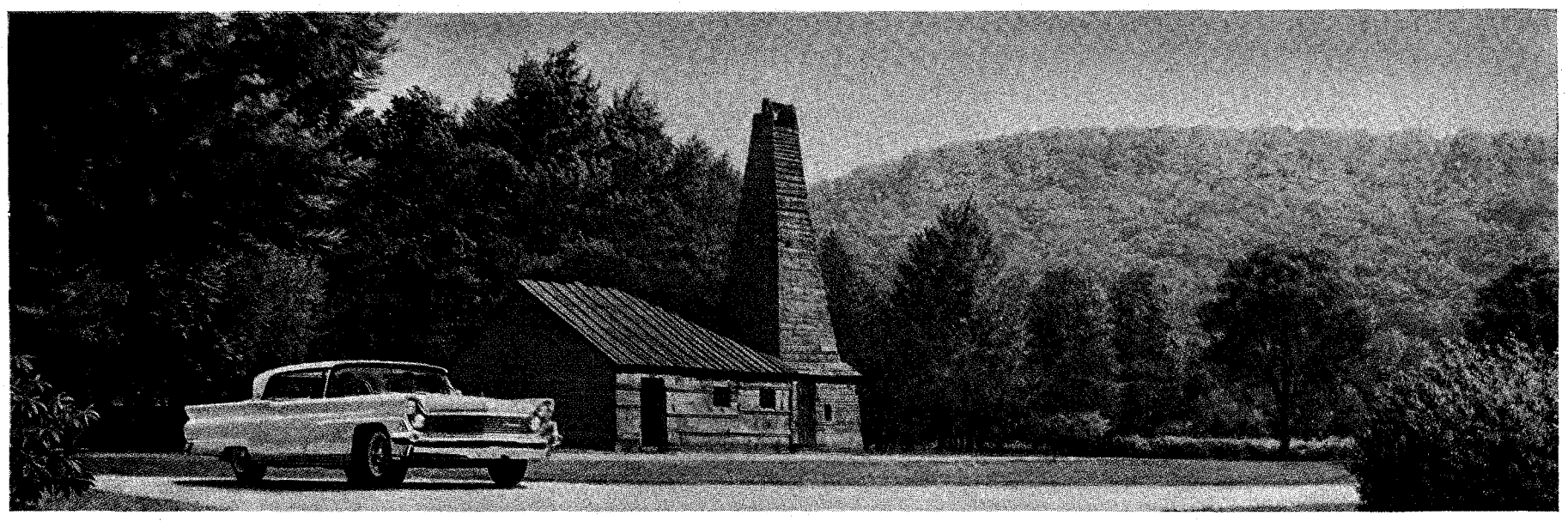

Historic Drake Well, world's first successful oil well, drilled one hundred years ago in Titusville, Pa., as featured in Atlantic's scenic outdoor poster series.

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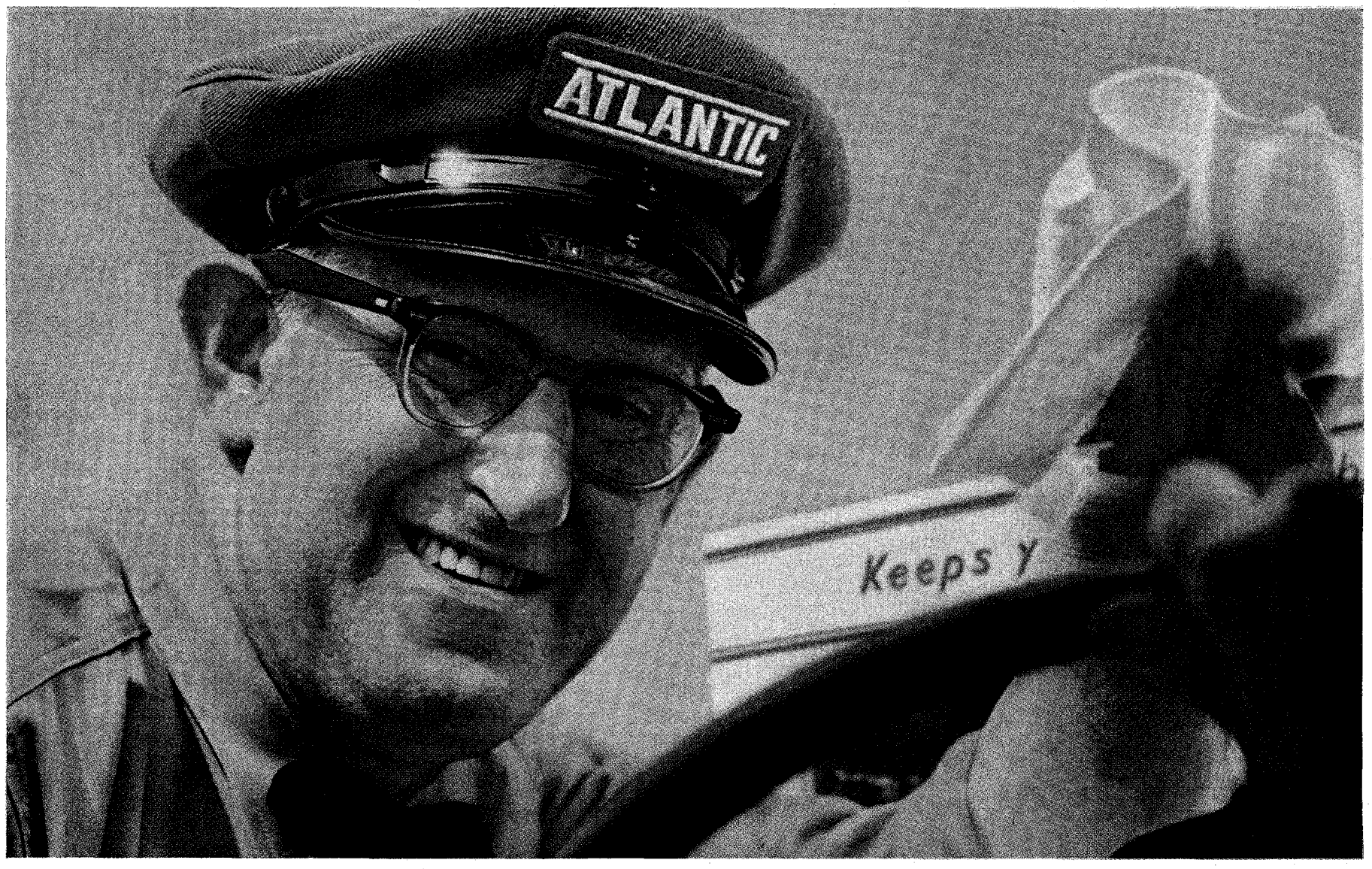

Competing with thousands of service station dealers nation-wide, Atlantic Dealer J. Russell Heath, Lambertville, N. J., was named "Retailer of the Year" by Brand Names Foundation, Inc.

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Love Won't Wait (Continued from Page 31)

summer warmth came from the hot blue sky into the room.

When they waked in the full morning, Alan spoke to his grandfather again while they were both still in their beds. "I might get dressed and go down to the tree and peel me some figs," he said.

The old judge was silent for a few seconds, as though considering whether to speak or to ignore his grandson's indecision. Then he spoke.

"Why do you ask me?" the judge said. Alan could hear the effort of restraint in his grandfather's voice.

"What's the matter? Can't I ask? Are you mad with me?" Alan said.

"I'm not mad. I just want you to grow up to think and to act for yourself. You've got to be a man sometime. If you know that what you want to do is not wrong, don't ask anybody. Just go do it," the judge said.

Alan dressed silently and went out into the back yard, still troubled by his grandfather's rebuke. His body felt cool in the thin shirt and drawers and the short khaki pants which were the whole of his summer costume. His motion was almost silent—the drive of his stocky legs, the soft slap of his bare feet making little sound on the back porch and the wooden steps. Out in the glistening day, which seemed for these moments without the sound of awakening life, he forgot his grandfather's disapproval. Beneath the coarse leaves of the squat fig tree he stood to peel and eat some of the ripe fruit which was within his reach. Then, as an act that might restore his grandfather's love, he brought a handful of figs into the house for his grandfather's breakfast.

The judge had taken from the bookcase in the central hall the book with the poem in it. They were alone in the early light; the dining room, with its windows opening on the busy rumors of the pigeon yard and the oak trees in the street leading to the awakening town, was theirs without contention. The judge's middle-aged children, unmarried daughter, Isabel, and a son, Henry, the two of his children who had not managed to go away or to make here some affirmative lives for themselves, were still asleep. They did not wake early, as though for them there was no reason of great importance to wake. And so the judge and his grandson were left alone.

In the morning light which filled the room and sent a wide gleam across the table at which they sat, Judge Bullock read the poem aloud. It had the title, Cockcrow at Night; in it was brief and unpretentious music of the crowing bird and the wonder of the unpeopled landscape.

"You see," Judge Bullock said, "somebody before us heard a rooster crow at night. He wrote this poem about it."

"Why did he do that?" Alan asked.

"Because he wanted to make something new and exciting—the way you make a flutter mill or a kite. Or maybe because he suddenly felt that hearing a rooster crow out at night meant something—something important and beautiful about being alive; and he wanted to be sure he caught hold of it in a poem."

Alan's round and sunburned face was lifted, his blue eyes that seemed filled with light were wide in wonder. His look was as innocent as the beginning day. He did not entirely understand, but he nodded his head.

"Yes, sir," he said.

After breakfast Alan walked to the front gate with his grandfather, standing at the end of the yard with its odorous box bushes and the patterned flower bed, to look past the border of the whitewashed fence down the shady street that led to the courthouse. He felt the warmth on his shoulders and back from the sun that fell in a sprinkle of light through the fine leaves.

"Will you come back early this afternoon?" Alan asked.

"Yes," the judge said. "Court is not in session. I'll come back, and you and I will take Alf out for a run."

Taking the brown-spotted pointer into the back streets where he could run off into the outlying fields was a familiar ceremony. Alan looked up into the broad face, now pink and damp from the warmth of the day, smiling with its white mustache and the white brows swept above the steady gray eyes of the judge.

"All right. I'll come back early, too," Alan said.

Judge Bullock, unbuttoning his light coat, reached for the handkerchief in his hip pocket. Alan could see the black suspenders crisply strapped to the gray, summer trousers which encompassed his grandfather's large belly. The judge wiped his wide forehead and placed an old Panama on the thickness of his white hair.

"What are you going to do today?" he asked.

"In a little while I may go over and see if Nancy Lovelace is up," Alan said.

Judge Bullock looked toward the Lovelace place. The white Queen Anne house was just visible beyond the trees and the plantings of the next yard.

"You are starting your courting early, aren't you?" the judge asked.

He was smiling, but his jest made the small boy self-conscious. He looked down at his bare toes. "Well, I might change my mind and go to play with John or Arthur Keever," he said.

The judge became serious. There was a look of disappointment and irritation in his posture and in the broad face.

"Look, son," he said. "That's the one thing I think you'll have to do something about—doing what you please as long as you think it's right, no matter what other people think."

The judge walked down the street toward his small and dusty brick law offices next to the courthouse with its white pillars. Alan watched him from the gate, imagining his grandfather coming into the motionless scene of the square—the figures beyond the Confederate monument, half visible behind the dusty-screened dimness of the drugstore doorway.

"I'll show him. I do know my own mind," Alan said.

He watched the figure of his grandfather disappear beyond the curve of the street. Then he hurried over to the back of the Lovelace place.

All of the summers until he was eighteen went in such a drench of light and of love between the old man and the boy. And though he came back every summer to his grandfather's house and the town, Alan was never certain that he had overcome his grandfather's doubts about his affirmation and decisiveness. Just before he was eighteen, the university years began and he did not return to the town. These were followed by two years of military service. It was when he was released from the service and was on his way to his aunt's house in Montgomery that he learned that his grandfather was dead. The train on which he was coming back stopped in Atlanta, and a cousin on his father's side met the train and said that they had been trying to reach him.

"He was almost eighty," the cousin said.

Alan looked at him. He was a tall and slender boy of nineteen with yellow hair and an awkward stance. Alan was twenty-three now.

"Yes," Alan said, "I know, but I wanted to see him again."

That had been two days ago. Alan stopped briefly in Montgomery to see his aunt and then came on to the once familiar little town. And now, a solid young man not quite twenty-four, well conditioned by his months in the Army, he found himself again awake in the darkness of the room which he had shared years ago with his grandfather. Staring again out at the night, he spoke to himself.

"I never did prove to Grandpa that I knew my own mind," he said. "And now it's too late."

In the stillness, far off in another darkened yard, he heard a rooster crow. Alan remembered an earlier experience when he was a boy and his grandfather was alive. He remembered that his grandfather had read a poem. And suddenly Alan felt as if everything his devotion for his grandfather had meant might be renewed and made clear if he could find the book and read the poem again.

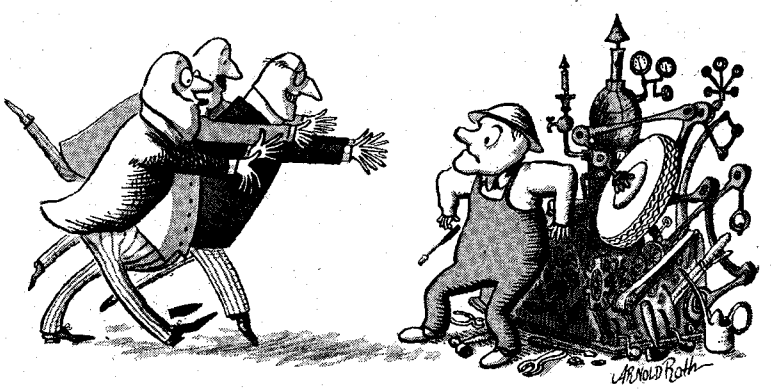
Throwing back the light covers which he had put over him in the April night, he left the bed and dressed in the darkness. He looked across the yard beyond the road to the back of the Lovelace house. In the dark he imagined that he could see the upper window of the old Queen Anne house, white in the moonlight—that was the window of Nancy's room. He remembered how much his grandfather had liked the laughing and long-legged girl, with her chestnut hair and her country vitality.

He was no longer sleepy. In spite of the train journey from Montgomery to Eufaula and the trip in the bus from Eufaula, his whole being was alert. If the book was in the bookcase in the hall, he was certain that he could find it.

To avoid waking his Aunt Isabel and his Uncle Henry, he opened the door to his room quietly and walked softly to the hall at the center of the house. Striking a match, he held it up to the irregular rows of books behind the glass doors of the bookcase outside the dining room.

The book was there. The dark blue cloth of its binding showed marks of discoloration, and most of the gold lettering had been worn away. He took it back to his room and turned on the light which hung from a braided green cord in the center of the ceiling. Under the title, Cockcrow at Night, he read the lines:

Music and the imagined shape
Turn me from sleep,
And the poised form is caught
Tense in the waking thought.



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Joe, an inventive fellow, worked as a mechanic for the E-Z Trailer Company. One day he overheard his boss say sales were down because customers found it difficult to change trailer tires. During slack periods at work, Joe, using company materials, invented a handy, efficient tire-changing gadget. He patented it and offered it to the company in exchange for a royalty on each one sold. Instead, the company made and vended it without giving him a dime. He quit and sued.

"A patent gives the inventor the exclusive right to sell his invention or to license others to manufacture it upon payment of royalties to him," Joe's lawyer argued. "As Joe wasn't hired to invent things for the company—they paid him only mechanic's wages—he obviously is entitled to the proceeds from his ingenuity and enterprise."

"Joe has some nerve," the company attorney retorted. "He invented his gadget on company time, with company tools and material. The company was paying him for every minute he worked, so it doesn't owe him royalties."

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• •

The company did not have to pay. Usually a patent gives the inventor exclusive rights. But where he develops his invention on company time, as Joe did, his patent is good against all the world except his employer. In that case, the court said, the company is entitled to get what it can out of the invention.
Based upon a 1949 Ohio decision.

YOU BE THE JUDGE is not intended as legal guidance. Laws vary from state to state. Anyone having a legal problem should consult an attorney.

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Why should a cock crow out at night
When stars are the only light?
Is it to challenge a hill
And the empty sky?

The night is so clear and still
I could imagine that his cry
Was of one who found the minute well
And enough to measure a whole life by.

Then Alan turned out the light and thought about the poem. As though it were his grandfather speaking, the explanation came to him again, "*It means that you can't control everything that happens in life. But when there is something good and beautiful, you can appreciate it. I guess it's seeing that the good moments are there that matters.*"

Staring into the moonlit yard and the dark clumps of shrubbery at the back of the house in which Nancy Lovelace lived, Alan thought of the diminished world that his grandfather had left behind him.

"Aunt Isabel and Uncle Henry—what a waste of two lives!" he said.

Alan suddenly wished to go and wake his Aunt Isabel and his Uncle Henry. For a moment he hesitated in uncertainty; and then with a flush of shame he remembered the second thing that his grandfather had said—the thing which had stung his childhood pride years ago—"*If you know that what you want to do is not wrong, don't ask anybody. Just go do it.*"

Alan left the back of the house. He went to the door of his aunt's room. It was unlocked. He entered the room and waked her.

"Aunt Isabel."

His aunt started up with a small cry of fright. She pulled the covers across her and sat up in the old four-poster bed. The paleness of the night sky beyond the window dimly showed her red hair and white coloring. There was still a quaint loveliness about her, Alan thought.

"What is it? Is there something wrong?" she asked in a whisper.

"No, Aunt Isabel. There's nothing wrong. It's Alan. I wanted to say something to you."

Settling herself more comfortably against the pillows which she had placed behind herself, the woman listened as though he were the small boy who had once come to her with some summer scheme for her to consider. Then, at last adjusted to the strangeness of the visit, she spoke with simple candor, though it was evident that her nephew had now become something quite different from the small barefooted boy of the vanished summers.

"Yes, I do still see Mr. Case," she admitted. "But it's usually down in the town, as though we met by accident."

"Does he still want to marry you?"

"Yes," she said. "I think—well, I am almost sure that he still does."

"I never understood why you didn't marry him," Alan said.

They talked softly, though there was no one to hear. His Uncle Henry's room was at the back of the house, next to the one in which Alan slept.

"It was mamma," Isabel explained; his aunt had now encircled her covered knees with her long white arms. "She could be very disdainful. She thought that Mr. Case was plain—not good enough, she said."

"But grandma died almost three years ago."

"I suppose I went on being influenced all this time by what she thought. I still remember her very vividly," his aunt said.

"Grandpa would tell you to marry Mr. Case if you want to. I know that for a fact. And I say marry him too."

"Well, maybe I will, Alan."

In an access of happy emotion, Isabel held his face between her pale hands and kissed him. Then Alan left his aunt's room and went toward the back of the house. When he went into his Uncle Henry's room, the sleeping man waked with irritation. Having listened, his dun hair tousled, his half-visible light gray eyes amazed with sleepiness, he answered angrily, his thin face lengthened with sullenness.

"What do you come in here for this time of night, asking me if I still want to live in Atlanta and practice law? What business is it of yours?"

"You could still go if you want to," Alan insisted. "You could join the firm that Uncle Will and Uncle George have in Atlanta. You don't have to stay and just live on here doing practically nothing in this town."

Henry lurched upward and sat against the wooden headboard. Pulling at the hair on his uncovered chest, he looked angrily out into the night over the pigeon yard.

"I would have to leave your Aunt Isabel," Henry said.

"You could let her have your share of the place if grandpa left part of it to you. Anyhow, I've been talking to her. She is going to marry Mr. Case." Alan spoke softly, but with stubborn insistence.

"Aren't you getting a little too big for your breeches?" his Uncle Henry asked.

"I've been wearing long trousers for a good while now," Alan said.

They both laughed.

"All right, we'll see. Now get on out of here. I want to get some sleep before the funeral."

His uncle pulled the sheet up around his head as he slid down into the bed. Alan looked (*Continued on Page 51*)

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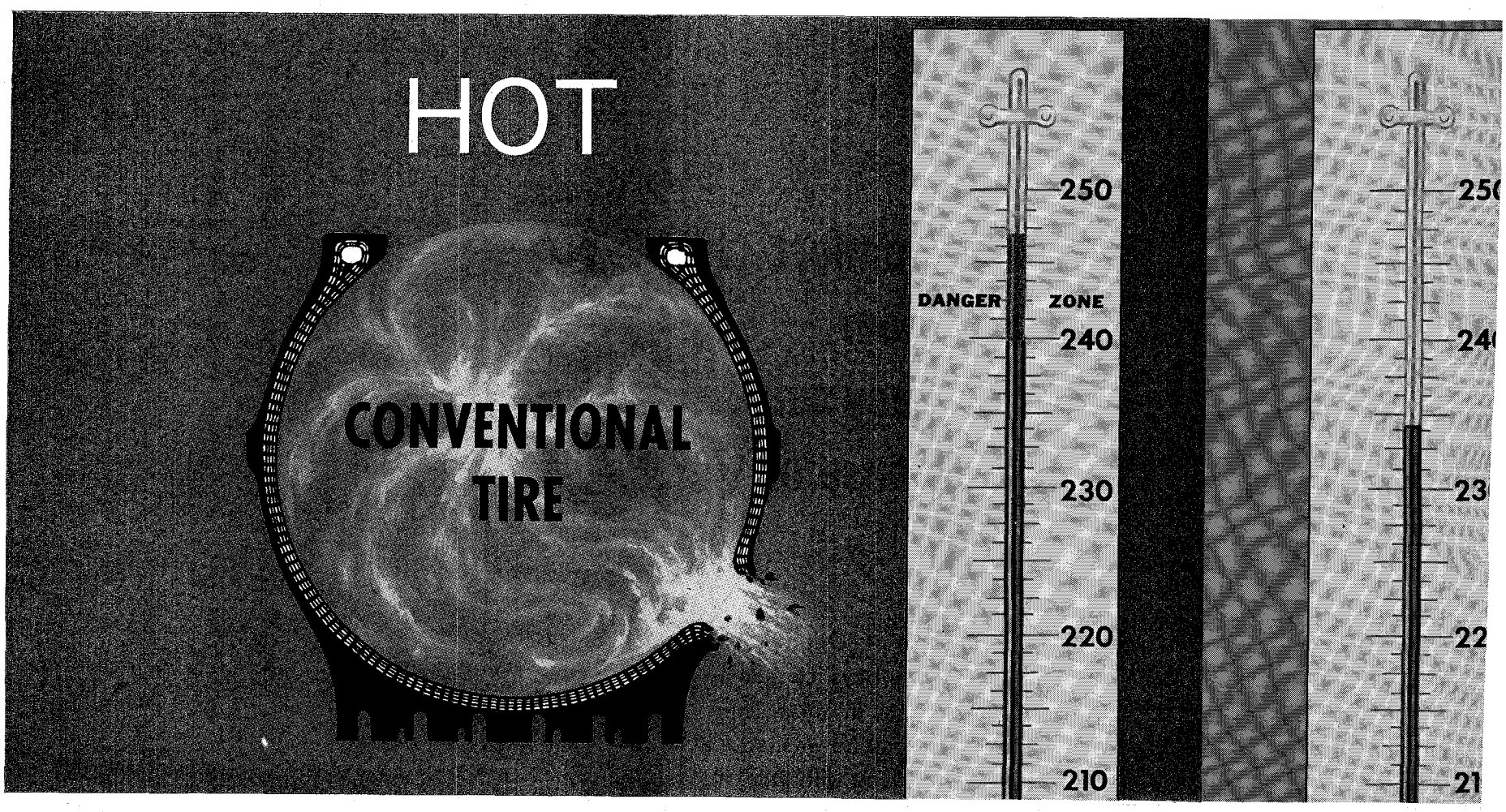

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As your tires revolve, they constantly *flex* under the weight of your car. This creates heat that can *murder* your tires. *(It's like bending a paper clip to and fro . . . the metal gets hot and finally snaps!)* U.S. Royal beats the heat with a new type of tire—the Low Profile *Safety-Shape* tire. This lower, wider tire doesn't flex as much as conventional tires. Runs cooler. Stays below the crucial heat danger zone even at top turnpike speeds. Gives from 25% to 35% *more miles*. What's more, this easier-rolling tire *even cuts your gas bills!* Best of all, it costs no more than conventional tires. Ask your U. S. Royal Dealer.

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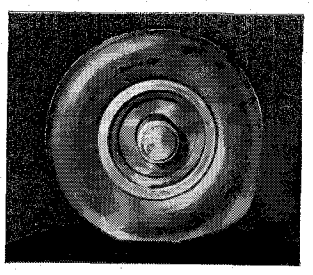
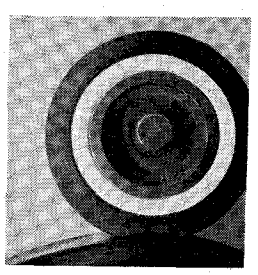


In world's largest tire "torture chamber", U.S. Royal tests tires 24 hours a day, 279 million miles a year. Above, a conventional tire fails on a high-speed test wheel after 72 minutes. *Murdered by heat!*

SAFETY-SHAPE TI



New *Safety-Shape* tire p "torture test" in a br Keeps running hour after at high speeds. Lower, construction means less ing, less heat, triple the speed endurance!

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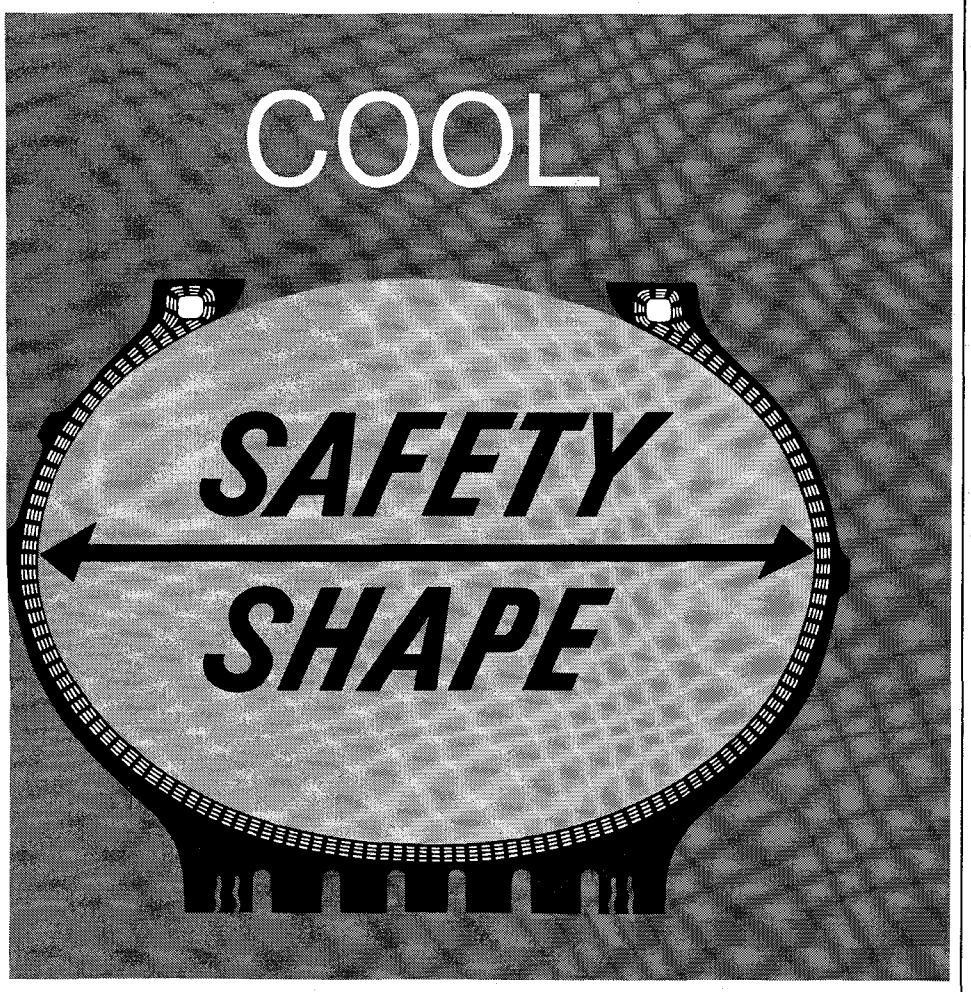
SAFETY SHAPE TIRES

GAS—YET COST NO MORE!



AS MUCH, DON'T WORK AS HARD, RUN COOLER, LAST LONGER!

5 WAYS BETTER THAN CONVENTIONAL TIRES!	
MILEAGE	25% to 35% more mileage
HIGH-SPEED ENDURANCE	3 times better
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(*Continued from Page 49*) beyond the pigeon yard toward the bulking silhouette of the Lovelace house. He wondered if Nancy would be angry if he waked her and asked her to come out and talk. He knew which window had once opened into her room; but an ancient uncertainty possessed him again. Neither of them was a child any more.

His went from his uncle's room out to the latticed back porch and down the wooden back steps. The yard and the whole earth seemed filled with moonlight. A pear tree had bloomed into stiff sprigs of white. He hurried across to the back of the Lovelace place.

The night was dense with the shadow of ancient limbs and old foliage as he stood beneath the branches of the oak and looked up at the windows of the house, the clapboards of which seemed luminous in the drench of light. A limb almost touched a window on the second floor. Alan swung into the tree and worked himself up the thick limb. A curtain blew with a slow flap across the darkened void of the room.

"Nancy."

The urgent whisper sounded strangely loud in the still night. He called again. A girl in a white nightgown peered from the window. He could see that her chestnut hair was braided into two loose plaits. She was slipping her bare arms into a housecoat.

"Hush up, Alan," the girl said. "Do you want daddy to wake up and shoot you."

"Well, then come on down to the back yard and talk to me."

"Let me get something on. But you get down out of that tree before you kill your fool self," Nancy said.

She withdrew into the darkness. Alan worked his way down the limb and dropped to the ground. He waited for the girl in a pattern of moonlight and shadow below the narrow back porch.

When she came soundlessly and stood by him she was wearing a light, figured dress, and her bare feet were covered by the soft green leather of slippers. She was putting the ends of the two braids of her dark hair together at the top of her head. Her eyes were of an ordinary hazel, but they seemed to glisten with excitement as she stared at Alan through the dimness. Her large mouth was shaped in a pucker of curiosity. Her arms, as she tried to pin the plaits in place, were lifted as though she were about to dance. For a moment Alan looked at her. Then he encircled her with both of his arms and kissed her firmly on the mouth. When he released her, she stood against the house in the moonlight.

"It's been years since you did that to me," Nancy said.

"I was away—at the university and in the Army."

"You could have come back sometime."

"I wrote," Alan said.

"That's not enough."

He kissed her again.

"Would you live in Montgomery?" Alan asked.

"Why?"

"I want you to marry me when I get a job."

"You came down for your grandpa's funeral. You didn't come down to see me," Nancy said. "Maybe we shouldn't be acting like this, with your grandfather having died."

"Grandpa believed in being alive while you can," Alan said. "I know that for certain now. And I believe in it too."

"It's about time," Nancy said. "But I don't know."

"Well, if people in this town hear about your coming out here like this——"

She could see that his stocky figure and round head, with its cropped, brassy hair, were half turned toward her. The blue eyes were visible and bright with a repressed irony.

"I don't have to worry about people in this town so much as you have to worry about what daddy will do if he hears us out here."

"You haven't answered. Will you marry me when I get a job?"

"If it's a good job," Nancy said.

He reached to kiss her again, but she vanished into the confusion of shadow and light which filled the night. He heard her slippers as she paused on the stairs leading to the porch.

"We'll talk tomorrow," she called softly.

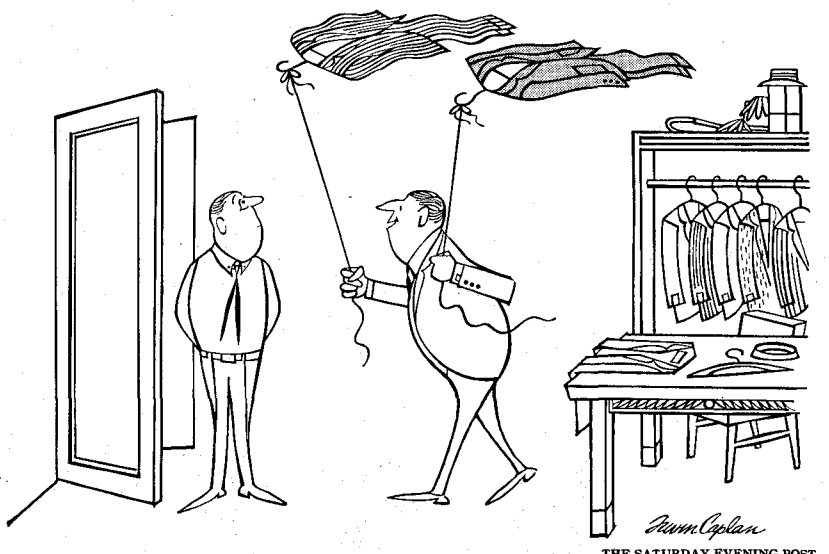
Alan walked from the yard toward his grandfather's house. He saw the lamplight from the parlor. It fell across the dark green of the japonica bushes standing tall beside the front steps.

He heard a sound. It was from far off, and then repeated nearer.

"The music is beginning again," Alan said, as though in acknowledgment to the spirit of his grandfather, which seemed to exist in the house, and the foliage of the yard and in the whole of the darkened town. "Maybe he knows now."

From the east, in the direction of Eufaula and the bluffs of the river, a thin, clear light was growing on the horizon. In the yards, and far off in the farms that lay beyond the town, cocks crowed in unrehearsed hosanna and response.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course if you're interested in a really lightweight suit . . ."

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Crown Fire (Continued from Page 21)

grandeur they had traveled so far to view.

It was in the spring of that second year that there was an unseasonal drought, with no appreciable moisture after mid-April. The woods grew dangerously dry. In June, in defiance of conspicuously posted no-camping, no-fires signs, a tourist party camped overnight in a narrow box canyon choked with pine and rank undergrowth. In the morning they went their way, and sometime before noon a vagrant breeze lifted one tiny ember from the ashes of a breakfast fire, breathed life into it and flung it into the dry brush.

The Bryant twins went in with a crew to break up the fire. Because a gusty wind was beginning to blow up, Kelly took a jeep and followed a fire road to the rim of the canyon's dead end, a high vantage point from which he could spot any sparks borne on the wind to endanger timber nearby. Kip went in on the canyon floor to dynamite a tall stand of pines from whose crowns the flames might hurl themselves from their rocky prison. Kelly could see Kip below him, at a seemingly safe distance from the fire, which was burning away from him. There was a sudden shift of wind. A roaring mass of flame catapulted itself the width of the canyon, raced down upon the trapped Kip with appalling speed.

Kelly screamed, "The cliff! For God's sake, run for the cliff!" But it was doubtful Kip ever heard him. Clothing ablaze, mouth contorted in an agonized shriek which was lost in the dreadful voice of the fire, he tried to run, only to go down beneath the wall of flame which poured over him. Kelly turned blindly away to lean against the jeep, strangling on his own vomit.

By autumn of that year, tourists in Sky River were passing back a warning to newcomers. "Most of the rangers up in the park are good guys, but there's one to watch out for. He's young and good-looking, but don't let that fool you. He's tough as they come."

Some went crying to the head ranger. Kelly, they said, was bad-tempered, rude, unreasonable. "Throw out so much as an old cigar band, he tries to make a Federal case of it."

To all of them, Neal said in his mild, dry voice, "Kelly's a good ranger. You abide by the rules, he'll never trouble you. Break 'em, and God grant you mercy—because I can't, and Kelly won't."

Privately, Neal was troubled. It was as if some of the fire which had killed Kelly's brother was eating away inside the boy, filling him with a perpetual, angry pain. Sometimes Neal tried to reason with him. "I reckon I know a little of how you feel. You take the sum and total of the fool things people do sometimes, and it's enough to make a man want to resign from the human race. But it's only a few of 'em, boy, not all. As long as you've got to protect them, from themselves and from each other"—his sun-squinting blue eyes took on a glint of wry humor—"it might help a little to remember that they are human beings, and that some of them you might like real well, if you got to know them."

In his heart, Kelly knew Neal was right; but what he could not tell the older man was that beneath the anger there was something else, a kind of fear he could not decipher—or would not. There were the lonely, sweat-soaked night moments when he struggled up from a nightmare in which he watched Kip die, when he himself fled in terror before a flood of liquid flame which tried to inundate him.

The tourist in whose fiery wake Kip had perished might be a nice guy at home, a decent, law-abiding citizen—here was Kelly's bitter rebuttal against Neal's philosophy. Because he could not separate culprit from innocent before the fact, he was prone to hold them all suspect. In his troubled dreams the tourists became faceless spoilers, encased in shiny metal carcasses, darting endlessly this way and that, bent on mischief.

Neal Marks might have been a balance wheel for Kelly's rebellious, unaccepting grief. Neal had spent thirty years in this service, and it had broken his heart more than once. He had seen thousands of acres of his beloved forest lying blackened and dead. His dearest friend had died fighting a fire which had been deliberately set. He had suffered agonies during hours he spent destroying pain-maddened animals, blinded, burned beyond belief, yet staggering about.

What he had felt for the Bryant twins had come to be a thing very closely akin to love. They had that special something which, to Neal, made a man belong here. All his life, Neal had had it. The twins had it. When Kip died, Neal's heart ached for Kelly; but the boy would not share his grief, he could not open his tormented heart and let the bitterness go out of it. After a little, inevitably, a strangeness grew between the head ranger and the younger man, a widening gulf across which Neal's friendly hand could not reach Kelly.

When Dolph Corwin, a high brass from HQ, made a routine visit to the Sky River camp, he questioned the wisdom of keeping Kelly on general patrol, where he must come in contact with so many tourists. When he suggested Kelly be transferred to some more remote project, reforestation or game refuge, Neal demurred. "That boy's hurting, Dolph. The last thing he needs right now is to go off in a corner and lick his wounds. Give him a little time—he'll level off."

The September sky was a dirty saffron hue. The woods were tinder dry and the underbrush foliage gave off a powdery snicking sound whenever the wind moved it. "This is weather," Neal had said, "when the seams of all hell can bust loose any minute."

Kelly Bryant emerged from Three Canyon onto the main highway, and the smoothness of concrete beneath his jeep wheels was welcome to his body, weary with long bumping over rutted, twisting canyon roads. His face and hands were grimy with dust, his uniform sweat-soaked and rumpled, hardly the "trim and neat at all times" prescribed by the code. At a lookout point he pulled off, stopped, climbed out. It was cooler here, in the long sweep of wind up the slope. Below him, the valley was a dark sea of pines, and on the opposing slopes the firebreaks were yellow scars on the flanks of sleeping green monsters. Momentarily, the brooding quiet brought Kelly an illusive sense of peace. He depressed the switch on the two-way, said, "SR patrol unit seven-one, calling base camp four-ten; come in, four-ten."

The voice of Bernie Downs, the operator, said, "Base camp to seven-one, go ahead. Kelly, over."

"I'm just on my way in. Anything doing?"

"Weather report." Bernie sounded worried. "The last humidity reading was thirty-seven. HQ says we're to close all side roads, let the tourists use only the main routes. If the bubble goes to thirty-five we'll close the highways to through travel."

Kelly scowled. The continued drop in humidity was adding the imminent threat of spontaneous combustion to an already explosive situation.

A sports car flashed past. The driver, a big man, had a cigarette dangling from his lips. Kelly signed hastily, "Got a hot customer, Bernie. SR seven-one, over and out," and wheeled his jeep around to go in pursuit. The car ahead turned into a side road, and Kelly saw the flash of a brawny arm from the driver's side. He switched on his siren, but the other vehicle sped on, out of sight and sound around a curve. Kelly braked to a stop. He found the still-smoldering butt beside the pavement where it had been tossed, at the edge of a rank, wind-rippled patch of ripe foxtail. His face tight with anger, he carried the cigarette to the jeep, dropped it in a receptacle. With a water can from the rack he returned to the roadside and carefully drenched the area. For a little he lingered, making certain no sparks had been blown into the dry grass. At length he drove on, at a more leisurely pace, in the direction taken by the other car. This road led to Hiawatha Lake, dead-ending there, and there were no side exits. Brawny Arm would keep.

Hiawatha Lake, small and blue, lay cupped in gentle, pine-mantled hills, with yearling trees and rank brush growing down to the water's edge. The sports car was parked in a clearing. Beside it Brawny Arm was assembling a fly rod. He was smoking again, keeping the cigarette in his mouth and squinting through the smoke. As Kelly strode toward him, he noted the other's face was flushed with something more than the heat. He said, "You ever bother to read signs?"—and indicated one not ten yards away: CRITICAL FIRE HAZARD. NO SMOKING.

"Sorry, didn't notice." The big man took the cigarette from his lips, dropped it to the ground and rubbed it out with a toe of his boot. He watched amusedly as Kelly picked up an empty tin can, carried it to the bank to scoop up water, drenched the butt and the earth around it. "Think that's necessary? It was out."

Kelly did not reply. He pulled a citation pad from his pocket, jotted down the license number, moved to look at the registration on the steering column, wrote: *Marcus, Francis J., Capitol City.* The big man looked on silently. Kelly told him, "I'll have to cite you for three fire violations. Smoking in a moving vehicle. Throwing out a lighted cigarette. Smoking in a posted area."

The other grunted, "Oh, hell, never mind the ticket. I'll pay the fine now. How much?" and dragged a wallet from his pocket.

"That's for the judge to decide. You'll have to go to the magistrate's office over in the park proper and post an appearance bond. The earliest possible date will be set for your hearing. You'll be notified."

As he listened, the other's flush had grown choleric. "Bond? Hearing? Look here, I'm on my vacation, and I'm damned if I'll submit to any such ——" He was sputtering. "I don't know who the hell you think you are, sonny, but maybe you'd like to know who *I* am."

A thin white line formed around Kelly's mouth but he said, softly, "I couldn't care less. You post bond, or you sit in jail until your case is called. Take your choice." He dropped the citation sheets on the seat of the car and would have turned away, but the big man rasped, "Just a minute," and stabbed with a thick forefinger at Kelly's shoulder, so forcibly that it almost caught the younger man off balance. "No Boy Scout with a tin badge is going to shove me around!"

All the suppressed fury in Kelly exploded through his fist. His blow to the point of the big man's chin sent the latter staggering backward. He brought up against the car, sat down so heavily upon the ground that the breath whistled out of him. Kelly walked to the jeep, picked up his transmitter. When Bernie acknowledged, he said, "Unit seven-one, at Hiawatha. I've got in-state car, black, foreign make, license DE one three; repeat DE one three. Three violations, code two, five and nine. Have instructed subject to report to park office, but he's not co-operative. Request you notify all gates, this driver subject to arrest if he attempts to leave the park before cancellation of this order. Please ditto. Over."

When he signed out, Marcus had gotten unsteadily to his feet, and an area of flesh on his jaw was considerably redder than the rest of his face. "I'd no intention of leaving the park," he said. "I happen to be staying (*Continued on Page 54*)

"This is the part I was telling you about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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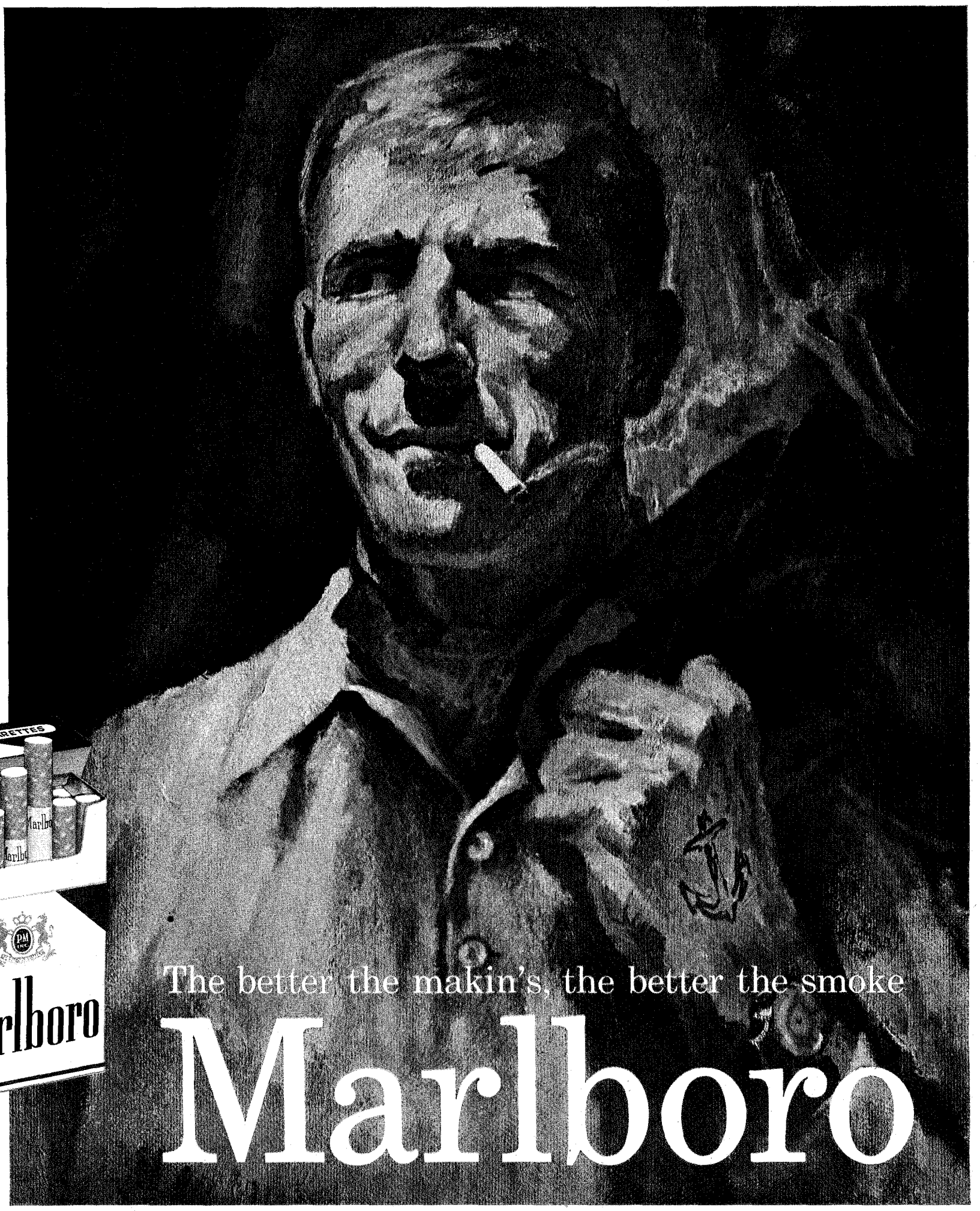
August 29, 1959

You're smoking better when it's Marlboro



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(*Continued from Page 52*) at Graystone Lodge all month, and let me tell you, sonny ——"

Kelly interrupted, "You can tell the judge," and the big man gave him a peculiar smile.

"Believe me," he retorted, "I intend to."

When Kelly checked in at the radio shack, an hour or so later, Bernie looked up from the board to say, curiously, "Sounded like you had a mean one."

"Not so mean, just full of hooch and his own importance." Kelly shrugged, and sat down to make out his reports. "Anything new on the weather?"

"Bubble's down to thirty-three, and they've closed the highway. Only people staying in the park are being allowed to come in."

Kelly clipped his report sheets into a sheaf, hung them on the day hook. He went to his own cabin, showered, shaved, and lounged about for a while, trying to rest. When he heard Neal's car, shortly after dusk, he arose and went back to the radio shack. Neal was there alone, looking through the day sheets.

He lifted a broad, weather-beaten face, to look oddly at Kelly. "Tell me, how does it feel to throw a punch at ten million bucks?"

"Ten million bucks?" Momentarily, Kelly was blank. Then, "Oh. You mean Marcus?"

"Well, how many guys did you punch today? Of all the bonehead stunts, that takes a prize. Judge Haldemann just had me on the telephone, giving me hell—Dolph Corwin had just been on the telephone giving *him* hell—Kelly, d'you know who that guy is?"

"That's twice I've been asked. Am I supposed to care?"

"He happens to own about half the state, including Marcus Construction, a couple of senators and a piece of the governor ——"

"Does that make him fireproof? So he buys and sells governors, and Haldemann is afraid of him. He's still got the manners of a slob."

"Maybe, but he can get your job—and that may happen. He's sore as blazes. Haldemann also mentioned that he's a little tight, and you'd better hope he'll cool down when he sobers up. Throwing that punch was a fool thing to do. Hang it all, Kelly, I've been trying to get you to simmer down. It may interest you to know it was Marcus who got Dolph Corwin his job with the department."

"Well, what the hell do you want me to do? Crawl on my belly to Marcus and apologize, offer to tear up the citations and eat them?"

"I don't give a hang about the citations. If he was in violation, then that's it. Slugging him was something else again. If he throws his weight around, Dolph will ship you so far back to the boondocks you'll have to pack in—*if* he doesn't have to fire you to keep Marcus happy."

A vast weariness assailed Kelly. *The hell with it*, he thought. *If the milk spoils, throw it out.* "I can keep your boy happy and save Corwin the trouble. You can have my oral notice right now, if you want it, and I'll put it in writing later. You can tell Dolph you fired me, and keep him off your bones."

Neal admonished calmly, "Oh, come off it. I've met Marcus a time or two. He's a little top-heavy, maybe, but he's not a bad guy. He likes to come up here and relax, get away from business and let his hair down. If you caught him half tight and went at him like a bull after a flag, no wonder you teed him off. You may have to come down off your high horse and apologize for swinging on him."

"I will like so much hell!" Kelly shouted. "Look, what I said about quitting goes. I wouldn't have this whole push for a Christmas gift!" Now with each word his fury mounted, all the pent-up resentment of the past few weeks forming a battering ram inside him, hammering the words out. "This is no ranger outfit, it's a courtesy patrol. If you want to keep the tourists really happy, why not hand each one a box of matches and tell him to have fun?" He went to the door, turned there to say, "I won't leave you in a bind. I'll stay until dry season breaks, if Dolph can wait that long to nail my hide to the barn door. But after that, I've had it."

Neal stirred, his impassivity shattered. "All right, boy, if that's how you feel." His face looked suddenly old and lined with weariness. "You have it your way."

Kelly went out, across the quadrangle flanked by the offices and private cottages. The wind had died utterly now, the air so still that even the pines had stopped whispering to one another. The heat was stiflingly oppressive. In his room, Kelly lay across the bunk beside the open window, trying vainly to relax. His nerves were taut as a fiddle string, and his body seemed to be riding on waves of weariness, like a surfboard. His eyelids weighed a ton, but when he would have dozed, troubled thoughts pressed in upon him, slithering in and out at the edges of his consciousness. The business about his quitting had been spur of the moment, goaded out of him by fury—but there had been something underlying the anger, almost relief at his decision. It was as if subconsciously he'd been waiting for an excuse to quit.

He rolled over, pressing his fingers tight against his closed eyelids, to relieve an aching pressure there. These days when he tried to recapture for himself any of the things he and Kip had felt about this work, there was only the angry sense of loss, a kind of betrayal. When he had thrown the punch at Marcus this afternoon, maybe it was what he had really been lashing out at, this thing inside him that kept punishing.

Hitting the big man hadn't made him feel any better, and Neal was right, it had been a stupid thing to do. It was a type of aggressiveness upon which the code frowned darkly, and in any case, if HQ had gotten next to it there'd have been a reprimand, probably a suspension. Somehow, he just didn't seem to care, any longer.

The seams of hell burst, that night. Shortly after midnight Kelly was routed out of a troubled sleep. The east slope of Signal Mountain was burning, a thirty-mile wind had sprung up behind it and was pushing it straight for the crown. "It looks like a bad one this time," Neal told him worriedly. "I've asked Park City and Canyon Creek for extra equipment and alerted all crews. Hell of it is, there's a lot of that Signal area the equipment can't get into until ways are cleared, and we've got to have men. Contact all the camps and resorts for able-bodied men willing to fight fire. Tell 'em trucks will pick the men up. Ask HQ to put up a spotter plane to give us approximates on the spread of the fire. Bernie, what was that last azimuth reading?" When he had it, he pored with a thoughtful scowl over a regional map. "Better have Woddy take his crew up Six Canyon and work over from the side. That's pretty close to the upper end of Hiawatha, and if it gets in there those fishing cabins on the north side will go like tissue paper."

So began the long nightmare. The wind gained in velocity, and so did the fire. From the moment of its birth it grew with maniacal speed, jet-propelled by a combination of two great, irresistible forces—flame and explosive atmospheric conditions. Long before Kelly had completed his base assignment of summoning up fighters and equipment, the sky above Signal Range was fiery and at times the flames themselves, although twenty miles away, became clearly visible when mighty pines erupted, catapulted their crimson fury high into the air.

It was nearly three o'clock when Kelly left for the fire line. As his jeep toiled up the fire road, on the slope beneath the point where he had stood this afternoon, he felt a tightening inside him, as if a great hand were squeezing. He was near enough now to the face of the fire to see the figures silhouetted against it, infinitesimal, absurdly ineffectual against the inferno towering hundreds of feet into the air. He spotted the sound truck, and he could hear the voice of Neal, bellowing instructions to his crew. When Kelly reached him, the old ranger shouted, "I wish they'd get more equipment up here! We've got to have tractors and 'dozers to make lanes for the pumpers to come in on." He stared at the raging flames, his eyes grim. "She's a heller. I never saw one go any faster."

There would be nights when Kelly would dream of it. The moments of hellish nightmare when a sudden side-winding gust would send a wave of pure flame boiling straight at the fighters. With the sound-truck volume turned as high as it would go, Neal would bellow, "All hands return to your trucks and jeeps, evacuate the area. Get the hell out of here!" Sometimes men were forced to flee afoot, leaving stalled trucks and other equipment to the mercies of the fire. This vast holocaust atop rugged mountain terrain was rushing at hideous speed, the force of its own fury, its gaseous smoke, creating treacherous winds and updrafts, its explosions catapulting flame for hundreds of feet, as if shot from a cannon.

Endlessly, in that first twenty-four hours, the fighters were forced to fall back before a new and terrible advance of flame. Now men and equipment were streaming in. Ahead of the fire lines, mighty bulldozers and belted tractors labored to widen the firebreaks. Trees were dynamited and debris shoved back, and time and again the vicious explosions hurled their cannonballs of flame across the breaks, and the fire raged on, now ahead of the fighters, who broke ranks and scurried to take up new positions. By nightfall of the second day, Neal estimated there were eight hundred men fighting in the lines. Ranchers, men from the neighboring towns, tourists. "A lot of tourists," Neal's eyes glinted in his weary, smoke-begrimed face. Kelly said nothing.

They were in one of the makeshift camps back of the lines, eating much-needed food and gulping down strong black coffee. Neal said, "They've got some cots back there. We'll get some sack time. I'll have one of the boys call us in a couple of hours."

By morning, the wind, still holding, had shifted and the spotter plane reported the fire was thrusting new, greedy fingers into the heavily timbered western slope of the range. They fought on. Planes jogged back and forth, in and out of the black clouds of smoke, laying down a barrage of water and borax bombs around the outer perimeter of the fire. 'Dozers and tractors clanked steadily around the clock, clearing felled trees, slashing wider breaks. Tankers (*Continued on Page 56*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The umpire will not permit a batter to step up to the plate without his bat. Yet it is possible for the batter to hit the ball with his fist. Take this hypothetical instance, based on an actual happening elsewhere:

Say San Francisco leads Chicago, 2–1, as the Giants bat in the last of the seventh. Daryl Spencer, leading off, runs up a three-two count. He swings hard at the next pitch, an inside fast ball. The ball thuds against his right fist and caroms into foul territory without ever being touched by the bat.

The Cubs claim Spencer is out on strikes. The Giants argue that it is merely a foul ball.

If you were umpiring, how would you call it?

See page 56 for answer

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(*Continued from Page 54*) and pumpers sprayed water and chemicals. The ground fighters cleared underbrush, built backfires, beat out creeping flames which bellied along the ground where sparks and embers fell from the greater fire. Men fell, from exhaustion, from smoke; were carried away and revived. Burns were treated, infected blisters on raw palms were cleaned and bandaged, and their owners went back to fight on.

Overcome by smoke, a 'dozer operator brought his great machine to a halt and staggered down, collapsing. As half a dozen others rushed to carry the stricken man away, Kelly stared puzzledly at a stocky figure which sprinted toward the now idle 'dozer, hoisted itself to the seat.

He ran forward, shouting, "Hey!" and the figure, vaguely familiar, turned; the grimy face of Francis J. Marcus looked down at him. "What in hell do you think you're doing?" Kelly demanded, irately. "I'll put a man on this—come on down from there!"

A mirthless grin cleaved whitely across the heavy, dirty face. "You've *got* a man on it, sonny. I was operating one of these things while you were still being burped. Now beat it, and stay off my back, before I pay back a punch I owe you on account."

Kelly stood staring blankly as the big man coaxed the monster to life and tooled it, clanking and groaning, back to the fire lines.

On the sixth day of the desperate, losing battle, fickle nature took a hand. The humidity bubble danced upward. With normal moisture content in the air, by day the fire roared on but by night it bedded down, smoldering, barely creeping, and fighters and machines gained precious time. Like the others, Kelly moved like an automaton now, half dead with exhaustion, leaving the lines now and then to gulp down food, sleep for an hour or two, then rejoin the fray.

More men went down. One burned to death, and his charred body had to be left where it fell. Now and again, in those next few days, Kelly glimpsed Marcus, usually piloting the big 'dozer, with a break crew. Once, the two of them had a direct encounter at a chow tent, back of the lines. Kelly had a sandwich and a paper carton of milk in his hands. Marcus eyed the carton, and the white grin split his blackened face. "Getting your nourishment, sonny?" he drawled, and some of the old anger stirred to life in Kelly, momentarily banishing the dull fatigue which was like an ache in his bones. Between the two of them was the awareness that theirs was a score yet to be settled. Kelly turned wordlessly and walked away.

On the eighth day the wind shifted, driving the fire toward unburned, dense-timbered slopes to the east. Crew chiefs on the Signal fire front held despairing conference, and Neal Marks said, "There's three thousand acres of virgin timber up there. If the wind doesn't get any higher, most of the firebreak at the foot of the slope is wide enough to turn the fire back, but it narrows at the east end, and the direction the wind's blowing now, the fire will jump at the east end, sure as fate. If we had time to put a crew down there to widen the break to about four hundred feet ——"

Listening, Kelly frowned uneasily. A sheer rock palisade at the eastern extreme of the firebreak formed a dead end, with the fire raging to the south. If it jumped, a crew in there would be hopelessly trapped. Neal said, "I know it's risky, but it might work. No one is going to order a crew in, but if there are any volunteers ——"

There were volunteers. In moments, a pickup carrying a blasting and felling crew, followed by Francis Marcus' big 'dozer, went rumbling along the firebreak toward the palisade, invisible now in smoke. Neal told Kelly, "I'm going up to that old Signal lookout tower with the jeep. I'll be directly above the break and at fairly close range, and maybe I can see what's going on. I'll use the walkie, so stick close." Kelly nodded, and the head ranger hurried away.

Waiting, Kelly was tense with anxiety. It was at least a quarter of a mile to the eastern end of the break, and the fire was not much farther distant than that. It seemed to him the wind was rising. Certainly it was shifting again, and the hanging pall of smoke dropped, swirled in, made it difficult to see much of anything.

Suddenly Neal's voice crackled from the walkie unit, "Kelly! I'm at the tower. They're coming out. The fire side-wound and came up a watershed where we couldn't see it for the smoke. They've seen it, and they're on their way out, but I think it's jumped the break, and I can't tell if they got past it, or if it jumped ahead of them ——" His voice trailed into anxious silence.

With smarting eyes, Kelly stared into the swirling smoke, and presently he sucked his breath in sharply, calling, "They're coming! They made it!"

The pickup truck, its crew aboard, lurched into the clearing, the men spilled off. Into Kelly's ear Neal was saying, puzzledly, "What about Marcus? Is that him, down there on the 'dozer? He's trying to bring the thing out!"

Kelly whirled, shouting at the pickup crew, "Where's Marcus?" and they stared blankly about them and at one another. Someone said, in an appalled voice, "My God, we went off and left him. I thought he jumped on the truck with the rest of us."

"Neal," said Kelly, "that's Marcus in there. Can he make it through?"

"I—don't see how. Not with that 'dozer, probably not afoot." There was a sickness in Neal's voice. "That breach in the firebreak is spreading fast—I'd say the hotspot is already three hundred feet wide."

Kelly's mind was racing. Unless he got help, and fast, Francis J. Marcus was going to burn to death. The mental image of it shook Kelly with a wave of illness which almost made him retch. "Neal, I'm going in after him. I'll take the walkie, so give me what help you can from up there."

"Don't be a fool, boy! You can't make it."

"I can try. Maybe I can make it through with the jeep. How far is the actual fire from the break?"

"I don't know; twenty yards, maybe, now, but that's no sign ——" Then apparently he decided to waste no more precious time in argument. "All right, boy, if you've got to, but for God's sake, move!"

Going in was no particular problem. The smoke was so dense Kelly could sometimes see nothing ahead of the jeep as it inched up the firebreak. He knew when he started across the hotspot, by the intensified heat and the bright flicker of flying sparks in the gray pall. His face felt cooked and once, in a spurt of terror, he flailed wildly at his sleeve, certain it had caught fire. Presently he drew a trifle ahead of the smoke, and sent the jeep bounding forward, only to brake sharply. Marcus had abandoned the 'dozer and was running down the firebreak. Kelly swung the jeep around, shouted, "Get in!" Wordlessly, Marcus complied, breathing heavily, coughing, from the exertion and the acrid smoke. Kelly said, "Neal, can you give me a fix on the hotspot now?" and Neal's voice was thin with a despair he could not disguise.

"Kelly, I just don't know. The smoke is so thick ahead of you that I can't see anything now, and you'll just have to feel your way. But you've got to keep moving, boy, because it's going to have you sacked up in about five minutes."

Coughing, staring ahead of them into the gray murk with reddened, smarting eyes, they made their way back through the hotspot. The sparks were thicker and now and then a burning brand sailed through the air.

In a sudden, choking swirl of smoke, Kelly lost his visibility. The wheels on the right side left the break, spun, and sent the jeep center-grounded on a pile of boulders. Cursing bitterly, Kelly slammed the gears in reverse and gunned the motor, but the wheels only spun madly, almost free of the ground and without traction. "Come on," he shouted, "we'll have to run for it."

Marcus nodded, his tongue licking at his dry lips. The heat here was almost beyond endurance. Sparks showered about them and now through the evil gloom they could see an occasional orange lick of flame. Kelly side-stepped a burning brand which the wind tossed at their feet and was urging Marcus forward when, with a smothered outcry, the big man burst from Kelly's grasp and began to run wildly. Kelly looked at him, and screamed. Marcus' jacket had burst into flame, and as he ran he was wrenching, panic-stricken, at the zipper, which would not budge.

Marcus was running swiftly for a man of his bulk, but in an erratic, zigzag course, and Kelly overtook him. "Keep running," he yelled. Abreast of Marcus, he seized the collar of the blazing jacket with both hands and gave a desperate wrench, feeling a surge of almost insane delight when he felt fabric and metal part. He dragged the burning garment from Marcus, flung it aside. Beneath it, the shirt was smoldering, and Kelly beat at it with his hands. Marcus stumbled, went to his knees with an animal moan, his eyes wide, unseeing with agony and terror.

Kelly seized him beneath the armpits, dragged him up. "Come on, damn you," he said. "You've got guts, you can do it, just come on and run!"

His own lungs felt as if they were bursting, and from his smoke-blinded eyes, paining intolerably, tears were streaming. Afterward, he would hardly remember that just as the smoke began to thin, Marcus fell once more, and this time Kelly did not berate him or try to goad him to his feet; he simply seized him by one arm and stumbled on, dragging his limp burden. Nor would he recall clearly when he came staggering into the clearing and collapsed across Marcus' body.

Revived, Kelly refused to be retired. When his blistered hands and face were doctored, he said, he'd sleep for an hour or two, then he'd be all right.

He saw Marcus briefly before he was taken away in an improvised ambulance, to the hospital in Park City. Someone had wiped the big man's face partially free of its coating of grime, and it was white and drawn with pain, but he was conscious. He managed to grin at Kelly, and lifted a hand to stab a thick forefinger at him.

"Here's one you can't cite me for, sonny," he said, and a deep laugh rumbled up out of him.

Kelly grinned. "How do you feel?"

"How would you feel," Marcus countered, "with a medium-rare back?" He lay on his cot, looking at Kelly. "I still owe you a punch in the jaw," he said. "But I owe you so much more than that I haven't even got the nerve to ask you to call it even."

Kelly fidgeted, embarrassedly. "Forget it."

"Not apt to forget it." Briefly he closed his eyes, wincing with pain. Then he opened them again. "Anyway—thanks," he said, gravely. "You're quite a boy, sonny. You weren't even scared, were you?"

"I don't know." Kelly considered it. "I guess not. I was just scared I would be."

He could tell by the blankness of the other's look that it didn't make much sense, and yet it did, to Kelly, anyway. It had been a kind of fear—in his dreams, when he fled like a coward and awakened almost screaming, to lie thinking about it, reliving the nightmare in his waking moments until it was almost like a part of him. Whatever it was that had eaten at him, he thought with sober awareness, it was gone now. And now—although of this he was not yet aware—he could begin to live peacefully with his memory of Kip, who had never been afraid.

On the ninth morning, rain fell at dawn, from clouds scarcely noted beneath the heavy pall of smoke. It fell gently at first, then with increasing vigor, drenching men who cheered and wept and hugged one another. The fiery giant weakened, and by midafternoon it was in its death throes; and a stream of filthy, weary men went by truck and jeep down the muddy fire trails toward the valley.

Toward evening there were only the mop-up crews, who would guard the ugly, dying monster until the last breath of life was gone. The loss was counted. Six thousand acres lay blackened, the charred bodies of thousands of furred and feathered creatures within its grim boundaries. One man was known dead, three were missing, a score had been painfully injured or burned. And the ravaged mountains soon would be lonely and silent again, emptied of the hundreds of men, for the most part unknown to one another, who had fought shoulder to shoulder until the savage battle was done.

As their jeep bumped and skidded down the muddy mountainside, Neal and Kelly were silent, thinking of these things. Occasionally, the older man glanced thoughtfully at the younger, but he did not speak. They left the mountain trail and followed the wet, smooth highway across the valley floor, and only when they were entering the gate at Sky River camp did Neal break the silence.

"Well"—he cocked a quizzical glance at the weeping sky—"it looks like the dry season's broken."

Kelly looked sharply at him. Then he grinned. "I meant to tell you," he said, and the ghost of an old imp danced in his dark eyes. "That notice I gave, it's no good. You haven't got it in writing."

So they came home through the cold drizzle, dirty and weary, their hearts aching with the hurt of what they had seen, and yet they were laughing together.

THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 54

Spencer is out. It is a third strike, as the ball touched only the batter's hand and not his bat. The rule (Sec. 2.00) says: "A strike is a legal pitch when so called by the umpire, which touches the batter as he strikes at it."

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The Husband Hunter (Continued from Page 24)

have got fifty bucks a week during the season."

"You hurt me," Phil said, "but I forgive you because of the free coffee. All I want to do is make a little dough to pay the taxes. You think I want some maniacs living in my back yard?"

Art leaned on the counter and lighted a cigarette. "Marian still sore about you renting the cottage?"

Phil nodded miserably. "Yeah. She refuses to count up to nine. If I can get a schoolteacher in that cottage for nine months, it's four hundred and fifty a year. After we get married, she wants to turn it into a studio."

Art winced. "She showed me one of those impressionistic paintings she does. This one was of Tillamook Rock. It looked like a streak of lightning hitting a henhouse."

"She'll probably get over it," Phil said. "It was that clown who was here last summer who did it. He said that her paintings showed fearlessness, depth and unusual color perception."

Art refilled Phil's coffee cup. "Don't count on her getting over it."

"What makes you think she won't?"

"Learn the facts of life, buster. There isn't a dame alive who doesn't think that she has talent."

"You're nuts," Phil said.

"Oh, yeah? Look at all the painting classes. Who attends 'em? Dames. Look at all the little-theater groups. Who keeps 'em going and drags their husbands down to paint scenery? Dames. Who keeps all the dancing instructors busy?"

"I know," Phil said. "Dames."

"You said it."

Phil stood up. "Thanks for the coffee. I don't know why I come in here. I always feel worse when I leave."

"You think you feel bad now, wait a minute." Art nodded toward the street.

Phil watched Marian Peterson come through the door. She was a sun-streaked blonde, with eyes as blue as Lake Crescent from twenty thousand feet. She was wearing a Guatemalan skirt and a white blouse, and she was gently tanned and as lovely to behold as a vapor trail in the sunset.

She had worn Phil's sophomore-class pin, his Hi-Y pin, his fraternity pin, and his Distinguished Flying Cross. She had practically raised him from the time she had fixed his skinned knee with her Kiddy Nurse's Kit after a fall from his tricycle, and it had always been tacitly agreed that someday she would wear Phil's wedding ring.

She sat down beside him. Art put a cup of coffee in front of her

"Well, I saw the ad," she said.

"Like I was telling Phil," Art said. "Four hundred and fifty a year ain't hay."

"You keep out of this, Art," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Art said. He did not seem unduly impressed.

"Obviously," she said, "you think I have no talent."

"That isn't it, Marian," Phil said. "Like Art says ——"

"And what," Marian said frostily, "does Art know about painting?"

"You should have asked what Art knows about art," Art said, "and then we could have a joke."

"Very funny," she said.

"The north bedroom," Phil said. "It's nice and light. You could use that."

"I don't want the north bedroom."

"The study ——" Phil began.

"The study," she said, "is too dark."

"Look, Marian," Phil said, "it's ridiculous to use income-producing property for you to dabble around in."

It was an unfortunate choice of words. "Dabble around!" she yelped. "So that's what you think, is it?"

Phil looked at Art for help. Art was inspecting the ceiling. "Not at all," he said presently, "but you're going to have a hard time making four hundred and fifty dollars a year with your painting."

"Dali," she said, "practically starved before he was recognized. And look at Raphael and Renoir and Rubens and Toulouse-Lautrec."

"I can drop a few names myself," Art said. "Look at Mellon, Gould, Morgan and Vanderbilt."

"What have they got to do with it?" Marian snapped.

"I don't suppose they knew much about painting," Art said, "but they knew that four hundred and fifty bucks is six per cent on seven thousand, five hundred dollars."

Marian gave Art the look she reserved mainly for young tourists who tried to pick her up on the beach. "Someone who knows," she said loftily, "doesn't share your opinion about my painting."

"Don't tell me he's back," Art said.

"If you mean Paul Corot," she said, "he's back."

"I'm glad to hear it," Art said.

"You?" Marian said. "Why?"

"Because he's got a two-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent tab he didn't pick up when he left."

Marian sniffed disdainfully. "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. He arrived in a new convertible, and he has an apartment at the Gearhart Hotel."

"If I left tabs here and there," Phil said, "I could drive a new convertible myself."

Marian dropped fifteen cents on the counter and stood up. "The nickel," she said, "is for you, Art." She marched out and slammed the door.

Art rang up the dime and put the five cents in his pocket. He shrugged. "A nickel here, a nickel there. It adds up."

Phil frowned. "I wish she wouldn't act that way. I don't know what gets into Marian at times."

"It's just the season," Art said. "Wait till the sou'westers start screaming, the beach is turned back to driftwood and the commercial clam diggers. Haven't you noticed about the local gals? Come Decoration Day, and into the freezer go the oilskins, and out come the off-the-shoulder cottons and the two-piece bathing suits. They look at the guys they've been dating all winter like they just come over the hill with a sack of potatoes. Don't worry. When the leaves start changing color, the girls will start changing clothes and boy friends."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Phil said. He stood up. "Well, I gotta go. I may get a few calls about that cottage."

"A schoolteacher, you said?"

Phil nodded. "That way we could have a guest house in the summer for friends."

"I'll work on it," Art said.

Phil worked his way through the tourist throng, got into his car and drove home. He peeled off his old clothes, showered, shaved and put on a pair of gray flannels and a sweater. The phone rang. Phil picked it up and said hello.

"You the party got a cottage for rent?"

Phil pleaded guilty.

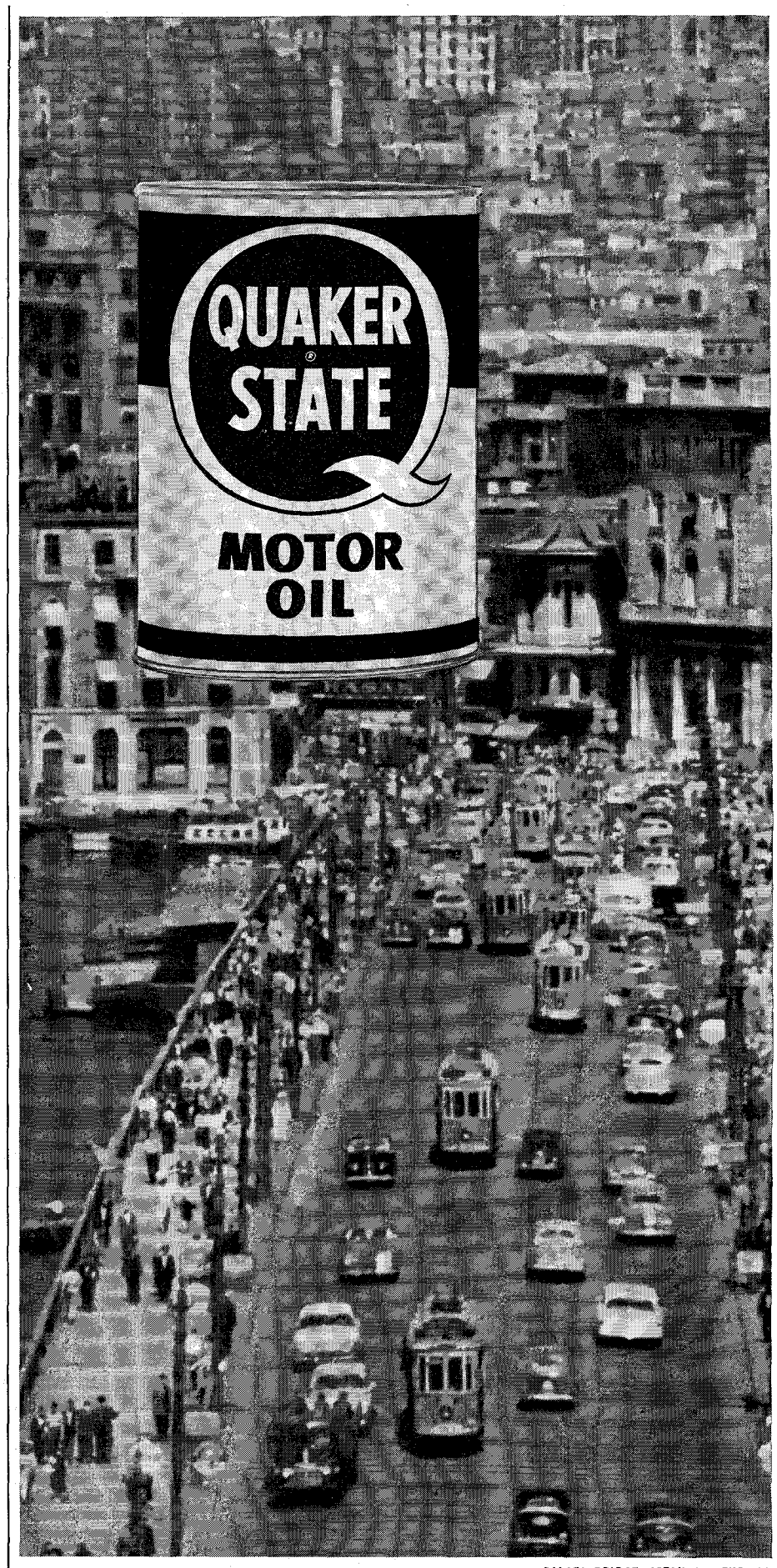
"Fifty dollars a month, you said. How much for two weeks?"

"Sorry, no tourists," Phil said.

"What's the matter with tourists?"

Phil took a deep breath. Then he let it out. "Never mind," he said. He hung up.

The phone rang after a while. Phil answered it. He described the cottage to a man on the other end of the line.



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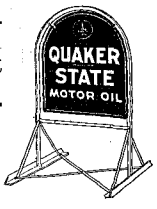

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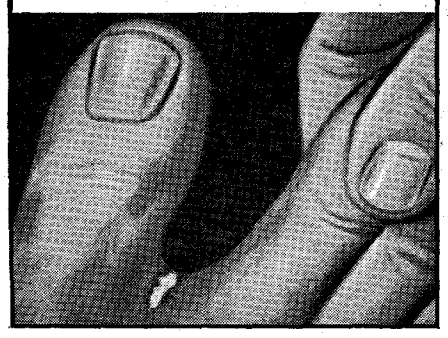

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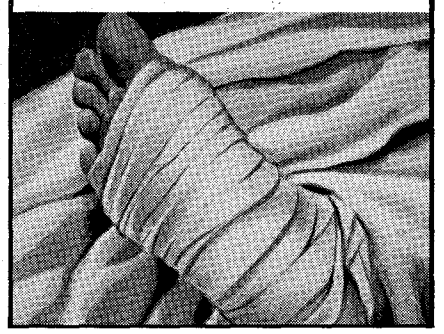

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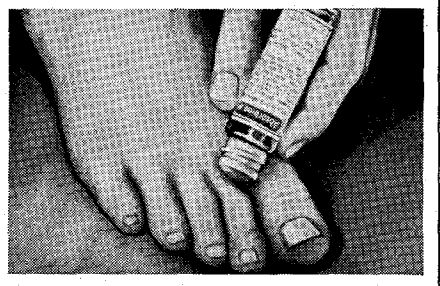

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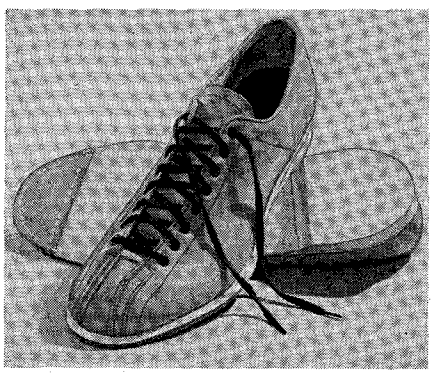

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"Oh, one bedroom, eh?" the man said. "Well, we got three little ones, but one's just a baby, she could sleep in a crib in the bedroom, and I could put in another bed in the front room to ——"

Phil shuddered, said, "I'm afraid it wouldn't be large enough," and hung up.

He went into the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee. He made a fire in the fireplace. He was sitting in front of the fire drinking coffee when the doorbell rang.

The girl had smoky gray eyes and hair as black as the inside of an oil tank at midnight. She was wearing a gaily colored cotton dress, and when she smiled at Phil her tip-tilted nose crinkled slightly.

"Well, now," Phil said.

"I saw your advertisement in the Signal," she said. "Your wife at home?"

"I don't have a wife," Phil said.

She frowned. "Well, if the cottage has a strong lock on the front door and bars at the windows, I might be interested."

Phil had a mental picture of Marian's expression if she saw this little creature ensconced in the cottage which she coveted. He shuddered. "I'm afraid not," he said. "I'm really interested in renting to a schoolteacher."

"That's me," she said. "Or I should say, that is I. Right out of Southern Oregon Normal and the University of Oregon. A degree in education with a major in English."

Phil stared. A teacher? She didn't look as if she had finished being taught.

"I'm neat," she said.

"Yes, I can see that," Phil said.

"I'd keep the windows washed, the kitchen floor scrubbed, turn off my radio at ten in the evening, and when I get married will give thirty days' notice."

"You're getting married?" Phil said. He didn't know why, but the news gave him little, if any, pleasure.

"Well, I certainly hope so. I don't want to be an old-maid schoolteacher."

"Uh, when are you planning on getting married?"

"When I find a man who's single, solvent, can read and write, helps with the dishes, likes animals, doesn't snore, and with whom I'm in love."

"Well, for pity's sake," Phil said.

"I know it's a large order, but I come from a forthright and hardy family. Dad used to say that if you wanted something bad enough, you could get it. That was when I wanted a boy's bicycle."

"I see." Phil began to be happy that he had no children in school.

"I got the bicycle all right. I stole it from the kid next door."

"Well, it was nice talking to you, Miss ——"

"I hasten to add that I took the bicycle back the same day. For obvious reasons, I didn't ride it back. Mother used to wield a mean hairbrush."

"Well, you can't get a husband by stealing him," Phil said. "Miss ——"

"Barton," she said. "Holly Barton. Now may I look at the cottage?"

It wouldn't, Phil decided, do any harm to show it to her. They walked over to the cottage. Holly Barton walked around and purred like a well-fed leopard, then sat down, opened her purse and took out a checkbook. "How will I make out the check?" she said.

"I really ——" Phil began.

"You said you wanted a schoolteacher, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I ——"

"I'm a schoolteacher."

"So you said, but ——"

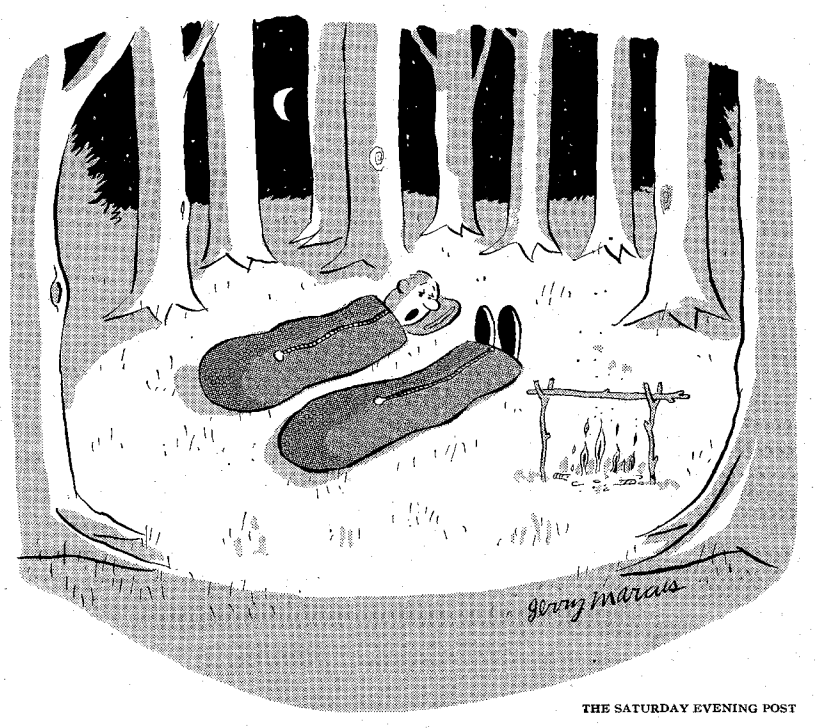
"It would serve you right if I went somewhere else and you got a Spanish teacher." She raised her eyes to the ceiling. "I knew a Spanish teacher who once threw a plate at a landlord because there wasn't enough heat."

"Tsk, tsk," Phil said.

"She hit him too. Three stitches. Or a physical-education teacher—up at dawn, giving out with Tarzan yells under a cold shower. Me, I'm the intellectual type. A little Chaucer, some Dickens, Thomas Wolfe, and a little Nietzsche for light reading and you'll never know I'm around."

Somehow, before Phil fully realized what had happened, he had accepted her check, had helped her in with her bags, built a fire in the fireplace for her and showed her how to work all the gadgets. Then he went back home, sat down and reviewed the conversation which led to his renting Holly Barton his cottage when the last thing in this world he intended doing was just what he had done.

An hour later his doorbell rang. He opened it. He didn't drop dead, but he staggered. She was wearing a couple of pieces of cloth which could, Phil conceded, be called a sun suit if you were the type who wanted plenty of sun. She was, Phil could see readily enough, constructed



"When was the last time you camped out, Fred?"

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just a bit differently from any girl he had ever known, and the difference was out of this world.

"Where," she said, "is the complaint department?"

"He's out to lunch," Phil said.

"Look at me," she said.

Look at her? Well, now. "I am," he said.

"Covered with vinegar and oil and sand, and there isn't any hot water."

"Must be something wrong," Phil said, intelligently enough for a man whose brain had suddenly come unraveled.

"Well, I certainly hope so. That isn't a cold-water cottage you rented me, is it?"

"Not at all," Phil said. "I'll have a look. Come on in. I'll be right back." He went over to the cottage, investigated the circuit breaker, found it tripped, flicked it to "on" and went back to his house. "The circuit breaker was off," he said. "The tank was just hooked up. They probably forgot to turn on the circuit breaker. It won't take over an hour to get you some hot water."

"Great. What do I do in the meantime—marinate in this vinegar and oil?"

Phil scratched his head. There was a solution, but he wasn't sure that it was the right one. "You could use my shower," he said.

"There must be a dozen reasons why I shouldn't, but right now I can't think of one. Lead me to it."

Phil led her into the bathroom, explained the workings of the mixing valve, gave her a clean towel, pointed out the sturdy lock on the door and left.

Presently he heard the shower go on. At the same time, his doorbell rang. He opened it and said, "Gu-u-u."

Marian Peterson, his dearly beloved, his bride-to-be, stood in the doorway. "Something wrong, Phil? You look sort of white."

"Me?" Phil said. "Why should I look white? Everything's fine— just fine." An automobile wreck on the corner, an earthquake, a tidal wave, a three-alarm fire, he thought wildly. Anything.

"I started thinking. I've really been a ninny about the cottage. The north bedroom would do fine for a studio."

"Yeah, the north bedroom. Great. I'll put in a skylight Get right at it. Well, I'm going to take a shower, so ——"

"Why, I hear the shower going now, don't I?"

They listened. The shower was certainly going now. "Yeah, I turned it on and ——" The shower was suddenly turned off. The noise of the shower was replaced by that of a throaty, feminine voice singing, "From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores ——"

"And who." Marian said in her best antarctic voice, "is that?"

"That?" Phil croaked. "Why, that's Miss Barton."

"And who," Marian continued, as cold as a penguin's feet, "is Miss Barton?"

"Hot-water heater. I mean the hot-water heater in the cottage wasn't on, and she was covered with vinegar, and —— Oh, hell," he finished, "she's a teacher."

Marian was not visibly impressed. "To whom you have rented your cottage, I presume?"

"In a word—yes."

Miss Barton finished the Marines' Hymn. She went into Young at Heart.

"And what does your Miss Barton look like?" Marian said.

"She isn't my Miss Barton. She—two arms, two legs. She's a girl," he finished lamely. "An English teacher. You know how they look."

"I'm afraid I don't," Marian said, "and I find that I don't have the time to find out. I have a date with Paul Corot." She left, climbed into her car and spun the wheels getting away.

Phil sat down, put his chin in his hands and stared at the fire.

Presently Holly Barton came into the room. "Now I feel less like a tossed salad."

"Fine—great."

"I tell you the acoustics in that bathroom are terrific. Do you think I sounded a bit like Lena Horne?"

"No."

"Ella Fitzgerald, perhaps?"

"No," Phil said. "You sounded like Miss Barton, singing in my shower, an activity which I could, at the time, do without."

She raised her eyebrows. "Well, for heaven's sake, I didn't think I was that bad."

"It wasn't the quality of your voice. It was the fact that you were singing, thereby advertising your presence to the girl whom I was, up until a few minutes ago, going to marry."

"Oh, no!" Miss Barton said. "You mean that she walked in just when I was sounding off?" She started with a smile and her eyes twinkled, and then she giggled.

"And it isn't funny," Phil snapped.

"The heck it isn't," she said. "Where's your sense of humor?"

"It left me when Marian took off."

"Oh, so that's her name. Marian, eh?"

"Marian Peterson. She didn't want me to rent the cottage in the first place, and now ——" He spread his hands helplessly.

"H'm'm. Well, I'm sorry to hear that you're getting married. I was going over your qualifications in my mind. You're single, solvent, can read and write, I assume that you'd help with the dishes and like animals. I'm willing to take a chance on your snoring."

"I don't snore."

"You see? You're perfectly adequate husband material, but if some dame has you branded, I'll have to look elsewhere." She waggled her fingers at him and went out the door.

Phil watched her walk to the cottage, His first impulse was to dismiss her as a girl with a few screws loose in her brain, but she was a bit too beautiful and a trifle too disturbing for that. As far as finding a husband, she'd have roughly the same amount of trouble finding a tourist on the beach over Labor Day weekend.

At five o'clock Phil went to his car and drove over to Art's Place, miraculously found a parking spot a few doors from the restaurant, opened the door and walked in.

"Braised short ribs," Art said. "Dollar and a quarter with coffee and dessert."

"Quit punching so hard," Phil said. "Coffee."

Art poured the coffee. "Hamburger, pie, cake?"

"Take off your overalls," Phil said. "Save that stuff for the tourists."

"What tourists?" Art waved a hand. "Look at this joint—empty. The sun's shining all day, so what happens?"

"They get sunburned."

"You aren't kidding. They're all down on the beach, getting sunburned, eating wieners and potato chips and drinking pop. I bet I have to eat those short ribs myself," he said gloomily. "I wish it would rain."

"Yeah, it might drive 'em all out of town."

"Speaking of tourists—your girl friend was in with that Corot character. He paid me the two and six bits. I mentioned your name, and she looked at me as if I were smoking in church. She's sure burned up about you renting the cottage."

"It isn't only that," Phil said. "When she came by, the girl I rented the cottage to was taking a shower."

(*Continued on Page 61*)

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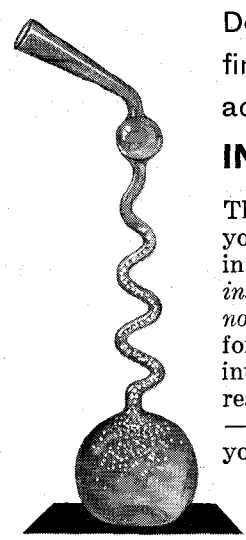

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(*Continued from Page 59*) "So what does that prove? There's a law against keeping clean?"

"In my shower."

"Well, then—in your what?" Art screamed.

"She was covered with vinegar and oil," Phil said. "The hot-water heater in the cottage wasn't working, so she used my shower. Anything wrong in that?"

"The only thing wrong, you stupid jerk," Art said, "is that you forgot to bolt the doors and windows and disconnect the doorbell."

"Yeah," Phil said disconsolately. "So how was I to know that Marian was going to come along at that moment?"

"They always do, pal, they always do," Art said.

Phil nodded, finished his coffee, and stood up. At that moment the door opened and Marian came in.

"I thought you might be here," she said. "I ran into John Randall, the school principal. They just don't happen to have a Miss Barton signed up to teach this year. I don't know who you think you're kidding, Phil McVey, but it isn't me."

"Isn't I," Art said, "as long as we're being schoolteacherish."

"She said she was a schoolteacher," Phil said. "What was I supposed to do—ask her for a diploma?"

"I wouldn't know," Marian said, "and frankly I couldn't care less." She turned away and stalked out.

Art peered at Phil with renewed interest. "Well, now, I always figured you for a nice, quiet, upstanding young man." He shook his head. "And now I find you passing off your girl friend as a schoolteacher and ——"

"Shut up," Phil said. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

"As far as your girl friend is concerned, you've already hit bottom."

Phil walked out, climbed into his car and thundered home. He marched over to the cottage and hammered on the door. Miss Barton opened the door. Phil felt his blood pressure rising. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder cotton that swirled here and clung there, and she was far lovelier than anything Phil had seen since the Golden Gate Bridge on his return from Korea. The view was slightly soured, however, as Phil looked into the room and saw Paul Corot, lounging in a chair by the fireplace, a martini in his hand, looking as if he had just bought the place.

"Why, Mr. McVey," she said, "won't you come in?"

"No, thanks," Phil said. He scowled at Paul Corot. "I wonder if I could talk to you for a moment."

"Why, certainly." She stepped outside and closed the door. She was so close to him that he nearly came unglued, but he took a deep breath and blurted, "What's that jerk doing here?"

"Why, he's having a martini before we go out to dinner. Isn't that all right? What are you—a prohibitionist?"

"Listen, you don't teach school in Oceancrest."

She raised her eyebrows. "Certainly not. I never said I did. When the fall session starts at Portland State College a month from now, I'll be teaching there."

"Why," Phil said, outraged, "you're nothing but a tourist!"

"And what is wrong with tourists?"

"I hate tourists," Phil growled. "I wanted someone in that cottage for nine months. That's why the rent is so low. I made up my mind to rent to a schoolteacher. By the time you leave, every teacher in Oceancrest will have found a place to live, and I'll be out in left field."

"Well, Mr. Scrooge, that is just exactly where you belong. You didn't ask me how long I was going to stay. When you saw my fifty-dollar check, you grabbed it fast enough."

"You can have it back," Phil yelped. "I'll donate the time you've been here."

"My, my. And you mean you won't even charge me for the hot water I used for my shower? That's just dandy with me. Tear up my check, and I'll move to a spot where tourists aren't looked upon as some sort of two-legged monster. Good-by!" She went into the cottage and slammed the door in Phil's face.

Seething, he went back to the house. Presently he saw Holly drive away with Paul Corot. He went over to the cottage and peered inside. She was gone permanently, there was no doubt of that. Even the cocktail glasses had been washed and put away. He closed the door and went home, sat in front of the fireplace and stared at the fire. Actually he hadn't intended that she move out so fast and furiously. He began to remember the way she had looked when he saw her for the first time. He saw her in the sun suit, and he remembered his reaction when she opened the cottage door not long ago. *Well, McVey, there's always Marian.*

He went to the telephone and dialed Marian's number. Mrs. Peterson said, coldly enough, that Marian was out for the evening. Phil thanked Mrs. Peterson, coldly enough, and hung up. O.K., the freeze was on. Marian was still sore about Holly, and now Holly was gone, and certainly he, McVey, was out in left field.

He drove over to Art's Place, walked in and said, "O.K., gimme the short ribs."

Art dished out an order of short ribs, added a browned potato, some string beans, a salad and coffee. "Well," he said, "how are things at the bottom of things?"

"Drop dead," Phil said. He started in on the short ribs.

"Maybe—in about twenty years," Art said. "In the meantime, I hear that your girl friend has a date with that Corot joker." Art lighted a cigarette. "He gets around, doesn't he?"

"Look," Phil said, "I bought the short ribs, didn't I? What do you want—my blood?"

"What'd you do—order the girl out of the cottage?"

"You said it. She's nothing but a tourist."

"Uh-huh. But what a tourist!"

Phil raised his head. "You know that Barton dame?"

Art sighed. "She's my wife's niece. I sent her over there. You said you wanted a schoolteacher. I thought maybe I'd give you a substitute for that Peterson icebox and you might take the hint. But I can't blame Holly for moving out. You don't know a good thing when you see it."

Phil frowned. "I didn't intend getting sore, but I saw that Corot character sitting in the cottage, and I guess that's what did it."

"Boy, you oughta have your head examined. Here you were going to have this cotton-pickin' little doll right in your back yard for thirty days, so what do you do? You get jealous, pick on her because she's a tourist and run her out of the place. How goofy can you get? Of course, I'm kinda happy about it. In a way, if you happened to marry the girl, you'd be a shirttail relative of mine. I got some characters for relatives, but at least none of 'em are stupid."

Phil finished his meal, paid Art, and walked out. So now Art was sore at him too. Morosely he walked the streets in this sweet summer evening, noting unhappily that all the tourists seemed to be happy. That's the trouble with tourists, he grunted savagely, they're all so cockeyed happy. He wandered into the theater, watched a picture about American tourists in Italy. They all had a wonderful time. He came out disenchanted because he usually, after a movie, stopped in at Art's for coffee and conversation. He knew that tonight all he'd get would be coffee.

He drove home, turned on the lights and went into the kitchen. He started putting on some coffee when he heard the doorbell ring. He opened the door. She was standing outside, wearing Capri trousers, ballerina slippers and a white blouse. She looked about nineteen years old.

"I hate to be such a bother," she said, "but when I started to make some coffee, I found that the stove doesn't work."

He was so glad to see her that he almost, impulsively, put his arms around her. And then he remembered Paul Corot. He frowned. "I thought you had a date with Paul Corot."

"I did," she said, "but he started acting as if I were a tourist. I sent him home."

"I thought you were moving out."

She shook her head violently. "I was going to, but I started going over some of the things Art said about you. I decided that I hadn't given you a chance. Besides, it would be desertion in the face of the enemy—that frozen-faced blonde Art told me about."

Phil tried to think of something to say. Finally he blurted, "I'll go right over and see what's wrong with your stove."

She stamped her foot. "Oh, for heaven's sake, how dense can you get? There's nothing wrong with the stove. I had to have an excuse. And here I fractured the bankroll for this outfit, and you haven't even asked me in. Or do you have another dame in the shower?"

He opened the door wide, and she walked in. He closed the door. He turned around, bent forward and kissed her. Presently he released her and frowned. "I can't understand it," he said. "A tourist, of all people."

"But I'm not a tourist any more," she murmured.

"Thank heaven!" Phil said. "I hate tourists." THE END

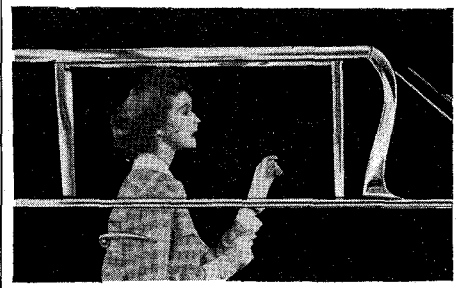
Night Creek

By Samuel Schierloh

Eerie shadows haunt the
shore,
Where the laughing well-
filled hunter's moon,
Caressed in the arms of the
sycamore,
Makes midnight sport of the
wary loon.

Upstream and down, the
dragonfly
All day had woven a
gossamer thread;
A snare for the notes of a
great bird's cry
That pierces the night from
a reedy bed.

The silent watcher casts his
line
Where a willow dips in the
lazy stream;
The night for him is a flask
of wine,
And his catch a smoking curl
of dream.



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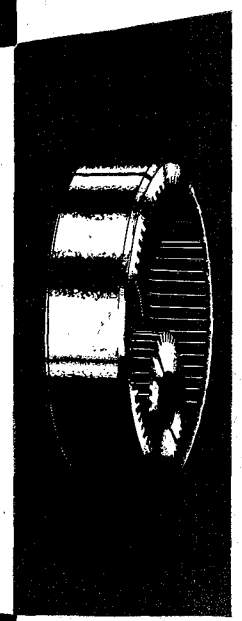

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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The Secrets of Long Life

(Continued from Page 30)

But there is one point on which he diverges sharply from this group of aged Americans: He doesn't let religion bother him either. He is an atheist.

Ninety-seven per cent of these people identify themselves with some church, and 73 per cent say they have been deeply religious all their lives. Hank Gooch belongs to the few who profess no religion.

"It don't make sense," he told us. "I just don't believe in religion."

He is calm about his lack of belief.

"What if you're wrong, Mr. Gooch? What if there is a God? You're one hundred six years old."

Old Hank Gooch smiled, and his blue eyes twinkled. "Well, if I'm wrong about religion, and there is a God, then I guess I'll have to go down to the bad place."

And that is a significant remark. Although his disbelief clashes with the religious convictions of the majority of these old people, his general attitude jibes with theirs. He is unworried and serene. He is not a crusader, and neither are his strongly religious contemporaries; they are not inclined to seek converts.

Perhaps one of the most sincerely devout persons in this study is 109-year-old James Henry Brett of Houston, Texas.

He is a moderate man of moderate height and weight and is almost completely deaf. Until two years ago he was completely bald; today his head is covered with baby-soft white hair. "This is his second suit of hair," his daughter says. And last year a new molar pushed through the gums of his lower jaw.

James Brett has been a Baptist for seventy years; he has said bedtime prayers all his life, and he has never eaten—even snacks—without first saying grace. For years he and his wife read the Bible each night before bed. He has complete faith in God, saying his time for dying "is not left to me; it's left to the Old Marster," and he points to the sky.

Yet James Brett, with his strong faith, and Hank Gooch, with his lack of it, would find no cause to quarrel about religion. Both have lived long enough to know their minds and to have acquired a philosophy of live and let live. Gooch would shrug at a missionary sermon, and the James Bretts in this survey would never think of trying to win him over.

Redwing Beck at ninety-five is religious simply "because it's the way to live." Like the others, he is not much concerned with the fires of Hell. These old people worship an understanding God, who will not punish them if they do not attend church. To them religion is not based on fear.

In Spokane, Washington, Thomas Murphy, a man who never married "because I didn't want to quarrel with a woman," has been a Roman Catholic for 109 years. Although religious pictures are on the wall over his rest-home bed, he seldom takes the trouble to attend Mass. He is comfortable in his theology, and calm. "Too many people go crazy over religion," he told us.

There are a few, of course, who have been caught up in the excitement of revival meetings. Mrs. Melinda Williams, 101, attended church every night during one five-year period of her life. Granny Mounger, a Methodist for eighty years, remembers one sermon when she left her pew and walked up the aisle. "Hon," she laughs, "I found myself up there huggin' the preacher." But these exhibitions of religious fervor are as rare in the group as the occasional profession of atheism.

It is reasonable to assume that persons ninety-five and older take more interest in the hereafter than teen-agers do. When 73 per cent of these people say they have been deeply religious most of their lives, their present nearness to death may be affecting their memory of years long past. Statistics indicate that the nation was less churchgoing when they were born than its citizens profess to be now. In 1860, the birth year of the typical person in this study, only 23 per cent of the population were church members; in 1956 American church membership was 62 per cent of the population. Our old people would seem to be not only more religious than today's average American but also far more so than the average American 100 years ago.

A significant difference was found between Protestants and Roman Catholics in relation to their present-day numbers. Today's Catholics represent 21 per cent of the nation's total population. But only 11 per cent of the oldsters interviewed claimed this faith. (In 1860 they represented 12 per cent of the population.)

With the heavy migrations of the Irish, Italians and Middle Europeans after 1860, we could expect the ratio of our aged Catholics to increase somewhat parallel to that of the general population. However, it shrank slightly. There is a possibility that this can be explained by the near-ghetto status of the early Catholic migrants, or by a tendency of certain peoples—English, Scotch, Welsh and North Europeans—to survive longer than Southern and Middle Europeans.

Whatever their religious practices or beliefs may be, these old people remember their marriages as extremely happy ones. Time, of course, is a great tranquilizer. After a man has been buried half a century, his smile is remembered, his petulance forgotten. Perhaps one of these old women had a husband so stingy he'd chase a mouse to Hell for a pumpkin seed, but there's no remembrance of this. Perhaps there was a wife with a temper like a meat ax, but this, too, is forgotten.

The survey shows that their marriage partners and their children have been their comfort and their pride. About four in ten say their families have been their greatest satisfaction, and the same number say the happiest times of their lives were spent with their families. Thirty-five per cent were unable to pinpoint their happiest years—"my whole life has been happy"—but 94 per cent say their home lives have always been quiet and peaceful.

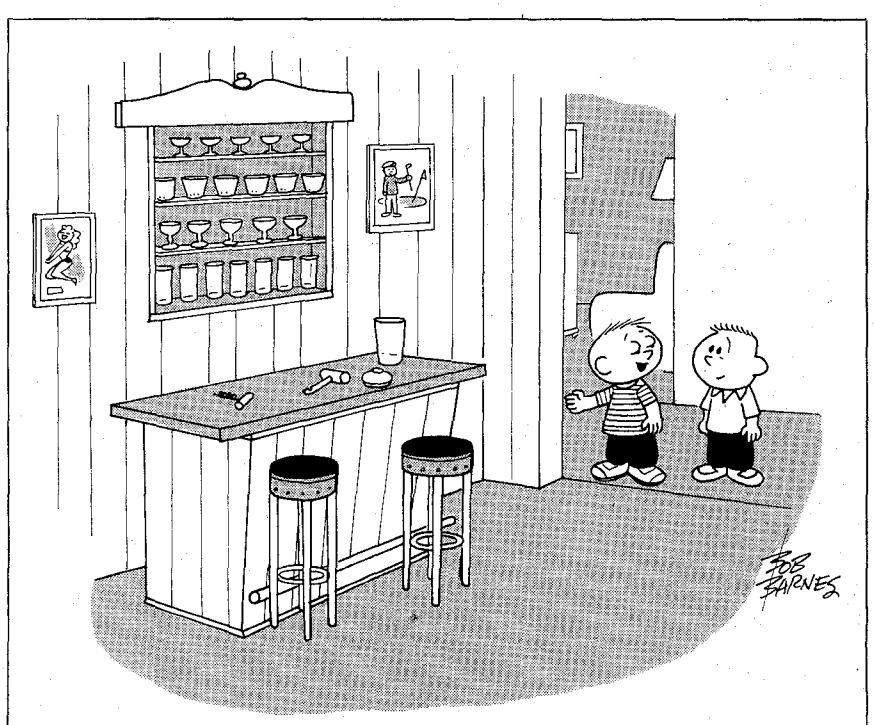
In a time when the household included parents and grandparents as well as maiden aunts and aged cousins, these people had few clashes with relatives. For them the mother-in-law problem was minor, if it existed at all, for 94 per cent say they have always got along well with relatives. More than half of them labeled their marriages as "extremely happy"; 31 per cent said marriage was "fairly happy." Only 5 per cent had unhappy marriages.

Six per cent of the males and 12 per cent of the females never married. Only 5 per cent—nine per cent males and 2 per cent females—were ever divorced. The typical male married at twenty-seven; the female at twenty-one. Nearly a third of the men have married more than once, and about one in ten has been married three times or more. Only 15 per cent of the women have married more than once, including 3 per cent who were married three times. One man and one woman have been married five times.

On the average, the men have outlived their wives by seventeen years; the women have outlived their husbands by an average of thirty years. None of the women have living husbands, but 7 per cent of the men now have wives, most of them December brides.

They have been happy people, bright as chipmunks most of their lives. They have been happy with their wives and husbands, with their children, with their education, with their incomes, with their social status. Redwing Beck, for example, now has electricity and a telephone in his home for the first time in his life. They were installed only in the last few months, through the efforts of the Gallup interviewer who first called on him. Red Beck was never concerned about the lack of these conveniences. "It never fussed me," he says. "I never had the money for it. But now I can call the grocery store when I want grub."

Above all, these people have been happy with themselves. They have not been tortured with guilty consciences; they have known the difference between right and wrong in an uncomplicated, strongly fundamental way, and they have practiced the rules of this knowledge. They have never tried to be someone else. In fact, they have never tried even to be themselves; they have been too busy, too happy to be self-conscious. And they have almost never worried.



"This is my father's chemistry set."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Only 5 per cent say they have ever been disturbed about making a living. The typical man worked until he was eighty years old, fifteen years past today's routine retirement age. He worked on his feet at hard physical labor, outdoors, as a farmer (31 per cent) or a manual laborer (39 per cent). These old people averaged a work week of sixty hours, with two thirds of them working longer and no one laboring less than forty hours a week. Fully half of them never took a vacation in their lives.

Most of them say, "I was my own boss," and this coincides with their occupations, except perhaps in the case of some in the salesmen-and-clerks category (9 per cent). The farmers were certainly their own managers, and the businessmen (15 per cent) and professional people (6 per cent) also made their own decisions. And it is quite possible that the laborers—cutting logs or chopping cotton or herding sheep—were told what to do and then were left alone, without the tensions that come from minding machines under critical foremen or ambitious overseers.

For more than sixty-five years Alonzo Stagg has been a football coach, an occupation about as relaxing as a kick in the shins. He says, "I've known lots of coaches who couldn't eat before a game, but I've never missed a pregame meal in my life." Even when his teams were defeated, he remained undisturbed. "My main concern was for the boys. I wanted them to produce as best they could with fair methods and sportsmanship. If we lost, I didn't take it to heart. I wasn't afraid of losing my job. I did my coaching on the field, and gave lots of vitality to it. But when the day was over, I didn't bring it home with me. I didn't worry over it."

Although about a fourth of these old people worried about money at some time in their lives, almost half of them said that more income would not have made them any happier. Seventy-one per cent have owned their own homes for most of their lives—compared with 60 per cent in the United States in 1956. And they have been so content with their jobs and home towns—or so unexcited by adventurous prospects—that they have rarely made any great changes in occupation or residence.

White-haired James Brett wanted simply "to be comfortable and stay with my family." Tom Murphy was tempted by the Klondike gold rush in 1899—he was forty-nine that year—and he went to an older man for counsel. He had saved $600 for a stake, he had several friends ready to go with him, and he was single. But his friend warned him against going, and he followed the advice. He has never regretted it. "Why, more gold went into Alaska than ever came out of it," he says.

These people can hardly be described as having great driving ambitions. Three fourths of them would do the same work again if they had their lives to live over, and only 29 per cent feel that more education would have made them happier. And only nine of the 402 in the study ever have had a mental breakdown.

According to their own estimate of their nature, they are cheerful (68 per cent), easygoing (58 per cent) people who were hard to provoke (61 per cent), who took things as they came (65 per cent), who were always in the same mood (70 per cent), who had feelings that were hard to hurt (57 per cent) and who usually were satisfied with life (84 per cent).

They are not upset by little things. They are—and have been—complacent, serene, unruffled and self-possessed. There are no psychosomatic ailments here. Along with their heredity, light eating habits and physical activity, their tranquillity

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is one of the secrets of their longevity. Little wonder that Ponce de Leon never found the Fountain of Youth; he could not find it because he was seeking it.

And of what value is this discovery that long life depends in some degree on serenity? Can a perfectionist change his personality, replacing his ambitious drive with disinterest? Can he be indifferent about another man's religion, or his politics, when he knows in his heart that *he* is right and the other man is wrong?

Probably not; personality may be modified, but not radically changed. If you are aggressive, and somewhat critical, and more quick-tempered than you'd wish, the door to longevity might seem closed to you. But not completely; there are exceptions.

Redwing Beck of Bonne Terre, Missouri, is far from serene. He is part Cherokee and was reared by an Indian woman until he was seven. He attended school for only three months. He was wounded at San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt.

Now, strong and vigorous at ninety-five, resembling a Frank Lloyd Wright in bib overalls, he lives with his second wife—who is ninety-six—in a small, unpainted, rented house. He is an unswerving Republican in Democratic territory, and he loves to argue. Often at the neighborhood grocery store he'll provoke an argument with another Republican by pretending he's a Democrat.

When we called on him in Bonne Terre a few months ago, he demanded, "Are you religious?" and left the room without waiting for a reply. He returned with three heavy, well-thumbed Bibles and tossed them into our laps. "I can tell you ain't religious," he accused.

"How can you tell?"

"Hah! How can a hog tell when it's eatin' corn? Listen. I got religion when I was twenty-two. Before that I was the wild man from Borneo. Didn't have no sense when I got mad and still don't. Why I'd cut your heart out just to look at you. Want me to show you?"

We said a demonstration was not necessary, thank you; but we would like to know if his temper ever got him into fights.

"Of course it did," he said. "I got into lots of fights. I killed a man once. It was in Protection, Kansas, in the summer of 1906. This fellow he come at me when I was delivering mail with a team and a spring wagon. He said he was taking the mail from me, and I said he wasn't. He seemed right mean, so I just reached down and got that revolver and shot him right square in the head. I told the postmaster about it, and he said I had done right."

"But that seems like more duty than temper. How do you get along with your wife?"

His voice softened, and he turned to look at her. "Well, we lived together for twenty-eight years and we ain't never fit yet." Then he looked back at us. "But that don't mean I ain't got a temper. Ask anyone around here. They know. Let someone start trouble with me, and they'd soon know what hog's eatin' the cabbage!"

It is unlikely that Red Beck's cabbage-eating ability or the accuracy of his memory has been tested for some decades now, but he is hardly the unruffled, serene oldster typical of this survey.

The same is true of William Perry of San Francisco. Although he is 106 and somewhat slowed down by an artificial left leg, he still takes periodic gambling trips to Reno. His absence disturbs his stepdaughter. "I worry when he's away," she says. "I'm afraid something might happen to him—you know, with his leg and all."

"The old fool," Bill Perry snorts. "What can happen to me? I was taking care of myself for twenty years before she was in diapers. Same thing they said when they took off this leg. I was a hundred and two then, and those doctors said I was too old to use a wooden leg. They told me to get a wheelchair, and I told them to go to hell. I learned to walk the first time a hundred years ago, and I could learn again."

He got his artificial leg after badgering three prosthetic suppliers who refused to fit him because they "said I'd be wasting my money." He learned to walk rapidly; in his haste he fell and broke his nose. "But what's a broken nose?" he asks. "I can walk, can't I?" And he takes a few vigorous steps of demonstration, impatiently kicking a footstool out of his way with his good leg.

But neither Perry nor Beck has ever let his irascibility interfere with his sleep. Like Alonzo Stagg, they never took their troubles to bed, and here they are typical. Most of these people—85 per cent—woke bright and fresh in the morning after at least eight hours of sleep. Sixteen per cent of them have slept nine or ten hours a night for most of their lives.

Almost 90 per cent have been early risers—farmers and laborers cannot keep office hours—and they have usually been in bed by 9:30. They describe themselves as deep sleepers, but the women are apt to sleep more lightly than the men.

Only a third have changed their sleeping habits in the last fifty years, and these say they need more sleep now. About seven out of ten have never been habitual nap takers—"When in the world would I get time?"—but almost half of them have been able to drop off to sleep any time there was opportunity.

Although there have been centuries of speculation on the advantages of sleeping on hard mattresses or in cool rooms or without pillows, the survey reveals no conclusive guides. The use of pillows is simply a matter of choice: Red Beck uses one, William Perry does not. More than 70 per cent want fresh air at night, but the remainder prefer the windows closed; and 39 per cent like a soft mattress, 40 per cent want them average, and 19 per cent like hard mattresses.

But there is one point about their sleeping habits that might have some significance. And that is that more than 70 per cent of these people did not go out much at night when they were younger. They stayed home and went to bed—probably exhausted from a hard day's work—and therefore avoided some of the causes of death. A man dreaming on a corn-shuck mattress can hardly be killed or injured in a barroom brawl or be infected with a contagious disease at a public gathering. And he is also less likely to be infected by those two great sleep thieves—politics and ambition.

Only a third ever had any difficulty getting to sleep at any time in their lives, and this was usually for a very short period. Possibly this is because less than a fourth of them were ever required to make major decisions that were important to others, and only 23 per cent of them say that they have ever done any hard mental work.

Certainly tension has not been a part of their lives. They have avoided it in many ways—by their occupations and their overwhelmingly rural living, by their faith in God and their lack of missionary zeal, by their contentment and by their economic security. Perhaps they avoided it by being born 100 years ago.

But these things alone do not guarantee serenity, any more than serenity alone can guarantee longevity. Although this study of 402 aged Americans—the first such study using mass sampling techniques—has not uncovered any startling secrets of the centenarians, it has confirmed the effects of heredity, physical activity, moderation in eating, and a complacent personality.

We know that living long is not something you can accomplish by determination, for if you try too hard you lose one of the ingredients of the recipe—tranquillity. We know that the old people in this study rarely thought about how long they were going to live. In a way, their long lives just happened to them. Only 9 per cent of them ever expected to live this long; only 2 per cent ever hoped to reach 100 years; and more than three fourths of them didn't think about it.

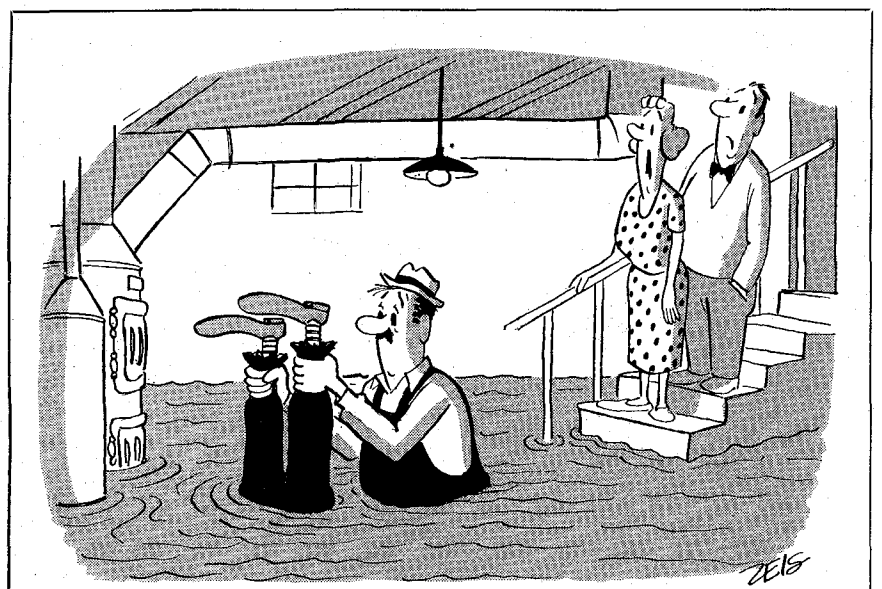
We know that education or wealth or travel or ambition are unlikely to add years to our lives, and we know that faddish diets are about as useful as a two-handled broom.

In Niles, Michigan, Mrs. Marie Renier, still a striking woman at 101, says there is no secret to longevity. "All you need to do is to work hard, eat well, but not too much, and be happy."

She doesn't mention favorable heredity—which she can claim—but she gives some further advice on prolonging life.

"Don't be frustrated," she says. "There's no point in worrying. All my life I cried when it was time to cry, I laughed when it was time to laugh, and I sang when it was time to sing."

This is the last of three articles by Doctor Gallup and Mr. Hill. —THE EDITORS



"I see they still haven't located the trouble."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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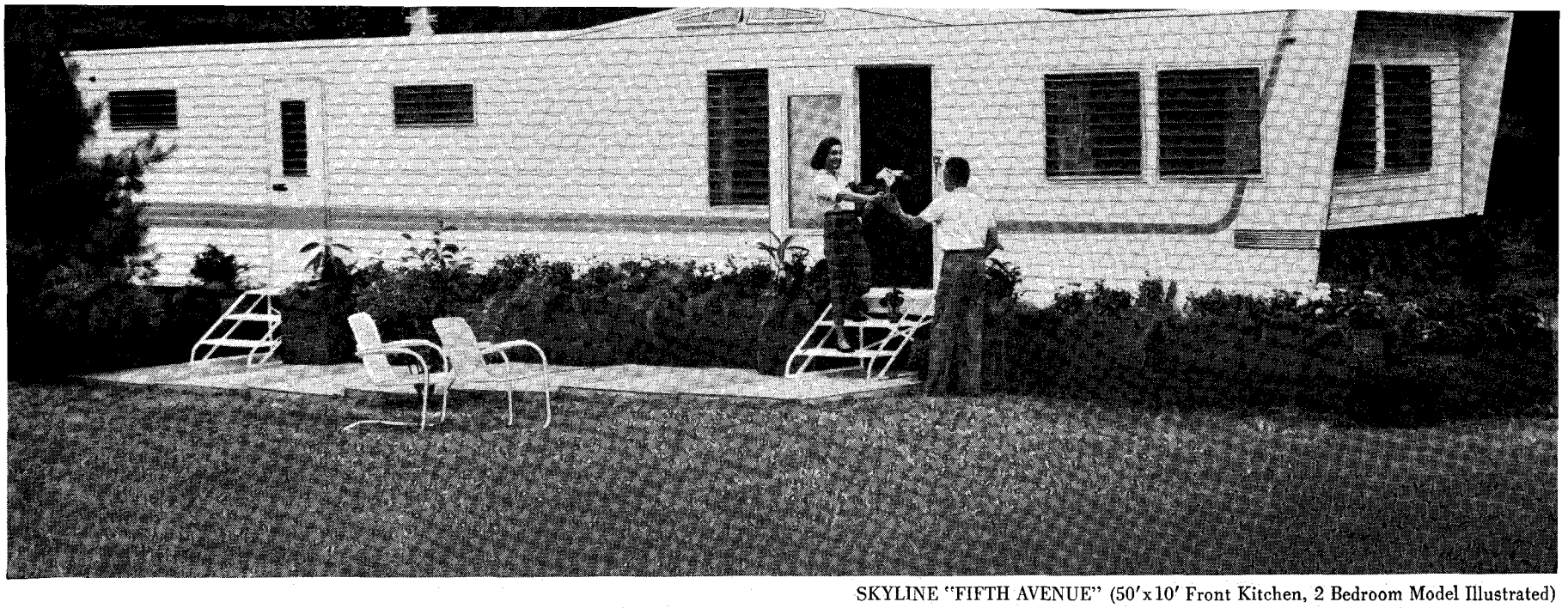

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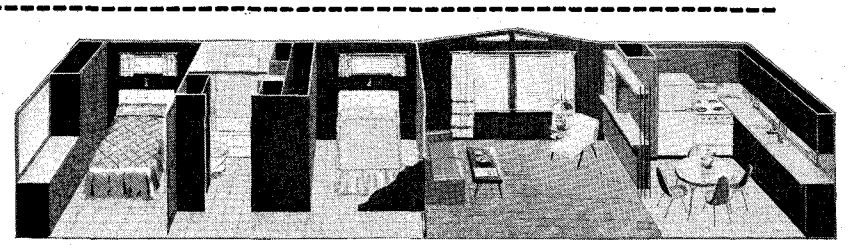

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America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

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Were You Boiled as a Baby?

(Continued from Page 25)

slim booklet has been field manual, operating directions and a wise, plain-spoken friend in need. It sees parents through the anxious first months of parenthood, gives them the standard operating procedure for feeding, clothing, bathing and general management, and is their strength in time of such infant mishaps as hiccups, sleeping on the stomach, and turning blue because of breath holding. Nobody knows what multitudes of American—and foreign—babies have been reared according to this Hoyle. The Children's Bureau figures that about 138,433,000 American babies have been born in *Infant Care's* time. Approximately 40,500,000 copies of the handbook have been distributed.

That would suggest that close to one baby in three is an *Infant Care* baby. The true figure, however, must be higher. In thousands of families one copy serves for all the babies born into each family; in thousands of cases one serves for two families or three. Some get really hard use. A midwife wrote a while back to ask for a fresh copy. For forty-odd years, while *Infant Care* has gone through eleven major revisions and 149 printings with small changes, she had been using the 1914 original.

Anyone replacing an early edition will be struck by some odd changes. For one thing, babies have become more complex. The original instructions ran only eighty-seven pages—and this was long before the days of canned baby food, diaper service, pure milk and Dr. Benjamin Spock. Now *Infant Care* covers only the first year, not the first two, yet runs 106 pages.

Over the same time span, moreover, fathers have changed almost beyond recognition—fathers and bananas. Both were kept away from baby in 1914. Now bananas are wonderful for baby, and the orders for father read exactly as if they were meant for the mother's sister or the housekeeper.

To predict what will happen on this December anniversary is simplicity itself—just what happens every day. Requests for *Infant Care* will come in from all points, including Europe, Africa and Asia, for the State Department has translated the baby book into nine languages—Arabic, Korean, Japanese, Burmese, Hindi, Afghan-Persian, Spanish, French and Portuguese. Some won't know the name, asking perhaps for "the book they call the mother's Bible."

The day will also bring requests for information, some of them a little hard to fill—as was the inquiry from a lady who wrote in about her nieces. "They are redhaired," she said. "How can I keep them that way?" And one or two congressmen will write or phone, asking for a bigger allotment. Our congressmen know a good thing when they see it, and almost before the ink was dry on the first edition of *Infant Care*, they were asking for copies to give constituents. This little volume, which costs seven and three tenths cents to print, is a great bargain even as sold by the Government Printing Office. Originally twenty cents, the price was cut to fifteen cents in 1955. But it's an even greater bargain the way the congressmen do it. Over the years they have sent out more than 17,500,000 copies free.

December first will also see the research department staying abreast of all the latest developments, for *Infant Care* is a compilation of the best available opinion on all phases of raising young humans. A recent revision, for example, drew on the knowledge and experience of thirty-seven doctors, including pediatricians and psychiatrists, eight psychologists, seven nurses, three nutritionists, six social workers, eight parents, several parents-to-be, two parent-education specialists and an anthropologist.

And on that anniversary, as on any other day, a certain number of men and woman scattered about the country will find, perhaps tucked away in an old trunk, the edition of *Infant Care* which was used in their cases. It is an interesting experience, for it can let you explore the one period of your life which memory cannot penetrate. You can't remember it, but your subconscious may; and the joys and sorrows of infancy are thought to have much influence on personality and later behavior.

Even if your parents did not rely on *Infant Care* itself, this book can tell you how you were managed and just what fine results this handling was intended to accomplish. Whatever *Infant Care* recommended in your first year or two on this earth is what the ranking authorities were recommending; and when *Infant Care* viewed something with alarm, you may be sure the practice was going on.

Boiling the baby, for example. Far more recently than you might suppose, *Infant Care* was cautioning mothers to take the baby's bathtub off the stove before putting baby into it. Sometimes the coal or wood fire blazed up, and "blistered bottoms were not uncommon," the Children's Bureau says. Does the sight of boiling water induce a mild phobia? Do you notice a strange fellow-feeling for dumplings? Do you twitch when the potatoes scorch? Maybe the fire flared.

What will strike adults most forcibly, in examining earlier editions of the book, is the overwhelming evidence that they got a very rough deal. Compared to the tolerant, yielding attitude commended to parents of the present, our fathers and mothers were marine drill instructors. Training, discipline and a firm hand—that was the stuff to give the newcomers. Today's parents are told to give the baby his way almost every time there is a choice. If baby hammers the best table with his spoon or breaks six dishes in a row, parents are warned not even to use the word "bad." Baby understands that tone of voice, and it hurts his feelings.

If you are in your forties, thirties or twenties, your own infancy was no such bed of roses. As late as 1939, *Infant Care* was saying that the health, happiness and efficiency of the adult depend largely on the habits formed in early childhood—"some directly after birth." Training must begin immediately upon arrival. You were toeing the line long before you could walk a line.

Regularity was the thing. You ate by the clock, and your parents were enjoined to harden their hearts against your crying. If you cried between feedings, you didn't get picked up or rocked. You were under constant suspicion of crying just to get whatever you wanted. That had to be put down firmly. Said *Infant Care*, "It is one of the worst habits he can learn—sufficient to make a spoiled, fussy baby and a household tyrant."

This was the approved policy right up until 1942. Then this irrefutable truth went out the window. "It is a mistake to make baby cry it out," *Infant Care* said then—as always, repeating the advice of a whole galaxy of experts. "If your baby wants a little extra (attention), give it to him."

Probably your own loving parents wanted to play with you, wanted to make you laugh and burble. But if they took *Infant Care's* advice, they didn't play with you at all. "The rule . . . may seem hard," said the directions, "but it is without doubt a safe one. Much of the play . . . is more or less harmful." To toss or tickle a baby might very well make him irritable and restless, might cause "nervous disturbance" and would upset his rigid schedule.

Such was the one true way until 1921. Then the authorities did a neat about face or perhaps a new team went in. "A few minutes of gentle play now and then" would not upset the 1921 models, and by 1939 play was positively good for baby—"Father as well as mother should play with him every day."

It's a nice clear change, as changes go—from a flat "don't do it" to a flat "you must do it." The law on feeding has undergone similar revision. You were fed on a timetable, like it or not. That was gospel until 1942. Now *Infant Care* says that mothers of earlier days took schedules too seriously—"A baby's hunger is the best clock to go by."

Thumb-sucking was a felony if you were born before 1939. "The book" advocated pinning or sewing the sleeve over "the offending hand." Now parents are told that thumb-sucking is "perfectly natural." *Infant Care* calls for sympathetic parental understanding. Maybe the child has been taking his milk too fast; or thumb-sucking may show loneliness or boredom.

If you threw a tantrum, you were ignored. Nobody told your parents, as parents now are told, to worry about their own behavior, asking themselves, "Is he being opposed too much?" Opposition is what we got most of, for the good of our character—opposition and clothes.

If you were young when *Infant Care* was young you wore enough clothes to outfit half a dozen of today's babies, and

NEXT WEEK

JACK WEBB,
TV's Sgt. Joe Friday of Dragnet,
Tells His Own Story:

THE FACTS ABOUT ME

Atomic Fallout: The Silent Killer

HOW SOON IS TOO LATE?

By Steven M. Spencer

THE CASE OF THE WAYLAID WOLF

A New PERRY MASON Serial

By Erle Stanley Gardner

IN COLOR:

INTERNATIONAL COUNTRY TOWN

Burns, Kansas, Holds Open House For Young Foreigners

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A BALL PARK MAKES!

How the Size and Shape of a Park Affects Teams and Players

By Harry T. Paxton

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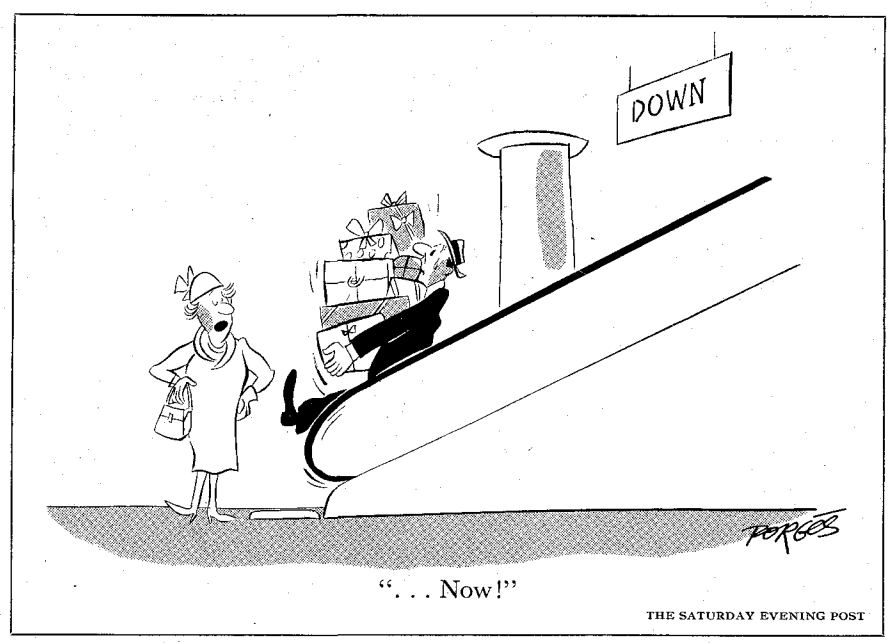
this included diapers so bulky it's a wonder you aren't bowlegged. Petticoats extending ten inches below the feet were a must; with the petticoat went a slip of the same length. Now the Children's Bureau says you were too warmly dressed.

While you got too many clothes, moreover, you were shorted on food. "No solid food in the first year"—that was the wisdom of 1914 and for a good many years thereafter, except that at ten months you could have part of a soft egg, a small bit of toast or a crust. At ten months, today's babies eat everything except Lobster Thermidor.

Taking one thing with another, if you are in your forties or thirties you can boast that by current standards you put in a truly Spartan babyhood. They let you cry your heart out, they wouldn't play with you, they made you eat on schedule, not on self-demand. You were bored or lonely—if you sucked your thumb—you were too warm, you were imprisoned in petticoats. Most of what was done to you and for you now is held to be all wrong. The fact raises an interesting question—where does this leave you?

Apparently you were introduced right off the bat to frustration, disappointment, tedium and unhappiness. Did this make you a beaten-down defeatist by age three? Or was it a splendid introduction to life, giving you the best possible armor against discomfort, thin times and bad breaks? Clearly the present experts don't think so. They deplore almost everything that happened to you. But expert opinion, as we have seen, is wonderfully flexible.



"... Now!"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The sucessive editions of *Infant Care* afford a fine view of American family life across the years. Three trends stand out as clearly as the Mississippi River. Mother's lot has grown steadily better; before the days of formulas, electric refrigeration, reliable milk, prepared baby food and disposable diapers, caring for a baby was all but nonstop toil. Baby's position, too, has improved vastly. He even gets to write some of the rules himself.

But father—there's the line on the chart which plunges like a boulder pushed over a cliff. What has happened to baby's father is the Cinderella story in perfect reverse. He has dwindled, depreciated, diminished. It came about fairly suddenly, too, as you see it taking place in *Infant Care*.

The first edition gave fathers a respectful letting-alone. They were, in fact, mentioned only twice. It was too bad, *Infant Care* said, that father saw the baby only for a few minutes when father came home from work. He might like to play with the baby. He ought to deprive himself of this pleasure, however, because it could make baby nervous and upset that inviolable schedule. *Infant Care* did make so bold as to impose one duty. "The family, especially the husband," it said, "should realize how important it is to shield the nursing mother from unnecessary work and worry, and to provide her at intervals with the opportunity for rest and recreation."

In the second edition, apparently feeling they had gone too far, the editors of *Infant Care* withdrew that. Not until 1942 was there another pass at telling fathers what to do, and that was diffident. A picture showed a father giving baby a bath. The caption said, "Bath time, next to feeding time, is the time many mothers enjoy most—and fathers, too, on Sunday morning."

Things were the same in the 1945 edition. They were distinctly not the same in 1951. Suddenly *Infant Care* started talking in an entirely new voice. It began talking about giving father a break and letting him do more than the laundry—the fact that fathers do handle the laundry was taken flatly for granted. "He's good at more than bottle warming and diaper changing," mothers were told. "Of course he feels necessary to the baby while he's doing the laundry. But he doesn't get the kick out of it that he does when he gives the baby orange juice, or holds him and talks to him when he cries."

Infant Care did not tell fathers what they must do. It simply described other fathers as doing a great deal as a matter of course. For example, a section titled "Sample Days of Three Babies" was—and is—offered to show "how different families manage."

Little Marco is three and a half months old and breast fed. His father isn't drafted for baby care; couldn't pass the physical maybe. Donald is five and a half months old. His father gets home at six-thirty—"with a load of groceries," obviously having done the shopping after work. "He may play with Donald if he is awake; otherwise he may go out to pick up the laundry, or may take a nap."

After dinner it's time for Donald's bottle. Who feeds him? There is only one nomination—that handiest of household aids, father. Then around nine P.M., "father sterilizes the bottles and makes the formula for the next day." This done, father helps with the dishes.

Lonnie is eleven months old, and his mother works in an office. Lonnie's father goes on duty at six-thirty A.M.—"Father gets breakfast." A nursemaid takes over at eight. At five-thirty the parents get home. "Father puts diapers in washing machine, and he or his wife hang them out later." At six "mother or father feeds Lonnie." At seven-thirty father helps with the dishes.

With all these privileges it seems likely Donald's father and Lonnie's will "feel necessary to the baby" all right. Of course they are going to be a little necessary right on through the boy's senior year in college. But that isn't like the warm necessary feeling of hanging out diapers.

No father has to comply, of course. He is free to say, "In my family, women have always had the babies and taken care of them. I don't intend to violate that ancient tradition." But it says right here in "the book" what Donald's father does and Lonnie's father does, with no indication that these are exceptional cases. That's pretty potent pressure.

Mrs. Marion Faegre was chief writer and compiler for the 1951 edition which made this sharp turn. She says she was by no means trying to impress fathers for wifely duties. She was only trying, she explains, to make *Infant Care* reflect an existing situation. Husbands began doing these things, she says, when World War II and the years following brought a rush of young marriages, with many wives keeping their jobs.

Whether the change in a father's status is good or bad is a matter on which there are two strong views, of course. If you feel it is only right for fathers to take on baby tending and housework, especially where the wife works, you're in; things are going your way. But if you think it a bad thing, womanizing the American male, giving a baby a mother in slacks and a mother's helper in trousers instead of a father and mother, buck up. Things may be going your way, too, only more slowly.

For if there is one thing *Infant Care's* history proves with crystal clarity it is this: what is absolutely right in baby care today is all wrong not many years later. Authorities seem automatically to disagree with the authorities of the preceding generation, under whose tutelage they grew up to become experts. If history is a reliable guide, it may not be long before we are told that it is downright harmful to baby to confuse his father and his mother—both feed him from a bottle—and that it is bad for family life to blur the distinction between men and women.

Time will tell, and baby's best friend, *Infant Care*, will be in there reporting what time has to tell. It is always on top of the news in its field, including the head-banging imbroglio. That was first mentioned in 1951. Babies may bang their heads against the crib, or rock side to side or back and forth, "before they fall asleep." *Infant Care* simply says to pad the crib and doesn't try to explain the thing except to say that this "odd behavior" may provide "some kind of relief."

What's up? Are babies tense before their time these days? Or is this something they picked up from father?

The Snowflake and the Starfish (Continued from Page 17)

Their mother was very kind to them and sewed Little Thomas' buttons on when they came off, and often gave Vicky pennies to put in her hope chest, which was an earthenware bank in the shape of a pig. Vicky loved to hear it jingle when she shook it. She thought that someday when she was grown up she would be able to buy anything she wanted in the world for three or four dollars. She didn't know exactly what it would be. Mrs. Doyle thought that with a hope chest it would be nice to buy silver spoons or linen pillowcases, but that wasn't what Vicky wanted at all. What she wanted was ——

And there she stopped, because she wasn't sure what it was she wanted.

"Why," asked her father, who was a professor at the university, "don't you buy yourself a nice dictionary, or a small encyclopedia?" And he wrinkled up his nose and nodded his head and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "A little learning never did anybody any harm."

But Vicky shook her head; that wasn't what she wanted either. What she wanted was something beautiful and strange, not everyday. Something different—something that nobody else had.

That night as they were getting ready for bed she said to her brother Little Thomas, "What do you want most in all the world?"

Little Thomas bounced up and down in his bed once or twice before settling down for the night. "I guess I got everything I want," he said, "or almost. What I want is a private snake."

Vicky lay back with a sigh and looked up at the ceiling. Her brother's answer was no help to her. Little boys always seemed satisfied with something ordinary, whereas little girls always had to look for something curious and rare. A secret treasure that nobody else knew about, a strangeness, a difference—a little moon to wear in her hair, a star of her own, a personal snowflake. They were such lovely dreams. That was what a hope chest was for: to hold dreams. That was why boys didn't have them.

Outside in the dim blue night the sea witch lay on the sand near the Doyle house and sang a sad sea song and wept a little. Neither of the children heard her.

A secret treasure, thought Vicky drowsily. *A star of my own, a snowflake for my cheek.*

"Empty is the sea," sang the sea witch, "and the shore empty ——"

The children slept, and the sea witch stirred a little and began to weave her spell. "Sea porcupine," she whispered, "sea anemone; crab, oyster, kelp, plankton, barnacle, clam, abalone—like a snail, quiet, blind, creep into a girl's mind. Find among her little pleasures what she treasures here below. Herring, sturgeon, pompano, little octopus and squid, creep along, safely hid; where a child lies asleep, creep, creep. Halibut and sea trout, what do children dream about?"

But the spell missed Vicky, for whom it was intended, and crept like a little gray fog around Little Thomas' bed instead. And the sea witch drew back in surprise. "A private snake?" she exclaimed. "How odd."

She thought for a moment. "Something has gone (*Continued on Page 70*)

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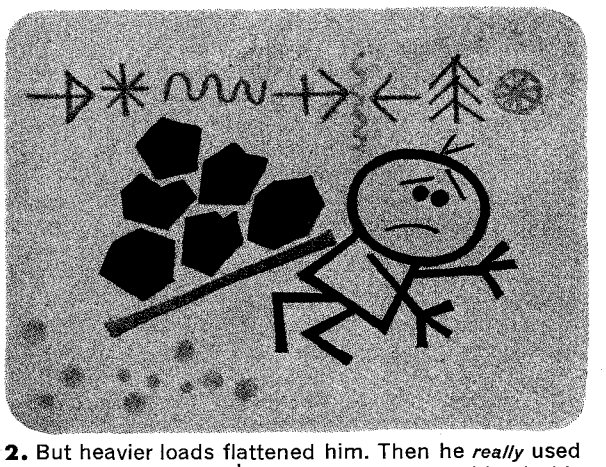
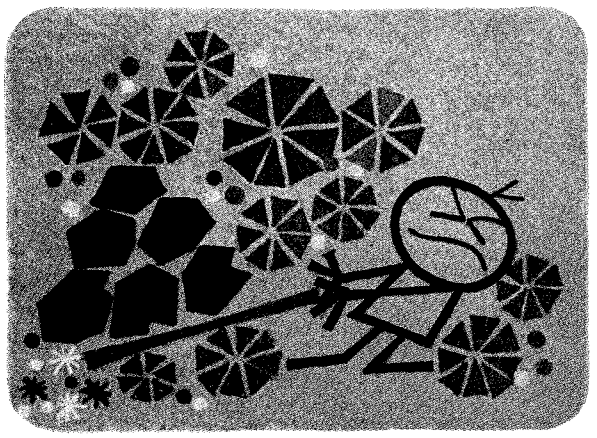
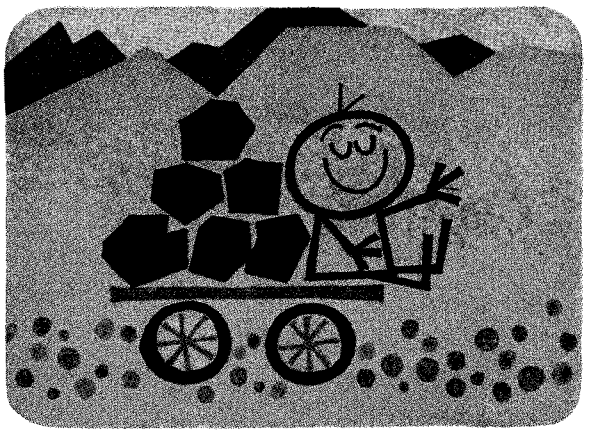
1. Thousands of years ago man solved his transportation problems by using his head — to carry everything from sticks and stones to dinosaur bones. It worked all right for some things.



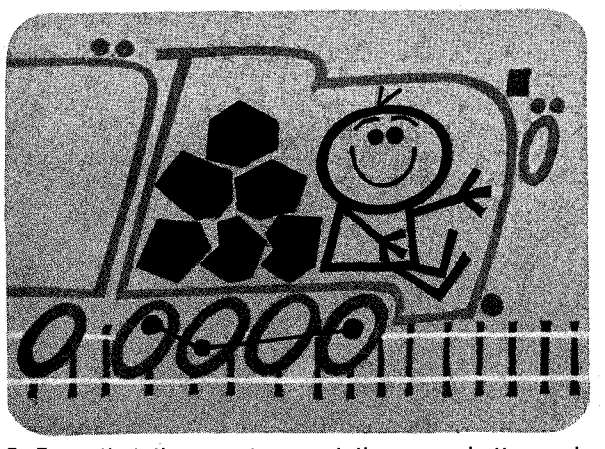
2. But heavier loads flattened him. Then he *really* used his head and came up with a spanking new idea in his search for Better-ness.



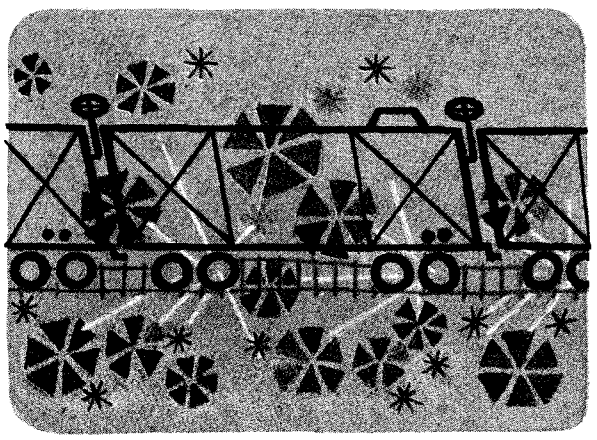
3. It was dragging things on a sledge. But that posed a new problem—friction—the resistance offered by the sliding of one surface over another.



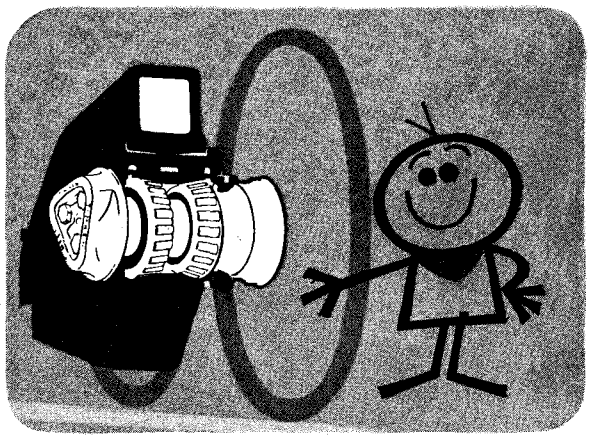
4. So he searched and searched for Better-ness and suddenly thought he had the problem solved for sure when he invented the wheel.



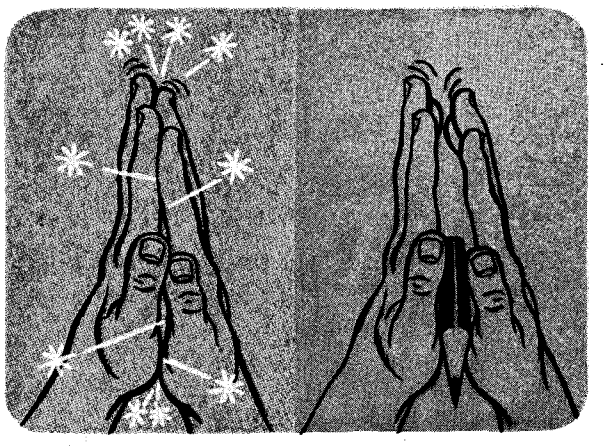
5. From that time on transportation grew better and better. Things were rolling along without too much trouble. Man was real proud of himself.



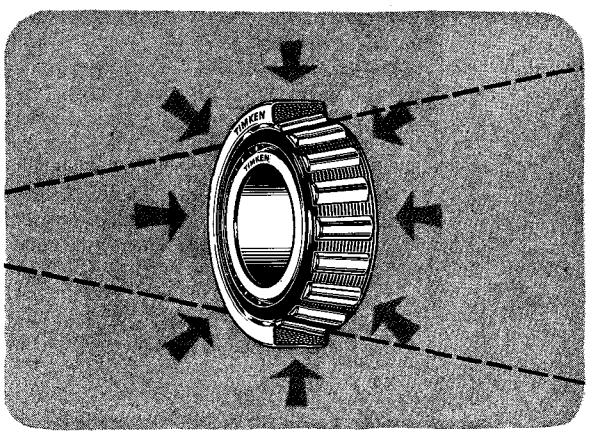
6. Until that old fiend friction caught up once more. Metal sliding against metal brought wheels and shafts to a screeching and grinding halt.



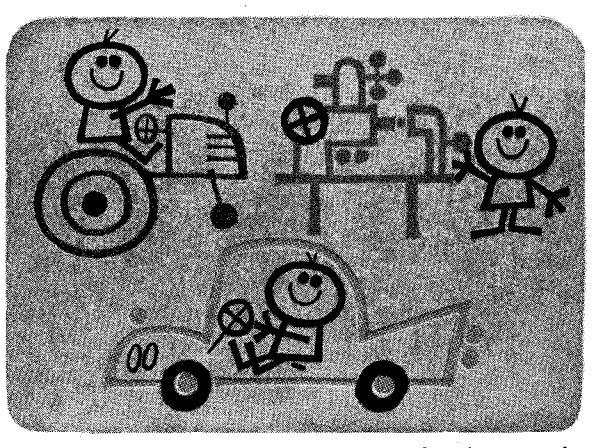
7. Something had to be done and Timken bearings did it. Because they *roll* the load instead of sliding it, they virtually eliminate friction.



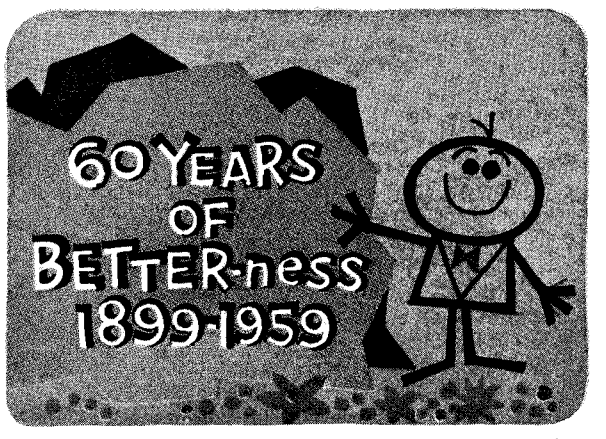
8. This easy test shows you how. Rub your hands together. You feel the sliding friction. Now roll a pencil between them. That's *rolling* motion.



9. And the *taper* of Timken bearings lets them take heavy loads from *all* directions—up and down and sideways. That's Better-ness.



10. Better-ness goes wherever Timken bearings go—in freight car axles, tractors, machine tools, your car—wherever wheels and shafts turn.



11. And on our 60th Anniversary we pledge never to let up bringing you Better-ness! The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio.

BETTER-NESS rolls on TIMKEN® tapered roller bearings

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TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS • TIMKEN FINE ALLOY STEELS • TIMKEN REMOVABLE ROCK BITS

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(*Continued from Page 68*) wrong," she declared. "There has been some mistake. Abalone! Pompano! Try again."

This time the spell worked properly, and then the sea witch knew what she wanted to know.

Next morning when the children woke up there was a tiny, silvery starfish lying at the foot of Vicky's bed, and on Little Thomas' counterpane a small stuffed eel.

"I declare," said Mrs. Doyle, sweeping them out-of-doors, "how a person is to keep her house in order, I don't know."

Vicky and Little Thomas looked at each other. "But mother," said Vicky, "it wasn't us."

"I suppose they walked in by themselves," said Mrs. Doyle.

"Leptocephalus conger," said Michael Doyle, the professor, "minor; and Asterias Rubens. They couldn't have walked in by themselves, my dear. Besides, they were quite dead."

"See," said Little Thomas. "I told you."

"Woman's work is never done," said Mrs. Doyle with a sigh.

Because it was a lovely warm day, the two children went down to play on the beach, and as they were playing there in the bright sunny foam, the sea witch looked out of a wave and saw them.

Her feelings had been hurt at seeing her gifts swept out with scraps of paper, old bottle caps, bits of string and a stocking with a hole in it; and it was some time before she could bring herself to speak to them. At last, however, when it was almost time for lunch, she took a deep breath and came out of the water onto the sand, dressed in striped bombazine like somebody's nurse.

"Well," she said, "hello, there."

Vicky looked at her in surprise. What a strange thing for somebody's nurse to say, she thought: "Hello, there." They usually said things like, "How do you do, little children?" or, "Har-rum." Come to think of it, she didn't look very much like a nurse, either—with her sad face and her sea-colored eyes and her long hair with seaweed in it.

As a matter of fact, the sea witch didn't know how to talk to children at all. "I know a secret," she said. "Do you?"

"No," said Little Thomas. "And if I did," he added, "I wouldn't tell you."

The sea witch drew back with a hurt look. "Sticks and stones can break my bones," she said. "but words can never hurt me.

"That isn't true," she said a moment later, because she was honest; "words are full of power to harm and to heal. Like 'hateful,' which is like a stick for beating; and 'lovely,' which melts in your mouth like oysters."

"Oysters don't melt in your mouth," said Vicky. "They just sit there till you swallow them."

"What I really meant," said the sea witch in a faraway voice, "was marzipan."

"Marzipan is what witches eat," said Vicky and, rising to her feet, she said to Little Thomas, "I think I hear our mother calling us. She wants us to come home for lunch."

Little Thomas obediently rose, and the two children went back to their house, not looking over their shoulders, holding their breath and being very careful to walk withershins around the piles of seaweed lying on the sand.

Nevertheless, Little Thomas had forgotten his pail and shovel; and these, with a sly smile, the sea witch took back with her to her cave in the rocks. It was very important for her to have something belonging to one of the children if she ever hoped to gain power over them.

And besides, the pail smelled of little boys playing in the sand in the sun, and that was a comfort to her.

That afternoon Vicky and Little Thomas stayed home and played quietly in their room. It puzzled Mrs. Doyle that they didn't seem to want to go out. "It's such a lovely day," she said. "Don't you want to go down and play on the beach some more?"

"No," said Vicky.

When their mother had left the room, Vicky said to Little Thomas, "Do you think she was a witch?"

"Who?" asked Little Thomas.

"The lady on the beach."

"Yes," said Little Thomas. "On account of the marzipan."

"Well," said Vicky, "we must be very careful."

They decided not to tell anybody, but they thought it would be all right to ask questions. That night at supper, with her mouth full of peanut butter, Vicky asked her father, "Did you ever see a witch?"

Michael Doyle gave his wife a twinkling, shining sort of look. "I suppose," he said, "you don't mean your mother?"

"No," said Vicky.

"In that case," said her father, "I have nothing further to say."

Even Little Thomas could see that his father wasn't much help to them. And that night when the children were in bed the sea witch came to the house again, clutching the pail and the shovel, and sang a song and wove a spell.

Pompano and grampus,
Sea horse (Hippocampus),
Barracuda, sea trout,
Bring Tom and Vicky out.

And she added as an afterthought:

Sea mice (Aphrodites) ——
In their nighties!"

This time Little Thomas heard her. "Vicky!" he cried, shaking his sister by the shoulder. "Wake up! She's after us!"

"What?" mumbled Vicky sleepily. "Who? What's the matter?" And she tried to snuggle down and go back to sleep again.

"Vicky! Wake up! The witch is after us!"

Vicky sat up very suddenly, the sleep all gone from her head. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"I heard her singing," said Little Thomas. "I heard her ordering them to bring us out in our nighties." And he added in a trembling voice, "I haven't got my nightie on. Only my shirt."

"Well," said Vicky, "what we've got to do is hide."

"It's no use," said Little Thomas. "She knows we're here." And he added half-heartedly, "We could tell mother."

"She'd only say, 'Go back to sleep,'" said Vicky. "What we've got to do is to get out of here." She thought for a moment. "We'll go somewhere up the hill," she said, "where she won't find us."

"There's snakes on the hill in summer," said Little Thomas. "Public snakes."

"That's right," said Vicky. "I forgot. Well then," she said after a while, "we'll go way down on the beach somewhere, and she'll have to look for us so long she'll get tired. Put your space suit on; and I'll take my hope chest in case we need it."

The two children silently put on their warm wrappers, and Little Thomas put on his space suit over it because he was shivering; and Vicky took her hope chest, which already had forty-seven cents in it; and they tiptoed out of the room, making sure that the door didn't squeak behind them. They shuffled in the dark down the hall to the French windows, which opened onto the porch, and peeked out. "You go first," said Vicky.

"You go," said Little Thomas. "You're the oldest."

"But you're a boy," said Vicky.

"Well," said Little Thomas, "you're a bold girl and unafraid of mice."

So Vicky slipped out of doors into the gray, misty night, followed by Little Thomas. Right away they began to run as hard as they could, which was a great mistake, because the minute they started to run the piggy bank began to jingle, and the witch heard them and was up and after them like a shot; whereas if they had gone very quietly she might never have known they were there.

They ran faster than they had ever run before in their lives, taking great leaps and hops, while their throats grew dry with fear and their breath came in gasps and their legs hurt. They fled like shadows through the dark, and the cold, wet sticky fingers of the fog brushed their faces and clutched at them and let them go; and all the time the witch followed them like a black wind, like the night itself, sniffing the air for their scent.

"Vicky," she cried, and her voice was like the edge of a breaking wave. "Little Thomas! Wait!"

"Oh, never!" sobbed Vicky, feeling the strength ooze out of her; and collapsed at last behind a pile of seaweed that made a deep black shadow all around her. A moment later Little Thomas sank to the ground beside her; and the two children crouched there together, shivering, holding their breath, listening like hunted rabbits to the sounds of the sea witch, rustling and snuffling in the sand.

Clutched to Vicky's soft little stomach, the hope chest made no noise; and the sea witch, momentarily baffled, stopped and peered through the darkness with her sad, nearsighted eyes, listening for the sound of heartbeats, her thin, beautiful nostrils flaring this way and that to catch the little-boy-and-girl smell, the bread-and-butter fragrance of children, among the iodine odors of the kelp.

When at last she realized that she had lost them, she sat down in the sand and began to weep.

Back of their dark shadowy pile of seaweed Little Thomas and his sister looked at each other in consternation. "She's crying," said Little Thomas. "She is sad."

"It isn't like what I expected," said Vicky.

"Do you think," asked Little Thomas, "that maybe we ought to go out and pat her on the head?"

"I don't know," said Vicky. "I never heard a witch cry before." And she added uncertainly, "Maybe she's lonesome."

"Maybe she only wanted to play with us or something," said Little Thomas.

"Why don't you go and ask her," said Vicky, clutching her hope chest firmly to her.

"I would," said Little Thomas doubtfully, "only—maybe she's crying because she's hungry."

"Hush," said Vicky; "she'll hear you."

Nevertheless, when the sea witch's sobbing had died down after a while to a mere foamy sniffle, the two children crept out of their hiding place, and with Vicky in the lead went slowly and with some misgivings toward where the sea witch lay like a shadow on the sand. "Don't cry," said Vicky in a small, scared voice; and Little Thomas said, "There, there," and gave her a timid pat on the head.

The sea witch started up in surprise. "Why," she cried, "how nice of you! I thought I had lost you, and I did so want to take you home with me."

"To eat?" asked Little Thomas, backing away and dropping his space helmet in the sand, so that he had to bend down to look for it. But the sea witch gave a silvery laugh that sounded the way a school of minnows looks when it flashes by this way and that in the clear water. "Whatever gave you that idea?" she cried. "I only want to play with you."

"Oh," said Little Thomas, "in *that* case ——"

"We'd like that very much," said Vicky politely.

The sea witch jumped to her feet and at once began calling in her spells from up and down the beach. "Pompano," she called. "Amber jack! Come back! Sea bass, Sea rover—give over! And all you currents, tides and courses—the lost are found! Trumpet fish, sound! Hitch up my twelve sea horses! . . .

"We're going to have so much fun," she told the children. "Wait till you see the Grand Banks, and Fujiyama. Wait till you see Capri! And think of all the treasures: pearls and corals, grottoes and caves, the banquet halls of lobsters— (*Continued on Page 72*)

"Of course, if he had bunted you'd have been in perfect position for it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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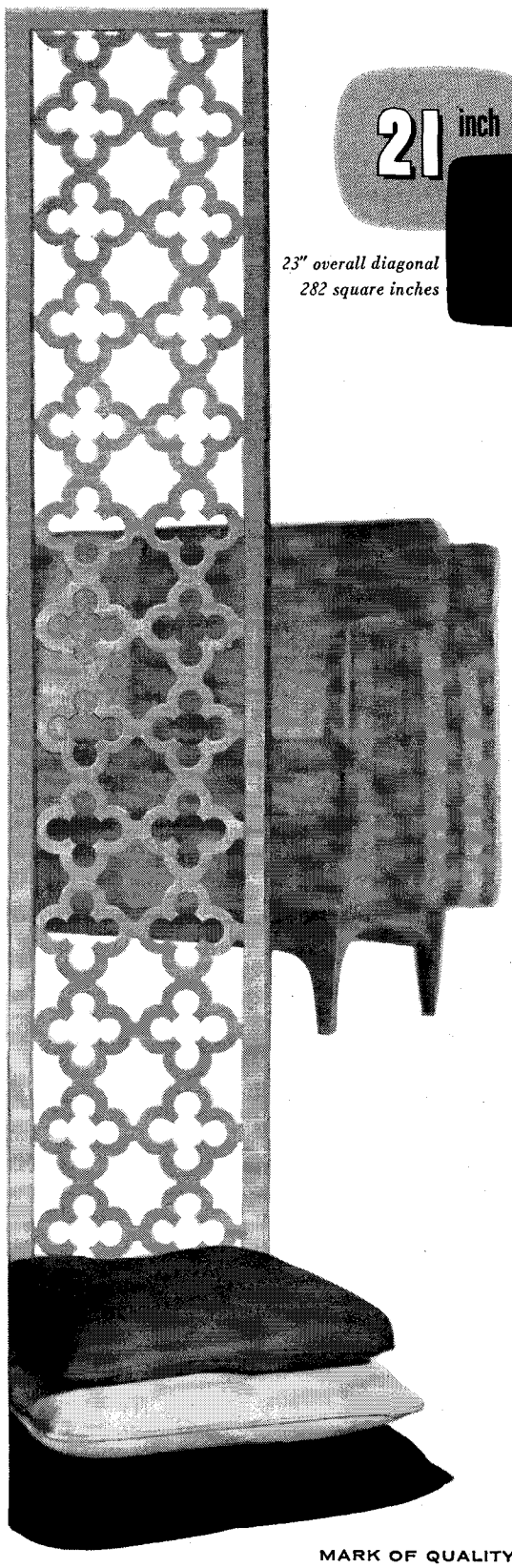

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(*Continued from Page 70*)

of amethyst, minuets of angel fish ——"

"Haven't you got any pirate ships?" asked Little Thomas.

"Dozens of them," said the sea witch happily, "all sunk in fathoms five and full of skeletons."

She put her arms around the children and led them gently down to the water. It was a curiously light feeling, they thought, almost as though they were being held up by water wings. Little Thomas kept thinking of the skeletons he was going to see, maybe with their heads chopped off or an arm or a leg missing; and Vicky felt a little afraid, as though what she was doing was very dangerous, and if she took a wrong step, who could tell—she might never come back.

"And so," said the sea witch under her breath to a barracuda that was swimming past, "she won't if I have anything to do with it!"

Not that she was really wicked—as she explained to Little Thomas later on, somewhere off Tierra del Fuego: she never ate meat, only vegetables, and fish on Fridays. The thing was, she was lonely, and tired of swimming about with only anchovies for company.

"If I can coax her into letting me have the hope chest," she thought; "if I can tempt her to spend her red real copper pennies for dreams, she'll never get away from me—never! I shall have her forever."

She felt happy because she didn't think that any little girl would be able to resist the marvelous treasures she meant to show her.

Drawn by twelve magnificent sea horses, shaking the foam from their shoulders, and preceded by a band of trumpet fish scattering notes like drops of water, the sea witch and her two little companions swept through the clear, necklaces luminous sea, up and down the great green currents which ran like roads across the ocean floor. Past lost galleons they galloped, across mountains of coral glowing like sunsets, over the meadows of the sea, down into caves as blue as moonlight, past schools of sheepshead, croakers, minnows, mackerel, bass, zebra fish, goldfish—fish of every size, color and shape; past squid and octopuses waving their weedlike arms, whales going by like battleships, tiny shrimp bobbing about in country dances. And every once in a while the sea witch would point to a great heap of pearls or a big lump of amethyst, or to piles and piles of golden doubloons, and ask hopefully, "Is this what you want? Will you buy it?" And every time, with a little gasp, Vicky would say, "No, thank you," and clutch her hope chest tighter.

They galloped up under the North Pole, and Vicky had a snowflake on her cheek, but when they got as far south as Oregon it melted. And in the coral seas there were a million golden stars reflected in the water, but when she reached for them they rippled away into nothing.

"Will you buy? Will you buy?" cried the sea witch, but Vicky still said, "No."

She saw mermaids with little moons in their hair; they looked rare and curious, but they looked lonely, too, without any fathers and mothers. "Stay here with us," they cried and held out their arms to her; but Vicky only said, "Thank you, but I don't think I want to."

She saw many things that were curious and rare—secret treasures that nobody knew about. They looked like her dreams—except that there was something the matter with them. They should have made her feel happy and beautiful, but they didn't; on the contrary, they made her feel sad and they gave her a lost, lonesome feeling. Was it because she was really seeing them at last? She didn't know.

All she knew was that there wasn't anything she wanted to give up her hope chest for. And the strange part of it was that the more she saw of these wonderful things that didn't belong to her, the more she longed for the little, unwonderful things of her own: her father and mother around the breakfast table, her own cup of milk, the warm, cozy supper of bread and butter and rice pudding and Brussels sprouts, and her mother's good-night kiss.

"I do think," she said to herself in surprise, as they were rounding the Cape of Good Hope, "I do think that what I really want is just to be me—without any difference!"

When the sea witch saw that Vicky wouldn't part with her hope chest for any of the things she'd shown her, she grew very sad and silent and a little older, and drove them home by way of Catalina, Santa Monica and Malibu. "Good-by, Vicky," she said gently. "I thought I could get you to exchange the things you really need for things that are no use to you, but you were too wise for me. I don't hold it against you, because that's the way you are. You will grow up to be a lovely young woman, and marry and have little children of your own; and maybe someday I'll come back again when they're as old as you are now and see if they are all as wise as you."

She leaned down to Vicky and touched her hair. "I should like to give you a kiss," she said. "Just one, if you don't mind. May I?"

"Of course," said Vicky politely, holding up her face. The sea witch stooped to kiss it and dropped a single tear on Vicky's cheek.

As for Little Thomas, the sea witch shook him heartily by the hand. After that she gave a little cry and went into the sea in a long, beautiful arc and swam out on the tide, with her hair floating out behind her like seaweed.

Vicky and Little Thomas went home to bed. The morning star was in the sky, but it was still far from dawn.

Next morning, with the sun shining so bright, and a mockingbird singing outside the window, and the breakfast smell of coffee for the professor and cocoa for the children and bacon for everybody in the air, it was hard to believe that it had all happened. Except that Little Thomas' hand was stained with a greenish color, like kelp, for several days, and on Vicky's cheek there was a little pattern like a snowflake. "You probably slept on it," said Mrs. Doyle, "and got a crease."

But that didn't explain why, ever afterward, whenever Vicky kissed anyone, she was told it was like being kissed by a breath from the sea.

Or why, when the hope chest was opened at last to buy a silver spoon and two linen pillowcases for Vicky's wedding, a little piece of dried seaweed fell out.

THE END

Junior Grows Wise

High as my star once
hovered,
Low has it lately been
sinking.
Junior at last has discovered
Why he should do his own
thinking!

Thomas Usk

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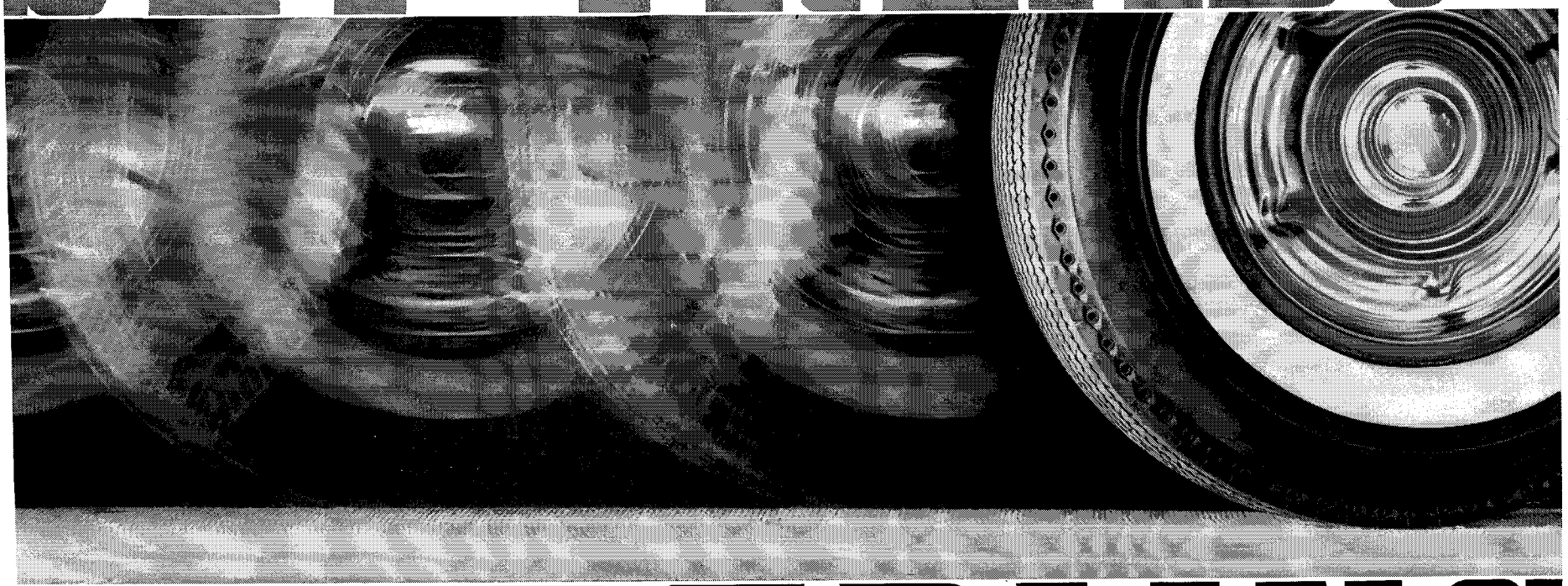
JET TREAD!



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The U-19's Last Kill (Continued from Page 33)

he called to the man on the porch. "And bring the others." Turning to me, he said, "Let's sit out here in the sun, O.K.?" and I nodded.

We sat down on the sand in front of the house, and a moment or so later a woman in a black bathing suit and a man in maroon trunks, carrying a folded beach umbrella, walked out of the house and came down the porch steps toward us. The man's face was hidden by the orange folds of the umbrella, but I could see the woman clearly; she was young, olive-skinned and had a magnificent, wide-hipped figure. Her face wasn't pretty, but it was striking, memorable—the nose small and delicately hooked with a perfectly even curve, the brows wide and arched and dead black, as was her hair, coiled in two tight braids on top of her head. Her eyes, as she stared at my face, studying me frankly, were big and black. In her black bathing suit she was a stunning sight, and Vic was grinning.

"Rosa," he said, as the girl stopped before us, looking at me without smiling, "this is Hugh Brittain. This is Mrs. Lucchesi, Hugh," and I spoke and smiled.

"Hello, sucker," she said in a soft, surprisingly low-toned voice; then she smiled suddenly, a flashing, wonderfully friendly smile, taking the sting out of what she'd said, and, as I got to my feet, took my hand. "You are crazy, like the rest of us?" she said, and I realized she had a faint foreign accent; Italian, I supposed.

"Not yet," I said, smiling down at her. "I haven't joined the club; so far I'm just looking, not buying."

She smiled and sat down then, and I turned toward the man with the umbrella. He was planting it in the sand beside us; then he unfurled it, and now I saw his face—and knew I'd seen it somewhere before. For a moment he stood looking at me, a corner of his mouth curling in a wry little smile. Then he said, "Hi, lieutenant," and I stared at him and could not think who he was.

He was probably thirty-two years old, short, quite dark, his chest very thick and black with hair, a strong, heavily muscled, but very lithe man. His face, though, was beginning to round a little with fat, and I knew he was heavier—thicker in the middle—than when I'd seen him last. "Moreno," he said then, his voice contemptuous of my failure to remember his name. As he spoke, he pushed a hand forward with an easy roll of one shoulder.

"Yeah." I shook his hand perfunctorily and dropped it. "I remember now; torpedoman, first class, weren't you? And not on my ship at all; no particular reason why I should remember you, is there?" and I smiled at him.

"No. No reason," he said, smiling at me a little mockingly as he sat down on the sand beside the girl. "But I remember you, lieutenant."

I didn't answer—I wasn't here to bicker and act the kid—and I sat down on the sand, smiling at the girl across from me because I had the sudden feeling it would annoy Moreno. She smiled back, but faintly, her eyes amused, knowing exactly what I was doing, and I grinned.

"Rosa is a relative of Ed," Vic said, nodding at Moreno, which didn't explain anything to me, but I didn't question him, because now the man I'd first seen on the porch came out of the house and walked down the steps toward us. He smiled, plodding through the dry sand, and I started to get to my feet again, but he wagged a hand at me. "Stay where you are," he said pleasantly, and sat down on the sand a yard from Moreno. Vic was beside me to the right, lying back on one elbow in his denims and blue work shirt. Moreno sat opposite him, cross-legged on the sand. Rosa, beside him, lay back on the sand on an elbow now, one good-looking knee raised, watching us all with amused interest.

"This is Hugh Brittain," Vic said to the new man, then he turned to me. "Frank Lauffnauer," he said.

"Glad to know you," Lauffnauer said, smiling and leaning forward from the waist to extend his hand.

"Glad to know you," I said as we shook hands, and in that instant I decided it would be me who'd open the meeting, and that whatever I said would be abrupt and challenging. I spoke immediately, taking the floor before anyone else could begin. "You a navy man, Frank?" I said.

"Highest-ranking man here," Moreno said casually, but instantly. He was trying to take the initiative away from me, I knew, but I didn't give him the chance.

"What rank?" I said, and Lauffnauer folded his arms across his chest, regarding me pleasantly.

"Commander," he answered, and something in the way he pronounced the word struck a spark of recognition in my mind, and I realized something else that had been simmering in some part of my brain. "Glad to know you," he'd said a few moments ago, and now I realized that he'd pronounced "glad" almost, though not quite, as though the *d* had been followed by a *t*. And now the *C* in "commander" had been slightly stressed, as though in his mind the word was spelled with a *k*.

"What navy was that, Frank?" I said.

"German," he answered, his tone confirming that he understood I knew he would say this; and the *G* in "German" came out a "Ch."

Moreno said, "You know, lieutenant, we might have a question or two ourselves. If you don't mind."

"Yeah, Hugh," Vic said easily and conciliatingly. "We'll brief you thoroughly on everyone here; and there's still a fifth man in the house. But first ——"

"It's all right, Vic . . . Ed," Lauffnauer said, wagging a palm at them, then folding his arms again. "He should ask all he wishes to know. It is quite right; and we should understand each other. I think Hugh and I will be friends."

In a dead monotone, giving no weight or emphasis to any of the words, I said, "Were you a Nazi?"

He moved one arm, palm upward, in what amounted to a shrug, then folded them across his chest again. "I am never sure, in this country, what people mean when they ask that," he answered. "Was I a member of the National Socialist Party of Germany?" he continued. "No, I was not. But did I fight in the armed forces of Germany under the rule of the Nazi Party? Yes, of course. And did I hate Adolf Hitler?" Again, with a slight move of one shoulder, he shrugged. "Not at first," he said quietly, "not before the war."

He put his hands on his thighs and leaned toward me, eyes narrowed and intent on my face. "When I was a young man, Mr. Brittain, back home finally, in the early 1920's, a veteran of the first war, honorably discharged, things were—difficult in Germany. More so than I think you may know. Jobs were most hard to find; the pay very low; and often I did not eat at all, and seldom enough. But when Hitler became Reichschancellor"—he pronounced it "*Reich-kunslur*," as well as I can reproduce it—"things changed. Then I worked; then I even got more schooling. I became a student at a German school for submarine men—secretly, for the Treaty of Versailles forbade it, as it forbade a great many things which kept Germany hungry during my youth. But under Hitler I became an officer—me, a former enlisted man. Hitler concerned me, Mr. Brittain, for I truly do not like fanatics of any kind. But still"—again he shrugged—"I ate, I had dignity again, I became an officer in the navy. And I did not hate Hitler at first."

I nodded. "And so you became a submarine commander?"

"In time. For over three years of the war I only trained others. I commanded a U-boat for just over five months, before the war ended."

"Sink many ships?" I said pleasantly.

"Four. And hit two others."

"Were any of them American?" I said it softly, smiling at him.

"No," he said, "as it happened, none. I sank four merchant ships, three of them British, one of them Greek. I torpedoed an English grain vessel, completely disabling, but not sinking it; it was my last torpedo, and I returned to base at Kiel. And so, Mr. Brittain, yes, I was a submarine commander. And I did what submarine commanders do in wartime. I fought on the wrong side, true. Mr. Brittain, all Germans say this now, and a very great many of them lie, but not all; I did not know—I was in the navy throughout the war, and I simply did not know of the terrible things Germans were doing in occupied Europe. I truly did not, and when you come to know me, you will believe me."

I believed him now. Here, a yard away from me, smiling, was a former German submarine commander; yet there was no monocle in his eye, and he hadn't once shouted, *Achtung!*

"Well"—I looked around the group—"any more navies represented?"

"One," Moreno said shortly. He was sitting up now, and I could see he'd had enough of my taking over, and he muttered something I couldn't make out, which was probably a good thing. Glancing up at the house, he called, "Linc!" and we all turned and sat staring at the door. A tall, thin Negro in gray wash slacks, black sweater and a white shirt open at the collar came strolling out onto the porch, eating an apple. As he came down the steps, smiling, and walked toward us across the sand, I saw that his brown eyes, deep-set under his brows, were wise and intelligent; just now they looked a little amused. I got to my feet as he stopped beside us, and Vic said, "This is Lincoln Langley, Hugh; usually called Linc. . . . Hugh Brittain, Linc," and we each said something and shook hands.

"Sit down, Hugh," Linc said then. "I'll be going right back to the house." He grinned. "It won't quite do for me to hobnob with the rest of you out here in broad daylight."

"Yeah"—Vic grinned back at him—"we're strictly an ordinary little group no different from anyone else on the island today, out sunning ourselves on the beach. I guess Linc must be the cook or chauffeur or something. . . . What do you want to be, Linc?"

"Butler," he answered, smiling.

Then Rosa sat up and leaned toward me, smiling mockingly. "You do not like Nazis, Mr. Brittain?" she said softly. "Good! Neither do I; and with more reason than you, I think. I saw the Americans drive them from Italy when I was a girl; yet now, today, Linc cannot sit here with the rest of us." She sat waiting inquiringly, and I had nothing to say.

Then she lounged back on the sand as Lauffnauer spoke gently. "So do not be too hard on me, Hugh; it is not I who am opposed to Lincoln Langley on this beach."

"Nor I," I said. "Langley or anyone else."

"Good," Lauffnauer said, "and I believe you."

Then Moreno spoke. "Let's get on with it," he said shortly. "Linc's an Englishman, and he served on a limey sub."

I was astonished somehow, and I'm sure my face showed it, because Linc smiled. "Quite right," he said. "I'm of Jamaican descent; my father was a merchant seaman, he was often in England, and he and my mother emigrated there just before I was born; they bought a small farm. So I was born in England, an English citizen, and I served four years in British submarines; wireless operator first class, later a chief."

"Well"—I grinned up at Linc, then glanced around at the others, my eyes smiling and friendly—"we're a motley crew, all right."

"We sure are," Vic said, "and a good one." Then he glanced up at Langley. "Any questions about Hugh here, Linc? Want us to move on up to the house so you can sit in on this?"

"No." Langley shook his head. "He's qualified; you told us that last week. And he looks fine to me. Whatever the rest of you decide is O.K. . . . See you later,

"I'll get the bad news out of the way first. We're broke."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hugh," he said pleasantly, and I nodded, and he walked on back to the house.

"All right, lieutenant," Moreno said then, "you ready to listen? Or you got more questions?"

"Yeah," I said, "one more, anyway," and I nodded at Rosa Lucchesi. She was sitting now, arms around her legs, one cheek resting on her knees, and she just smiled, and Moreno grinned too.

"Why, sure," he said, "I can tell you why Rosa is here." He paused momentarily, enjoying this. "She's part of the crew. Any objections?"

"Objections? No. But before you recruit me, I have to know why."

"We've got to have Rosa, Hugh," Vic said quickly. "There's a reason, a good one, and you'll hear all about it."

"In any case," Lauffnauer said gently, "we are not sailing around the world; we may not even need to dive. A few simple duties, that is all, which she can perform quite as well as a man."

"I will make as good a man as you, Mr. Brittain," Rosa said, and I nodded.

"Sure," I said, "and a lot better girl."

"That's right." Vic grinned. "The Navy was never like this, was it, Hugh?"

"Well, if we're sure the lieutenant hasn't any more questions about us," Moreno said, "maybe it's all right if we ask a few about him?"

Again Vic spoke quickly, intervening. "Sure. I haven't any; I served in the Navy with Hugh, and I'm the reason he's here now. I think he's all right with you, too, isn't he, Frank?"

Lauffnauer nodded. "So far as I can tell; I am sure he is. If he walked onto a ship of mine to join the crew, I'd expect him to do well. If he didn't"—he smiled at me—"I would shoot him."

I nodded at Lauffnauer, then turned to Moreno. "What's on your mind?" I said.

He didn't answer or glance at me. Speaking to Vic and Lauffnauer, he began talking—slowly, choosing his words and thoughts carefully. "He's qualified to serve on a submarine just as well as anyone here. No question about that. And I'm sure he has guts. Of a certain kind. In a war I'm sure he'd be noble and heroic, an inspiration to his men." He grinned slightly with one corner of his mouth. "But this takes nerve of a different kind. Everyone of us has to be ready to do anything necessary; anything that's necessary."

"And you think he won't?" Vic said.

Moreno shrugged. "I don't say that; I just don't know. Do you? How good is he? How tough? Really tough?"

"As tough as you are, Moreno," I said, lounging back on the sand on one elbow. "Any day at all."

He nodded slowly. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe you are. I hope so anyway, lieutenant." He smiled.

"And now's as good a time as any," I said softly, "to knock off that 'lieutenant' stuff. I'm not in the Navy now, and neither are you."

He smiled again. "That's right," he said softly. "Now you're in my crew."

"Your crew?" I stared at him, then sat upright, swinging to Vic.

"That's right, Hugh," he said, nodding. "Moreno is captain."

"Moreno?" I said angrily. "Why?"

Vic shrugged, and Moreno lounged back on the sand, grinning. "Hugh, any of us could captain the sub," Vic said. "Somebody has to, and any of us could do it—Frank's commanded a sub! In wartime. Moreno's like a lot of chiefs and enlisted men in the United States or any other Navy—as good as many a man I've known with stripes on his sleeve and, in some ways, for what we're planning, even better. Not snobbish about taking orders from an ex-seaman, are you, Hugh? We've got a full commander who isn't."

"No, of course not," I said instantly, though I wasn't sure. I shrugged. "Anyway, it's up to you people; it's your plan. Which brings us to the big question; just what the devil are you planning?"

Vic's eyes came to life, glowing with sudden excitement, and he opened his mouth but, before he could speak, Moreno interrupted. "Hold it!" he ordered, and I swung my head to glare at him.

Then he smiled at me, and this time it was with complete friendliness. A man who could assume complete control over his own emotions as Moreno just had—I knew he didn't feel friendly at all—was at least something more than just a thug. It was perfectly possible, I realized in that moment, that Moreno was qualified for command. And, knowing it, I was ready to admit it, and Moreno understood that too. "I think everything we want to tell Hugh," he said quietly to Vic, "will make more sense if he sees what we're talking about first."

Vic nodded. "I guess it would. Ever do any skin diving, Hugh?"

I nodded, and Lauffnauer said, "Well, we have equipment to lend you, and one of us will take you down—to see something I am sure will surprise you."

"I'll do it," Moreno said, getting to his feet. "Right now. I need to attach a buoy anyway."

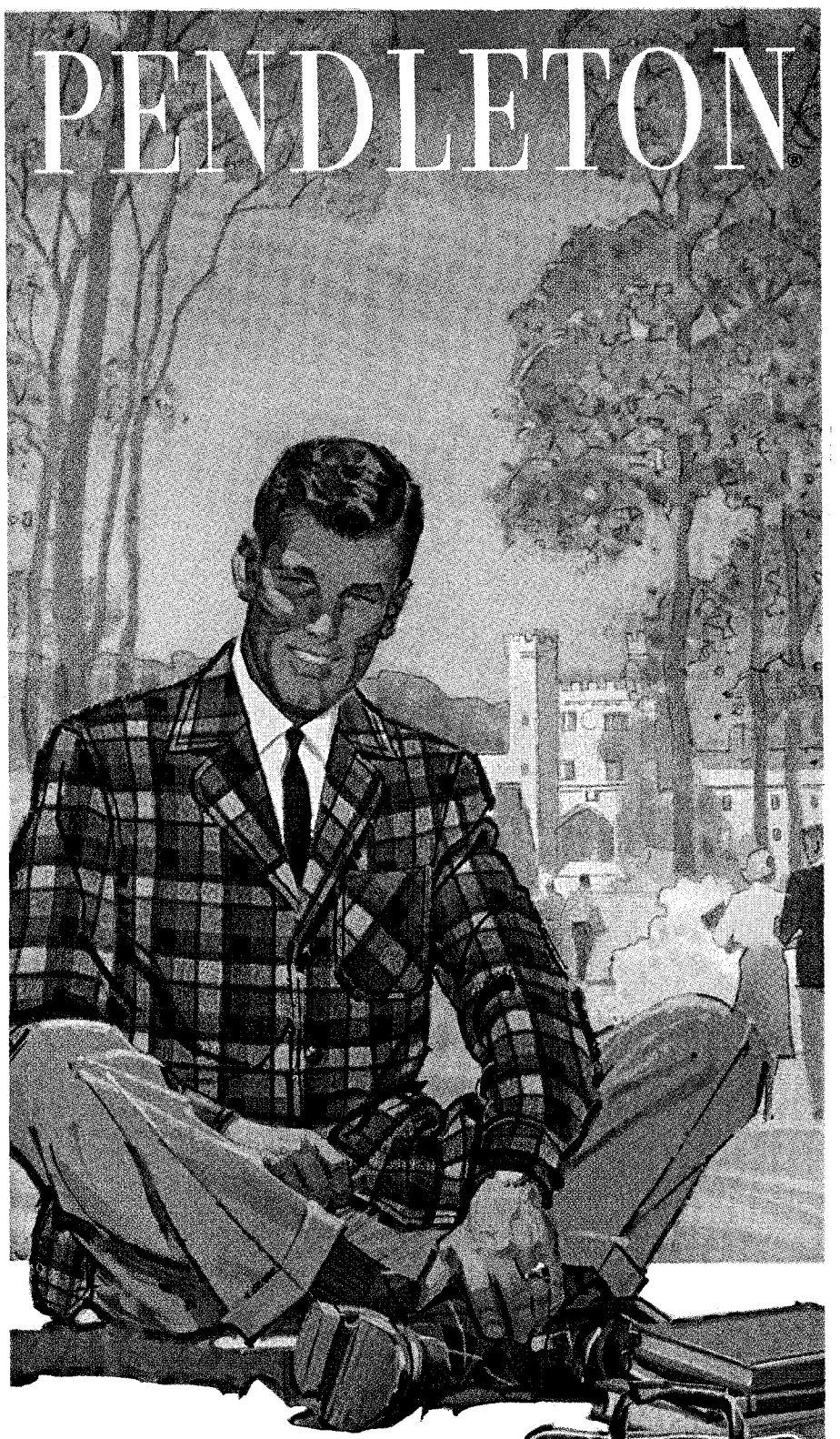
And so, for the first time, I saw the *U-19*. In the house I changed into a pair of trunks Vic loaned me, and we carried our diving equipment to the beach. Moreno brought along a short pine board wrapped with line. We dragged a battered boat out from under the porch down to the water, then rowed a mile out into the ocean, Moreno watching landmarks on the shore to position us.

We anchored, fitted on our equipment, and I followed Moreno down the anchor rope to the ocean floor; he carried his rope-wrapped board shoved in his weight belt. At the bottom, actually standing on the clean sand for a moment, the light a hazed yellow-green, visibility maybe eighty feet, I watched Moreno begin to swim slowly into deeper water, and I followed. Within minutes—it was hard to judge time here—we reached the ancient sunken submarine; I learned later that he'd been out to her twice before.

Of course, Lauffnauer was right; when I saw that black bulk looming just ahead in the yellow-greenlit depths of the water, and then, swimming closer, understood what I was seeing, I was astounded. I was utterly absorbed, fascinated, and, reaching the little conning tower, I clung to it, staring around me. Beside me, Moreno had released his pine-board buoy, paying out the line attached to it as it floated to the surface; then he tied the end of the line to the conning tower.

Frank must have some reason, I knew, for thinking or at least hoping that we might raise and operate this tiny sub. She must have been put down here undamaged, her ballast tanks filled; whoever had done it leaving through the escape hatch. But what chance there was that she was anything but a ruin I simply didn't know; no one could say with certainty until we'd raised her, if we could, and found out for ourselves. She was probably full of sea water long since—and yet, I thought, her valves might have held; they just possibly might have. Moreno touched my shoulder then, pointing upward, and I nodded, and we started up.

Frank Lauffnauer told me what they proposed to do with the *U-19*, if we could possibly raise and operate her again. Sitting on an old kitchen chair tipped back against the dining-room wall, Lauffnauer told me something of how the *U-19* came to be where she was and why he thought there was at least a chance that we could get her operating (*Continued on Page 77*)



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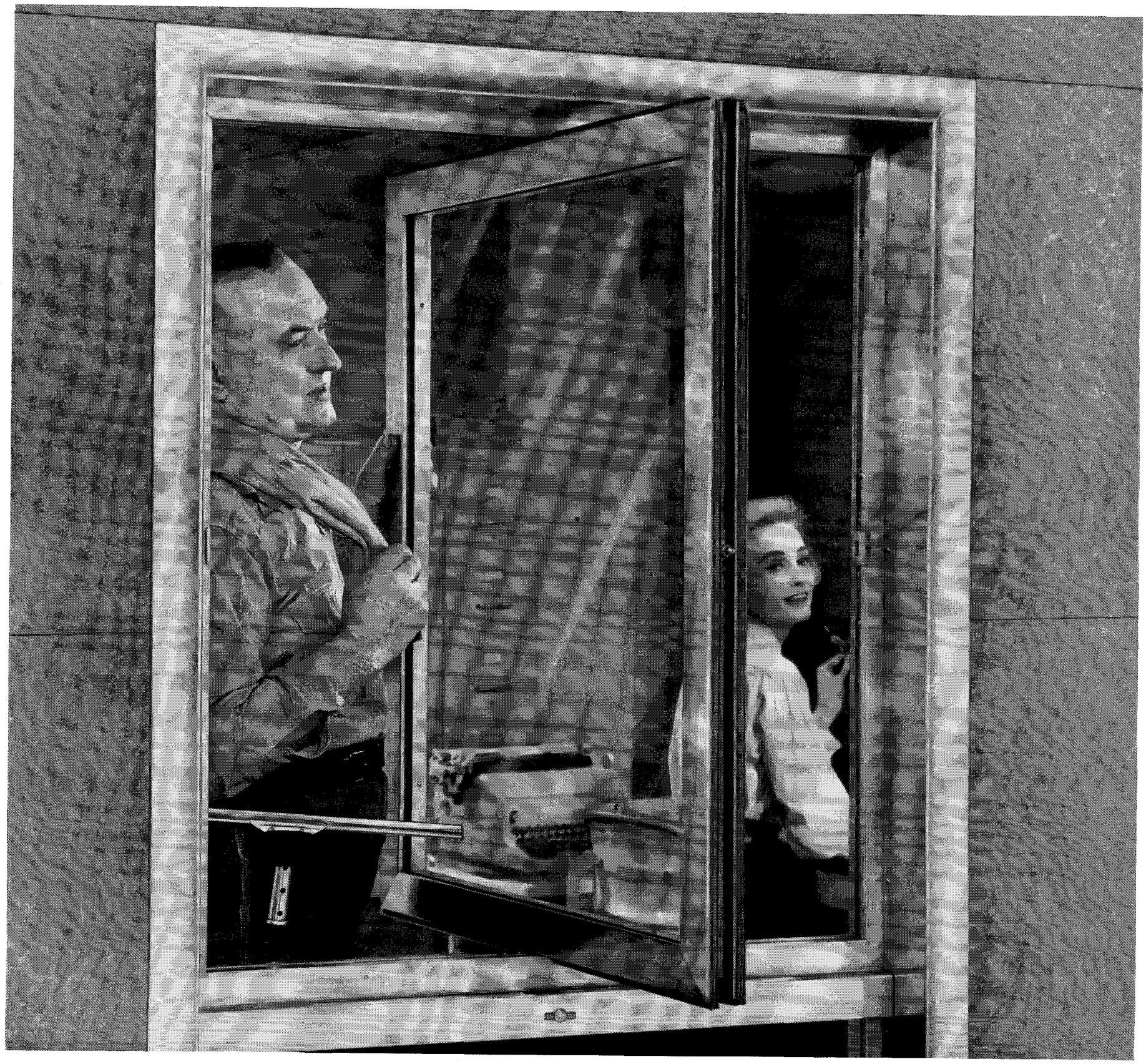

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(*Continued from Page 75*) again. "She was an experimental submarine," Frank said, "one of many testings of various German inventions during those last desperate months of the First World War. We were sent over to harass shipping along your East Coast; no submarine could be spared then for purely experimental purposes. But, also, we were sent out as a test. The inside hull—I remember the strange, rough feel of this—was coated with a resilient, spongelike material. On the day our crew assembled, the *Unteroffizier* explained to us that this coating was impregnated with a chemical compound devised by German scientists. Its purpose, he concluded, was to absorb and discharge overboard excessive moisture; obviously he was very little interested, and impressed even less. But"—Frank shook his head slowly, a shoulder moving in a little shrug—"it worked, and worked beautifully, on the trip over, at least. That little submarine was drier than even the World War Two U-boats I sailed in, all of which were equipped with huge air-conditioning systems for fighting moisture."

Frank grinned at me. "We have all served in navies, so I am sure it will not surprise you to know what happened when I mentioned to superior officers the apparently successful *U-19* experiment. There were no longer any records to be found of the *U-19* or of how her interior had been treated—at least not in their proper places. Obviously these were lost in the chaos of the years following the surrender; perhaps even deliberately destroyed during the surrender. And, therefore, to the mind of a German captain I talked to, for example, they had never existed, and I could not possibly have known what I was talking about—a boy of fifteen at the time and an enlisted man at that!" Frank smiled. "And so, I never mentioned the *U-19* again, and am glad now that I did not."

Again Frank shrugged. "Of course, after so many years, it may be that the inside of the *U-19* is hopelessly rusted in spite of its coating. The steady moisture seepage inside the pressure hull of a submarine is always a problem, and a big one." Frank shook his head. "But if she has not flooded, I believe she will not be too badly damaged; I saw with my own eyes how this coating worked, and I know—this was explained—that if it worked at all, there was no reason why it should not continue indefinitely. I am certain there is a chance my old ship can be operated again if we can raise her." Lauffnauer turned to Moreno who was sitting at the dining-room table and said, "What do you think, Ed? Have you changed your mind about getting her out?"

"No." Moreno shook his head calmly. "I don't see any big problem. Water's calm, and the weather report's good for tonight."

Turning to me, Lauffnauer said, "I brought Moreno into this for two reasons. He was the first man I asked, in fact ——"

"How'd you two get together, by the way?" I said.

"We met at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Your Government—mine, too, now—brought me over from Germany in 1946, after the war. The Navy was interested, as you may remember if you weren't too young, in the snorkel on our submarines. I was hired as an expert on them, which I was, and brought to America as a civilian employee of the Navy, with the opportunity to become a citizen, and I was very glad to come. Once again after a war"—he smiled—"Germany was not a good place to be. Here I met very many submarine men, among them Moreno, and I remembered him. In any case, it was fortunate that I knew Moreno; he is a good submarine man, and he and his cousin were commercial fishers. . . . Tell Hugh about that."

Moreno put his heavy forearms on the table, his hairy shoulders hunched over them, and looked up at me. "It's what I've done since I left the Navy—commercial fishing with Aldo's boat, and a lousy way to make a living. But I been in the Navy since I was eighteen and don't know much else. Aldo was my cousin; Rosa's husband. Aldo got drowned four months ago, right after I got out of the Navy"—Moreno glanced toward the kitchen—"and I been fishing the boat with Rosa ever since. The boat belongs to her now, and she owns the dock where we keep it. The dock's roofed and enclosed—you know the kind. It's typical—plank flooring on each side, and you run the boat in between. The boat's a good four or five feet longer than the sub and a lot wider; the dock'll take the sub easy, if we raise her. It's roofed, enclosed and the door padlocks; a big fishing boat's valuable, and so is its cargo sometimes. And the dock's isolated; nobody around there for a couple of miles. So now you know why Rosa is in this. Lauffnauer recruited me and Linc, and I looked up DeRossier, and he found you."

After a moment I nodded. "O.K.," I said. "We've got a sub, maybe, a place to work on her and a crew of sorts. Now say we get the sub operating—which I certainly doubt—then what? Let's have it now."

Then, for twenty minutes, maybe longer, Lauffnauer talked.

"A small trunk," he began quietly, "was made last month in a little custom luggage shop in Buenos Aires; some friends wrote to me and told me about this. You know, of course"—he smiled; that warm magic smile you found your own lips trying to repeat—"that Argentina is a name bound up for more than a decade now with the lives and fortunes of a good many Germans. I have friends among them; the Graf Spee was scuttled at the mouth of the River Plate in the first year of the war and the crew interned. Some are there still. And a submarine escaped to Argentina at the end of the war—the *U-977*. Two of her crew once served under me. And, of course, Argentina has also been a refuge for more than one notorious Nazi.

"The four or five friends I have there, however, are not notorious Nazis, they are simply former German seamen and one officer; ordinary men. I have kept up a correspondence with them. I have sometimes thought of joining them down there, but"—he shook his head—"they do not have an easy time of it.

"Some of my friends have lived a hand-to-mouth existence there; a shady existence, as you say, never far from the edge of the law. All is grist to their mill. What about this trunk? It is small, of a kind which holds half a dozen suits, with drawers below them for linen and shoes. It differs from countless others just like it in only one way; between its inside lining and the outer metal covering there has been left a hidden space of one-half inch—all around the trunk. That is all the man who made it knew. And that is all he could tell my friends, as he did when he was commissioned to make this trunk—information for which he expects to be well paid. Nor did he know the man who ordered and paid for it in advance—many times what an ordinary such trunk would sell for.

"But there is an inescapable link," Lauffnauer went on. "This interesting trunk, obviously designed for some interesting use, had to be called for or delivered. And you may be sure it was expertly and secretly followed. They have learned who it was for—and why. I was told of this, first by letter, and then, two weeks ago, with far more details, by a telephone call." He shook his head in rueful amusement. "Such a call is expensive. We talked for ten minutes, and I paid for it; they could not. But it was worth it, my young friend; we want that trunk." He grinned exuberantly. "It was made for Reinhold Kroll, a former *Wehrmacht* colonel who would have been tried and hanged for a thousand reasons if he had not escaped to Argentina after the war. He is there thirteen years now, a citizen, waiting until the time is ripe"—Frank grinned—"for Germany to begin her climb back to glory. The time, he thinks, is here, and the trunk will be packed soon, in the half inch of hidden space all around it, with one and a half million dollars in large-denomination American bills and seventy-five thousand in Swiss currency."

Frank leaned toward me. "You may be sure that trunk will be completely protected. There will be no possibility of getting at it, absolutely none, until it has arrived—so Kroll thinks—in one entirely safe and unreachable place." Frank grinned with contained excitement. "I think we can reach it, though. The day after the telephone call from Argentina,

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Regardless

Sleep is the ax, I've heard
men say,
That chops one third of life
away.
Well, put my third upon
the block;
I need eight hours by the
clock.

Adelaide Love

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I went down under the water off Fire Island to begin the search for the *U-19* again after forty years. When I found her, I wrote to my friends that we might reach that trunk, telling them what else they must do and learn for us meanwhile."

I looked up at Lauffnauer then. "Are you serious?" I said, though I knew he was, and he simply nodded. "Vic," I said, "you told me nothing like this had ever been done before; you were sure right."

"Wasn't fooling, was I, Hugh?" he said, smiling, and I nodded shortly.

"Look," I said then, glancing around at the others; in the kitchen doorway Rosa stood watching me. "One thing is sure. You've got to show me, you've got to convince me about this or I'm out—and you can do what you like about that. And I don't think you can convince me; this is fantastic."

"Figure it out for yourself," Moreno said, shrugging. "We can either raise the sub and get it operating again or we can't. If we can't, that's that; we've had a little fun, we all shake hands and forget it. O.K.?" I nodded, and he said, "All right, say we get it up and operating. Once we do, you know we'll test it—from bow to stern, over and again and darn carefully, believe me. Then we'll trial-dive it, probably right in the dock at high tide. A stationary dive at less than conning-tower depth before we ever think of taking her under. We'll have the motors apart; they'll be simple enough, you know that. And we'll see whether there's any prayer of charging the batteries, and there better be, or darned if I know what we'll do. We'll surface-cruise at night a dozen times; and we'll —— But I don't have to tell you what we'll do before we ever go down in her. And when and if we ever do go down for the first time, it'll be at easy periscope depth, with the ballasts ready to blow, you can bet on that. Next, we'll each take an ordinary skin-diving outfit along, a diving lung like the one you wore today. We'll trial-dive at a hundred feet, on a clean bottom, and if the main ballasts won't blow under pressure, we'll go out the escape hatch. We'll really test the boat out."

"All right." I nodded impatiently. "That part's all right."

"O.K., then." Moreno got up, walked into a bedroom that opened off the dining room and came out a moment later with a thick, folded paper. He spread it open on the dining-room table—I saw that it was a marine chart—and beckoned me over. Vic, Linc and Lauffnauer came over and sat down around the table across from Moreno.

"Our submarine operating, do you doubt that we can reach exactly this point?" Moreno said; his thick forefinger touched the chart just under a tiny, neatly penciled cross on the blueprinted area representing a portion of the Atlantic Ocean. "There's nothing to the navigating," he said. "We'll use a gyrocompass if we can install one. Or we can do it by stars and by sun; if the chronometer's rusted out, we'll buy our own. We'll leave the dock at first dark and travel surfaced at just above negative buoyancy, only the tower out. And at eleven o'clock on the morning of May seventeenth"—his finger tapped the little cross several times—"there's where I guarantee we'll be. That O.K. with you?" he added softly, glancing at me.

"Sure," I said just as quietly. "If we get the sub operating, a Naval Reserve crew could do it on a weekend training cruise. Everything's fine up to there"—I nodded toward the little penciled cross, glancing around at the others. "Because up to there"—I tapped the little cross—"we're depending on ourselves only. The worst that can happen is a Coast Guard cutter spots us and runs us in. Then we hang our heads, scrape our feet and explain that we've been bad boys, and we're sorry; they can't hang us for that.

"But after this point"—again I reached down to tap the penciled cross—"they can. And will. Success or failure—and maybe our lives—depends on guessing precisely how some stranger is going to behave! Now, what kind of darn-fool scheme is that?" I glanced angrily around at the others.

Moreno said quietly, "It's not a guess," and Lauffnauer nodded in agreement.

"What is a submarine?" Moreno said, glancing from one to another of us. No one said anything. "It's a gun," he said softly. "A submarine is nothing but a real big pistol—big enough to hold men, food, fuel and tons of machinery. And it'll move and shoot on the surface or below it. But still—all it is is a big pistol. Loaded with blanks in this case, but still loaded. And in this case it's pointed, actually, at only one man—and that man a stranger, as you said, with everything depending on how he will act. You make good sense.

"But maybe you'll believe me when I tell you this: I'd have no part of any scheme that depended on *guessing* what some darn-fool stranger would do with a gun pointed at him. But this ain't no ordinary stranger, mister." For a moment he stared at me, then suddenly barked out, "Think about it! I don't know who he is, what he looks like or even what his name is. But I don't have to. All I have to know is that there aren't any more than twenty-five people in the whole world like him. He's one of a darned special group. And that means there's *only one possible way he can act*—I don't care what he's like personally! In this setup there's only one

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thing he can possibly let himself do. I know that. Frank knows it." Very quietly he added, "And you ought to know it too." For a moment, glancing around the table, he stared at us; then he grinned suddenly. "I'm going for a swim," he said pleasantly, got up and walked toward the front door. Over his shoulder he called, "Think about it, Brittain; take your time. We've got all the rest of the afternoon."

For a while Vic and I lay on the beach, facing the ocean, chins on our folded forearms, watching Moreno swim powerfully far out in the water. Presently Rosa came out and walked to the water, pulling a white rubber cap over her hair. She waded right in, then struck out, swimming on a course that took her away from Moreno. Two or three hundred yards out she turned on her back and lay floating on the swell.

I stood up then, walked to the water and swam out to her; I wanted to find out about this girl. I reached her; then floating on the slow swell beside her, our feet and hands moving occasionally to keep afloat, I made a little conversation—about weather, the beach and what a nice day it was. She responded politely enough for a time; her English accented, but good and quite fluent. Then she said abruptly, "All right, now what do you want to know?"

"About you," I said. "Why are you in this?"

She shrugged, lying there floating in the water. Then she gestured with her chin toward Moreno, two hundred yards away; he was swimming toward us, I saw. "He told you," she said.

"Yeah, your boat and the dock. But why? I still want to know."

"What is there to explain?" She was laughing at me, mockingly, with her eyes. "Isn't money enough reason?"

"Maybe; maybe it is. What do you want it for?"

"Oh"—again she shrugged—"fur coats, diamond rings, jewelry. Don't you think I will look nice in them?"

"Sure," I said, nodding, and—I couldn't help it—I glanced at her fine, full figure awash in the swell. "Though you don't need them."

"No!" she said angrily, and her arms and legs thrashed as she lifted her head and shoulders from the water to glare at me. "I do not! Now or ever! Listen, you. You have never lived—and survived—in a poor country! You do not know what it is like; you don't! You send CARE packages, and you are sorry, but you don't know." Her arms moving slowly, keeping afloat, she stared at me for a moment, then said quietly, "But I lived in Italy—as a child in a war and afterward. I saw small children roaming in packs like animals, hunting for food. It is better now, but still worse than anything you ever knew. So what will I do—with money? I will take it, and I will spend it. Where it will do more good than you have ever thought of. You and the greedy rest of them up there"—she nodded toward shore and the little house.

"O.K." I nodded. "So now I know."

"Maybe you do. And maybe not. But it doesn't matter; no one could keep me out of this; Moreno tried. I was to stay home and wait, knitting perhaps." She laughed.

I was staring at her; nothing occurred to me to say in answer. Then I heard a little splash and looked up past Rosa. Moreno was swimming toward us, no more than a dozen yards away, and Rosa smiled and turned to him. "What took you so long?" she called sweetly. "There is no telling what might have happened with Hugh and me—out here in the ocean." And Moreno's face flushed.

He glanced at me, a look of pure hostility and warning, then gestured savagely at Rosa with his chin. "Come on," he said roughly, angrily, and she nodded, her face blandly obedient, and began to swim with him toward the shore.

I gave them a start of a hundred yards or so, then swam slowly to shore.

When I got back, taking my time, Rosa was in the house, and Moreno was on the porch, dressed for the city. It was time for him to go back, and a few moments later Rosa came out too.

You do your important thinking, I've noticed—or at least I do—when you're not consciously thinking at all. But now as Rosa and Moreno came down the porch steps, a tiny excitement rose up in me, physically felt in the pit of my stomach. For now I knew, without any conscious previous thought, that, astonishing as this fantastic scheme was, it could work. It might; it was just possible; and I called to Moreno, and he stopped and stood waiting for me on the sand, his eyes and face expressionless.

I walked up to him and nodded shortly. "All right," I said. "I'm in."

He looked me up and down, face still expressionless, then nodded. "O.K.," he said, "see you later," then gestured to Rosa with his chin, and they walked on, down the beach toward the ferry.

At six-thirty, during the last hour of full daylight, Frank Lauffnauer changed to trunks in the bedroom off the living room, while I got dressed again. He finished changing, then carefully wrapped his clothes in a big striped beach towel. "Mind taking these for me, Hugh?" he said, and I took the bundle.

"Take it easy out there," I said. "The light won't be so good, will it?"

"It'll do," he said and grinned at me.

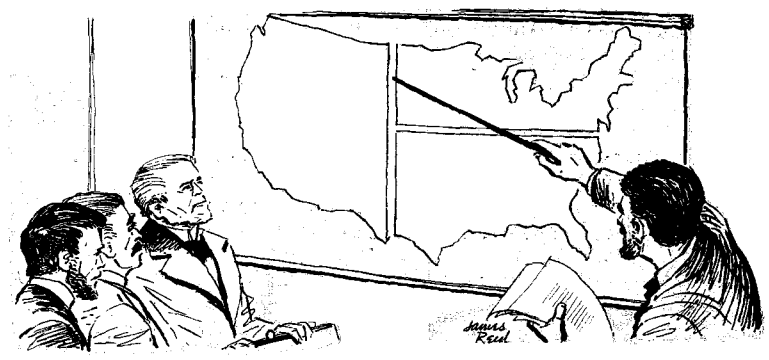
We left the house, the four of us, Vic locking the door behind us, and walked down to the beached boat carrying Frank's diving equipment, including a fresh tank of air and a good, powerful underwater light. The surf was breaking a littler harder than it had been earlier, but the swell beyond it was still smooth; it was still bright daylight, too, though it wouldn't last long.

We rowed out toward the sub, Vic in the stern watching his particular set of landmarks to get us there. Linc was rowing, and I began sounding with the anchor presently; when it showed ninety feet, I snubbed the anchor rope, and we all began watching for the white-pine buoy Moreno had attached to the sub. Frank spotted it first, and we rowed over, and I anchored beside it. All this time no one had talked very much, and no one said anything now; Frank Lauffnauer was about to do a dangerous and frightening thing. He was going into the sub through her escape hatch if he could.

Helping him on with his equipment—tank, lung, weight belt, flippers—none of us made the meaningless gesture of offering to take Frank's place; Frank was the man to do this. He'd been instructed and trained in using this very hatch—though not to enter, but to leave the sub by; and in 1918, when the sub was new and he was a very young man. Now, years later, to try entering that sub, alone and far under the ocean, not knowing what he'd find even if he succeeded —— I didn't envy him, and was willing to admit that to myself.

He stood up in the boat now, fastening the underwater light to his weight belt; then he grinned at us, nodding a good-by, and let himself fall over the side. The rest of us, kneeling at the prow of the boat, watched him sink steadily down in the water, following the anchor line, till he faded from sight.

The escape hatch of the *U-19*—Frank had described it—was a simple device; a steel tube set into the topside of the submarine, just big enough to hold a man, crouched. At the top of the tube was a watertight hatch cover. Inside the submarine at the tube's bottom end was another round watertight door. To escape from the submarine, the idea was, a man crawled into the escape tube from the bottom, inside the sub. Clinging to a riveted hand and foot hold inside it, he pulled the hatch closed underneath his feet, or someone inside did it for him. Then he turned a valve which admitted sea water into the tiny space he was crouched in. The water came in, compressing the air into the top of the escape tube. Presently the inside and outside



What's Going On Here?

It is early in January, 1861. The new year finds the nation on the brink of the Civil War. South Carolina already has quit the Union. Further secessions are expected daily. Suddenly the mayor of one of our largest seaport cities solemnly urges that his community secede from both state and nation. He does so partly for financial reasons. He predicts that the United States will split along geographic lines—North, South and Pacific Coast—into three nations. As an independent free port, he points out, the city would be in ideal position to do business with all three new countries. What mayor and what city?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answer on page 80*)

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pressures on the hatch cover just over his head were equalized, and the man in the tube could push open the hatch and leave the submarine. Whether he ever reached the top or, if he did, whether he reached it alive, was another question; it depended on a lot of things, any of which could go wrong.

Frank must be at that hatch right now, I knew; he was about to climb inside it, and, crouching there in the tube in the water, he would pull the lid closed over him. The thought of it made me actually shiver, sitting up on the surface with Linc and Vic in the boat. With the upper hatch cover closed over Frank as he clung to the brackets inside the tube, he would unfasten and shove open the round metal door at his feet, if he could. And then he would see one of two things. Frank would see and feel the water in which he crouched drop away from him, out the bottom of the tube down into the submarine. Or the water would simply stay where it was, unmoving—because the submarine, long since undoubtedly, was filled with sea water already. Frank would open the hatch just over his head then and leave the little sub behind him forever.

If that's what happened, if Frank reappeared climbing up our anchor rope in the next few minutes, our adventure was over before it had really begun. For with the sub full of sea water, we couldn't possibly raise her, and there'd be no reason to do so anyway; she'd undoubtedly be ruined in that case.

But there was hope of raising her if Frank—and it might be happening underneath us right now!—felt the water in the escape hatch drain away from him. There'd be hope then, and fearful danger for Frank. For in that case he'd climb down into the submarine. He would keep his lung on; he would not try to breathe the dead air through which he moved. All oxygen would be gone from it, we believed—used up long since in corrosion. This, together with the moisture-absorbing coating inside her, was why we hoped to find not too much corrosion throughout the submarine if we raised her; for no new air, no additional oxygen could have entered the little sub since the day she went under.

Moving through that dead air, his light on, breathing from the tank on his back, Frank would blow the sub's ballast tanks if he could. For that was the final if; had the valves of the air flasks held too? Was there pressure enough still to blow the water from the ballast tanks and allow the *U-19* to rise to the top once again? Almost superstitiously I said yes; if one set of valves had held and the sub wasn't flooded, then our luck would be good; the valves of the air flasks would also have held. It wasn't true—it didn't follow, at least—but I believed it.

It occurred to me suddenly that the first question was already answered; we sat staring down into the water along the white slanting line of our anchor rope—and Frank hadn't reappeared, climbing up through the water toward us! Vic said it aloud. "He's inside the sub now!" he muttered excitedly.

"Unless he's trapped in the escape hatch," Linc said. "Can't get in or out."

"Don't talk that way," I said, and Linc shrugged.

Several minutes passed; we heard the sound of Moreno's diesel and looked up to see the big fishing boat slowly approaching through the last of the daylight, perhaps a quarter mile away. This was the worst moment of all; I knew, I suddenly *knew* that Frank was inside the submarine he'd left so many years before. Sitting there in the boat a hundred feet above him, with Moreno's big boat chugging steadily toward us, I could see Frank in my mind, moving through the pitch-blackness of that ancient little sub by the beam of his light—a strange, weird figure peering through his mask, flippers still on his feet, glancing around him, glancing occasionally at the watch on his wrist, waiting till it was time to blow the ballast tanks if he could.

This was the worst time of all, for if the tanks didn't blow, I wondered if Frank could escape. Would the escape hatch work properly? Would it fill with sea water again, as it should? I thought so. The flood valve had been left open when the sub was submerged. But what if, somehow, it would not flood again? Could Frank nevertheless force open the hatch cover just over his head against the pressure of a hundred feet of water lying on top of it? Suppose he were trapped forever in the little sub he'd left forty years before, waiting for the air in the tank on his back to be exhausted?

We sat in the boat, smoking, watching Moreno bring the big fishing boat steadily closer, listening to the low, steady growl of his big diesel. I stared down the anchor rope again, wondering what Frank was doing at this instant. Suddenly I pictured him trapped between the two metal doors of the escape hatch, shouting and screaming for help there under the water. Moreno's boat swelled in size, growing fast, heading directly toward us, and I muttered angrily, "Be ready to jump if the darn fool runs us down."

He passed us close, deliberately, I knew, rocking our boat, and slowly continued on till he was perhaps a hundred yards to the west of us, and between us and the shore. He reversed his engine then, the propeller thrashing, and I heard the splash of his anchor. The engine died, and in the new silence I turned to look at the sun, low over the dunes behind us. We were timing this, or trying to, to avoid attracting any more attention than we had to—none at all with reasonable luck, for there weren't many people on the island this time of year. We couldn't wait for full dark, but we were cutting it as close as we could.

The big boat in position now, anchored well clear of the sub, Linc hauled up our anchor, and we rowed clear, too, and lay drifting on the gentle swell then, a dozen yards from the side of Moreno's boat. Moreno had turned on his running lights, and he stood watching us, leaning on the rail, his face green in the reflected rays of the light on the side. "Think I was going to run you down?" he said, grinning.

"Sure," I said, "give you half a chance. Lauffnauer's down"—I nodded over my shoulder. I heard a step behind Moreno then, and turned to see Rosa appear from the little cabin. She walked to the rail, glancing casually down at us; she was wearing dark slacks and a dark, turtle-neck sweater. Then, without speaking—she wasn't interested in us now—she turned to stare out over the water toward the floating white board under which lay the submarine.

Now we waited in absolute silence, no one saying even a word. It was dusk now on the slow swell of the ocean, the air suddenly chill, and I was fearfully glad that I wasn't Frank Lauffnauer.

Suddenly, loudly, Moreno said, "It's time, damn it, it's *time!* What's the matter with him!" No one answered, and we waited for I don't know how long then—it might have been a minute, a half minute, or it might have been four or five. The sun had set now, and, though it was still daylight in the sky, the first star was suddenly visible, and here on the face of the ocean it was more night than day. I must have looked away for a moment without realizing it, for it was the sound that I heard first—the sound, not loud,

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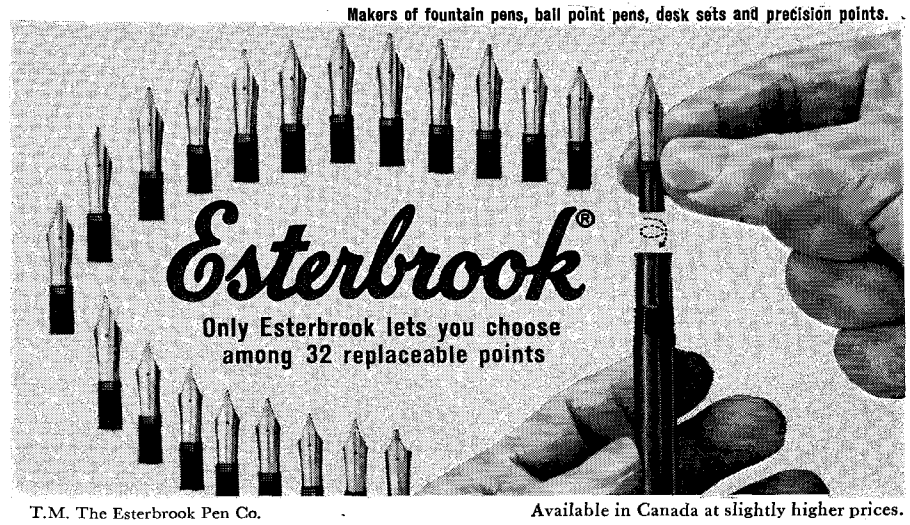

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yet enormous and strangely prolonged, of a vast object gently breaking the surface of the water a hundred yards away; the sound, it must be, of a whale emerging on the surface. It was a sort of enormous, gentle plop, and, as I jerked my head up to stare, I was grinning, for I had already heard the familiar sound of water draining from the decks of a submarine. And then, there she lay, out on the water; her deck was nearly awash, but the fuzzed silhouette of the conning tower of the *U-19* lay above the surface, black against the darkening horizon, in the center of a widening ring on the smooth surface of the ocean.

We yelled; the exultant sounds tore at the linings of our throats, and we thumped one another's backs till the boat rocked. Then Vic was at the oars, grinning wildly, heading for the sub. Moreno shouted angrily then, and Vic braked, shoving on the oars. Then he rowed toward the big boat instead; as we passed under her stern, Moreno dropped a great coil of line—new inch-and-a-half Manila hawser—into our boat. I heard a dull, metallic clank out on the water, and swung around in my seat to see Frank Lauffnauer standing in the conning tower of the sub. There was another clank as he quickly closed the hatch cover at his feet again, then he pulled off his mask and mouthpiece. He yelled at us exultantly. "*Gott sei Dank!*" he shouted over the smooth water, and Vic began to row then, heaving hard on the oars, through the new darkness toward the *U-19*.

Behind us I heard the whine of the electric anchor motor on Moreno's boat, then the big diesel rumbled to life again, and now Moreno was ready to maneuver if the sub drifted too close. His lights could be seen from shore, of course, but Rosa had made a point of mentioning to those few neighbors who were on the island that she and her "husband"—that was Moreno—had just bought a cabin cruiser. They were bringing it over tonight to take the rest of us home. Anyone seeing Moreno's lights now would figure that that's what was happening out here, I felt sure. I doubted that anyone could see the sub's dark tower from shore, and the bulk of Moreno's boat lay between it and shore anyway.

At the side of the sub Linc and I helped Frank—he was shivering, his teeth chattering, but grinning—down into the boat, clapping him gently on the back, murmuring our congratulations. Linc began helping him out of his gear then, and he gave him a pint bottle of whisky to nip at. Vic rowed to the prow of the wet, moss-coated little sub, and I slipped an end of the big hawser through her towing eye and pulled about fifty feet of the heavy line on through it.

We rowed back to the boat then. Frank and the others climbed up on deck, and I handed up Frank's clothes. There was a moment then—I in the rowboat staring up at the others, lined up at the rail looking down at me—when we just grinned at each other, almost foolishly, like a bunch of kids. What the odds had been against us up to this point, what the chances of the *U-19's* valves giving way long before this point, I didn't know, and certainly I no longer cared, nor did any of us. *We brought it off!* I thought, grinning up at the others. Then I turned to stare out over the darkened water at the dim, almost invisible silhouette of the *U-19's* conning tower. *And now we've got our submarine*, I thought. Then I heard the chatter of Frank Lauffnauer's teeth, and when I turned to look back at him and at the others, there along the rail, I was no longer smiling at the thought.

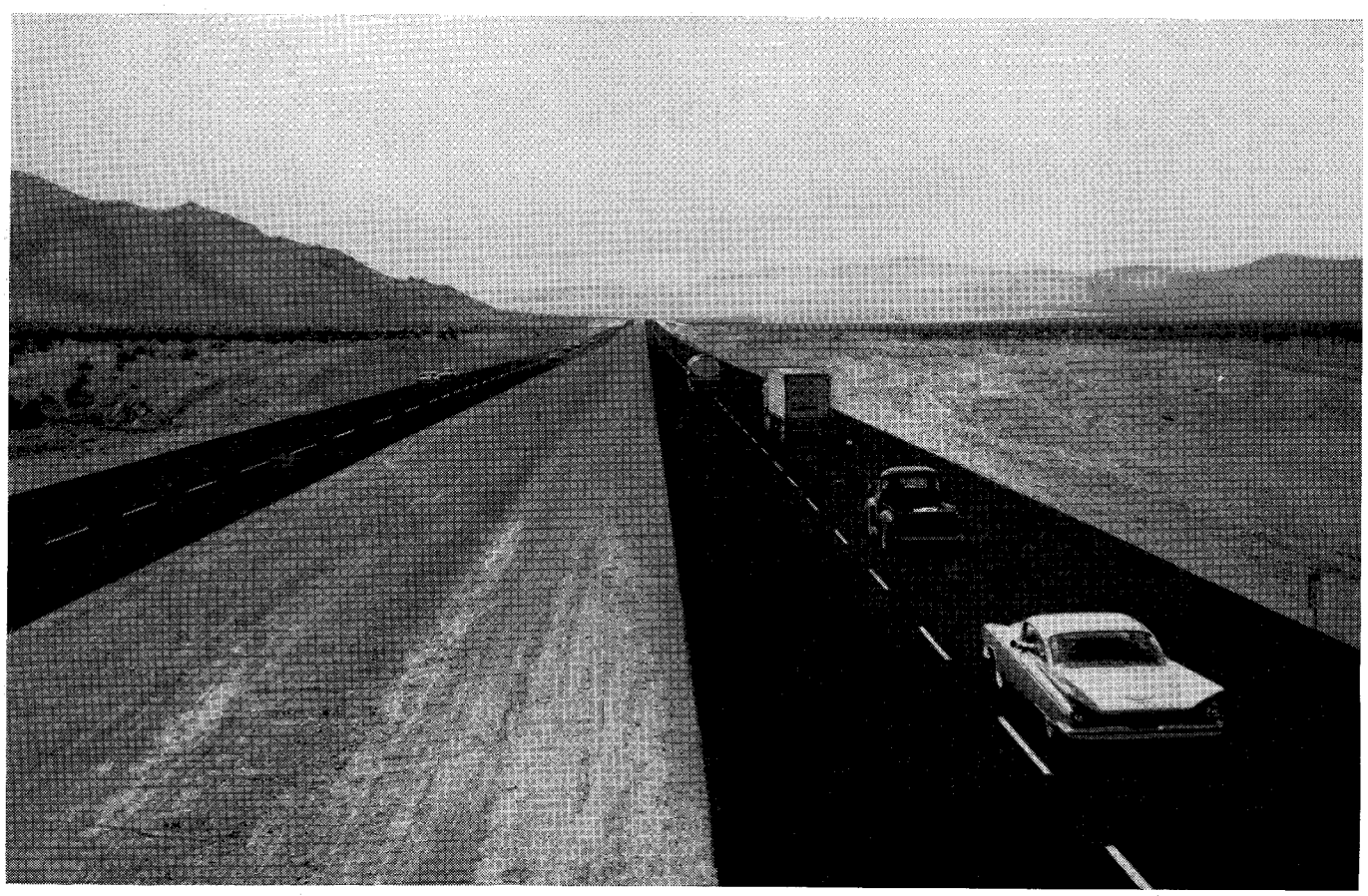
TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 78)

Fernando Wood, Democratic mayor of New York, advocated in his annual message to council that the city set itself up as a separate little commercial empire "with but nominal duty on imports." He said the import duties would support the local government and enable New Yorkers to live tax-free. Wood, a Philadelphia Quaker by birth, termed the crackup of the United States "inevitable" and sympathized with "our aggrieved brethren of the slave states." Council failed to vote for secession, and a Republican defeated Wood in the next election. Wood was, however, elected to Congress in 1863.



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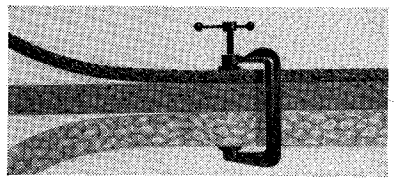

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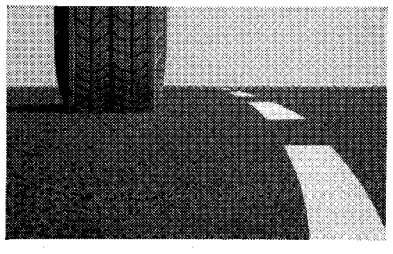

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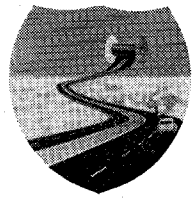

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In Praise of Waste (Continued from Page 18)

is opposed by the limitations set by the environment. The result is an equilibrium achieved through waste, an equilibrium that may, it is true, be subject to temporal shifts, but an equilibrium nonetheless. Forethought, planning and charity are either of secondary importance or are self-defeating in such a system.

This mode of thought met with immediate favor when it was put forward by Malthus, but within a very few years it was vigorously opposed by another idea of independent birth and apparently contradictory implications—the idea of cruelty, *i.e.*, the idea that cruelty is something to be abhorred rather than enjoyed. Strange as it may seem, this idea is a rather young idea as far as the bulk of mankind is concerned. In the distant past, the gentle Jesus was a conspicuous exception among men. It is only within comparatively recent times that many Christians have become Christian.

The Christianization of Christians was made possible by a change in perspective. In the Middle Ages it was common for the population of a city to be lowered as much as 10 per cent in a single year by disease or famine; even a 25 per cent loss was not unknown. In a world so filled with suffering not caused by humans, it would seem to some rather out of perspective to complain of a little human fun—like the Spanish Inquisition, say. As suffering and death from seemingly divinely caused diseases decreased—as it did even before Pasteur and bacteriology—man's view of his own cruelties changed, perhaps because they loomed proportionately larger. Cruel fate was becoming reformed; cruel man now looked crueler. Tender-minded poets and novelists were determined that he, too, should reform, and quickly.

Into this world of tender intentions burst Malthus, asserting that suffering was inevitable, simply because population had the capability of increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence. A reasonable balance between population and subsistence—a decent scale of living for some—could be maintained only if others suffered from insufficient means of subsistence. Nor would it be a true solution for the haves to divide their means with the have-nots—this would merely encourage the production of more have-nots. Such a sentiment provoked a storm of protest from the literati, who were now making the cause of the poor and the unfortunate their cause. The wealthy Percy Shelley saw a great social threat in "sophisms like those of Mr. Malthus, calculated to lull the oppressors of mankind into a security of everlasting triumph." The poet's friend William Hazlitt asserted that "Mr. Malthus' gospel is preached only to the poor."

This is not the place to examine Malthus' thesis—or rather, his theses, for there were several. We need only point out that the early decades of the nineteenth century saw an establishment of sharp lines of battle between—shall we say—humanitarians and analysts; it is difficult to name the factions without arousing prejudice. It must not be supposed that men like Malthus were inhumane; in his personal relations with family and friends, Malthus was the kindest and most considerate of men. But in his public statements he insisted on the primacy of analysis in the attack on social problems, whereas his opponents insisted on the humanitarian treatment of all existing people—particularly the poor and unfortunate—in the hope, or belief, that future generations would present no problem. The here and now is much more real than the there and tomorrow. The humanitarians won the minds of common men—who are, in the nature of things, the majority.

What Malthus was trying to get at in his bumbling way, and all-unconscious of what he was doing, was what we now call the impotence principles of science and logic. The trisection of an angle with ruler and compass alone is impossible—this is an impotence principle. So also is the principle of the conservation of matter and mass, and the finite velocity of the speed of light. Impotence principles tell us what cannot be done and for that reason are inacceptable to immature minds. Angle trisectors, circle squarers, and inventors of perpetual-motion machines we will always have with us. What these men fail to realize is that impotence principles are not only restrictive but also permissive. Only if some things are impossible can other things be. The second law of thermodynamics not only tells us to stop looking for a perpetual-motion machine but also tells us how to improve the machines already invented.

One of the impotence principles of biology is this—waste is inevitable. Waste, in the Darwinian scheme, not only produces progress but also conserves the advances already made. There is no heredity without its tax of mutation; most mutations are bad; their production and elimination are a kind of waste. The sentimentalist who seeks to eliminate the waste in a species by preserving all mutants and breeding equally of all genetic types ultimately brings about the extinction of the entire species. It is a throwing of good money after bad. It is the saving of pawns and losing the game.

One of the most surprising things about science is the way it begins as common sense, and ends up with most uncommonsensical statements to which, nevertheless, common sense must give its assent once it has examined the evidence. The curvature of space is such an idea in astronomy. In biology we have the astonishing conclusion of the Haldane-Muller principle which says: In a state of nature, all bad mutations are, in their cumulative, ultimate effects, equally bad. How can this be true? To say that a gene that is only mildly harmful to the individual is just as harmful to the race as is one that is completely lethal to the individual seems to be flying in the face of reason. But it is true.

When we say, "Gene A is not as bad as gene B," what do we mean? How do we measure "badness" in nature? The only acceptable way, in an evolutionary sense, is by the gene's effect on success in leaving progeny. The "worse" the gene is, the greater the diminution in progeny it causes in early generations; and consequently, the sooner the gene is completely eliminated. A gene that causes only slight damage in each generation does so for many generations. These two factors—damage in one generation, and the number of generations sustaining damage—bear a reciprocal relation to each other. As a result, the total damage of a gene, over all generations, is a fixed quantity, the same for all deleterious genes.

The preceding discussion presupposes a species living "in a state of nature." The meaning and the reason for the qualification should be fairly clear—the principle applies directly only to organisms other than man, organisms that do not consciously control their breeding. Man, if he controls his breeding, may be said, in some sense, not to be living in a state of nature—in which case the losses exacted by mutation need to be examined all over again. Can man alter these losses?

Certainly he can increase them. In fact, he is increasing them now deliberately, though not intentionally, by increasing the general radiation level through medical X rays, atomic bombs and atomic-energy installations. How much he is increasing the mutational losses through his present actions we do not yet know; nor do we know how much he will increase the general radiation level in the future. We play with atoms because we believe there are benefits to be gained from our play. We know there are losses. Ethics is not so well-developed a science that it can tell us how to balance possible profits and certain losses. At the present time, unavoidable mutations cause the production of about 2,000,000 defective babies per year throughout the world. Suppose we increase radiation to such a level that it brings about an ultimate increase in the number of defective babies produced each year by 200,000. Is this a trivial addition or not? Is it small in comparison to the gains brought by atomic energy? How can we say? It is a small wonder that men of equal intelligence and Christianity come up with opposing answers.

Another of the impotence principles of biology, and of sociology, is this—competition is inescapable. The form of competition and the participants may change; but it is always with us. A species that is not numerous competes principally against other species; as it increases in numbers, the situation changes. The "successful" species ends by becoming its own principal competitor. So it is with man, now. The world, in spite of comic-strip science, is a limited one. Man, freed of the population-controlling factors of predators and disease organisms, must—willy-nilly, like it or not—control his own numbers by competition with his own kind. By taking thought, he can elect the kind of competition he employs; but he cannot escape all kinds. This is not to imply that the election is a trivial matter. Surely there are few who would not prefer the endemic celibacy of the Irish to the ritual blood sacrifices of the Aztecs, who, at the dedication of the temple of Huitzilopochtli in 1486, slaughtered at least 20,000 victims—by the most conservative accounts—tearing the hearts out of the living bodies. There surely can be no serious question as to which behavior is preferable, but we should note that, though both practices have a religious "reason," both are, in the eyes of a biologist, competitive techniques associated with the threat of overpopulation, however unconscious of that threat the practitioners may be. The question is not whether competitive techniques shall be employed, but what techniques and by whom.

"Bob and I have never had an argument."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The game must go on; that is nature's command. But it is up to man to determine the ground rules and the teams. The determination of the rules is principally the responsibility of the specialist in ethics. The delineation of the teams—well, that is a task for which many disciplines are needed. It may be that no synthesis of all the relevant considerations is yet possible. But such a synthesis is one that we must work toward. The biologist, with the wisdom gained from a century's preoccupation with evolution, has some things to say about the choosing of the teams.

Any species that becomes one big melting pot of genes puts—to mix metaphors—all its eggs in one basket. If circumstances change rapidly, it may be unable to adapt, and so will perish. Conspicuous success in evolution, as in human affairs, is all too likely to be the prelude to extinction. That the dinosaurs should have become extinct at the end of the Mesozoic Era is no cause for wonder; what needs explaining is how such highly successful forms lasted so long.

It is not that the relatively unsuccessful have a better chance of survival because of their deficiencies. Rather, their advantage comes when their lack of success results in the species' being broken up into many separate breeding populations, among which there is very little interchange of genes. Under these conditions, there is a great increase in variety within the species, each isolated population necessarily differentiating into a different race; how different will depend on many factors, including the extent of environmental differences. With a greater variety of harmonious genotypes in existence, the species is better adapted to face a varying and unpredictable future. Not all of its breeding populations may survive a change; but the chance that at least some will is greater than the chance of survival of a single, large population. And those races that survive a change can then repopulate regions left vacant by those that have succumbed.

Such is the picture presented to us by a spelling out of the consequences of biological inheritance. But man is subject also to a kind of inheritance that we may call cultural. Will this alter the picture? We don't know. The Gregor Mendel of cultural inheritance has not yet appeared. But there are strong intuitive reasons for believing that (*Continued on Page 83*)

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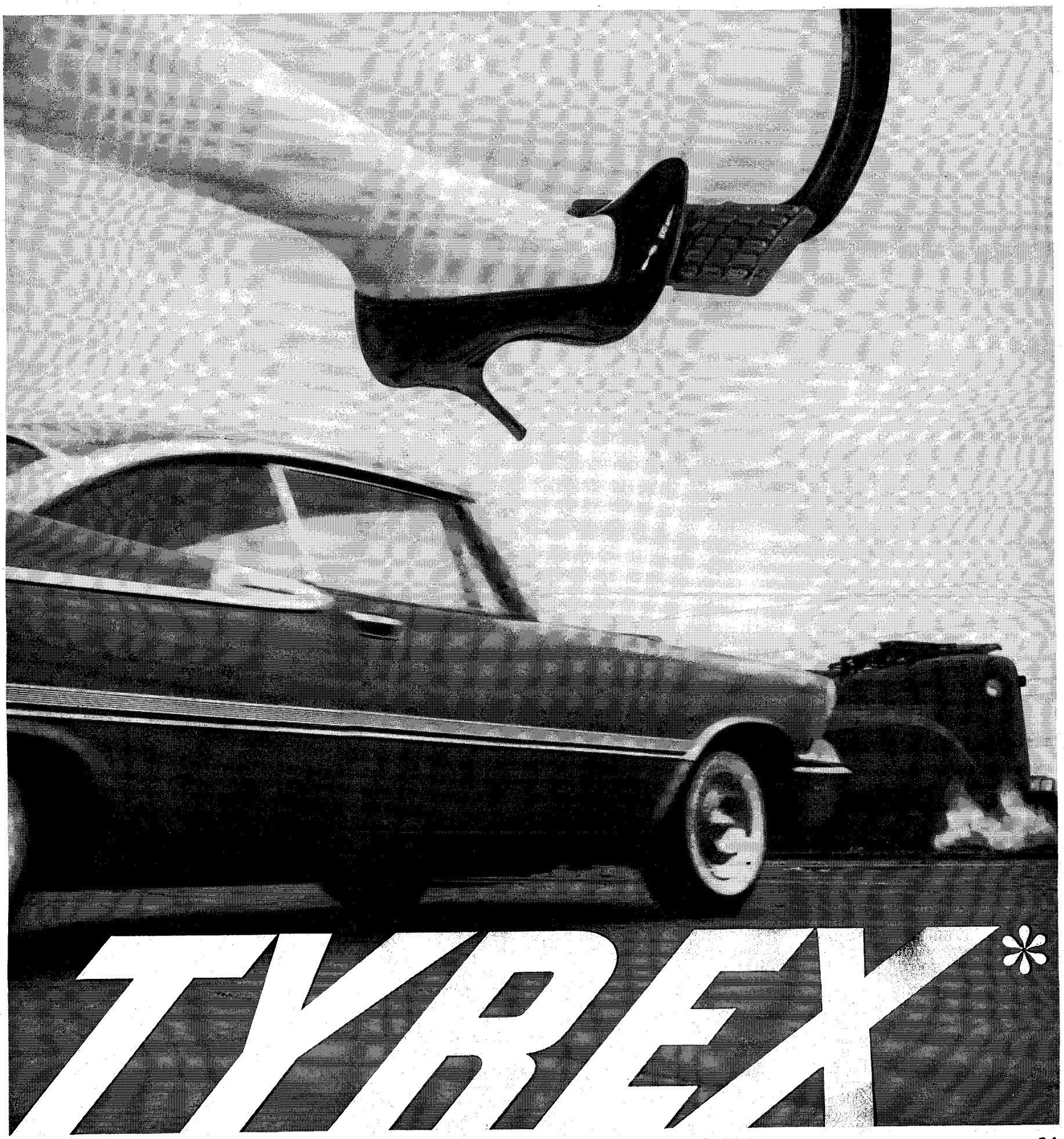

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(*Continued from Page 81*) the mechanism of cultural inheritance will, if anything, merely increase the contrast in the picture. The loss of adaptability of a species is the result of the inevitable tendency of a breeding population to become genetically uniform. Surely we have seen enough of social power to realize that the pressure toward uniformity is even greater in the cultural realm than in the biological.

To the biologist it is clear that the best chances for man's long-time survival depend on the fragmentation of the species into well-separated populations. But it would be foolhardy to say what form the separation should take. It might be a matter of nations, as we know them; or some sort of caste system that would permit genetic isolation with geographic unity; or—far more likely—some new kind of communities: neither nation nor caste nor anything yet conceived.

In postulating a new world are we adding but one more "utopia" to library shelves that are already too well stocked with these childish wish fulfillments? I think not, for what we have just suggested differs in significant ways from the classical utopias. These dream worlds, however much they vary, agree in two characteristics. The societies they sketch have a high degree of rigidity and finality; and they seek to eliminate all waste, which is variously conceived in terms of economic waste, human suffering or moral turpitude. The student of biological evolution cannot accept a utopia that embodies either of these features. Evolution is an unending process, in which waste plays an indispensable role. Until proof to the contrary is forthcoming, the evolutionist must assume that man is a part of nature. The biologist sees no end-state for man and his society, which must continue evolving until the day of his extinction. No one has conceived any substitute for the mechanism of evolution (whether biological or social) that does not necessarily involve variation and selection—that is to say, waste. Man, the slender reed that thinks, can alter the force and direction of natural forces somewhat, but only within limits. The wisdom of so doing is always questionable. Who is so wise as to descry the lineaments of man 1000 millenniums from now, using these visions as guides for consciously warping the course of human evolution? And as for waste, the more we try to eliminate it, the more we are impressed with its protean changeability and elusiveness. The time-study man who saves 1000 man-hours by altering work procedures, may be astonished to find himself faced with a sitdown strike that costs 1,000,000 man-hours. Reducing the waste of walking to work by inventing horseless carriages may ultimately double the time wasted in transportation by making possible the modern city and its congestion. And so it goes. We do not yet have a scientific theory of waste, but all men of experience recognize its ubiquity and its inevitability. We can often exchange one kind of waste for another; and we can sometimes—though not as often as we like—decrease it somewhat in amount. But always we must live with it. If we are wise, we even make waste work for us a bit.

But though we may never be able to get rid of waste entirely, it is only natural—or rather, human—that we should try to diminish it as much as possible. Spontaneous mutations entail waste; can we do anything about this? In one sense we cannot. The Haldane-Muller principle tells us that each gene mutation must be paid for by one gene elimination—"genetic death," Muller calls it. Genetic death—which is not really death—is a subdivisible quantity; it may occur by degrees and over many generations. A lethal gene kills at one fell stroke—this is death as we ordinarily conceive it. But a gene that has a selective worth of only 90 per cent (as compared with a normal gene) diminishes the reproductivity of every individual in which it shows by 10 per cent. If we multiply the fraction of the population that suffers this loss by the amount of loss each individual suffers, we come out with the number 1, no matter what the selective worth. This means that each new, bad mutation is ultimately eliminated completely, and that it "kills" a total of one individual, which it may do by "killing" fractions of several individuals. But it does not follow from this that there is nothing that can be done to diminish the loss to human beings. To say that nothing can be done is to assert that death is the only form of human waste, a thesis that surely few would hold. The sublethal gene does not merely diminish the reproductivity of its possessor, it also diminishes his vigor, his health, his *joie de vivre*. We would be little concerned if genetic death were the only consequence of Huntington's chorea, Mongolism, phenylketonuria, pyloric stenosis, or fibrocystic disease of the pancreas. But these conditions cause other losses that we state in terms of human suffering. These losses can be reduced.

Until very recent times, the only method of attacking the problem of suffering was by medicine. Medicine is surely one of the glories of mankind, but we are now perceiving its limitations. For a disease in which it is accurate to say that the hereditary component is negligible—say, for smallpox—medicine has been an unalloyed blessing. But where the hereditary component is great—for instance, in hemophilia—we have our doubts. In such conditions recourse to somatic medicine only delays genetic death while increasing human suffering. Hemophiliacs are now kept alive by frequent, sometimes daily, blood transfusions. We can, if we wish, encourage them to have children. Suppose we saw to it that hemophiliacs had, on the average, precisely as many children as normal people: what would be the result? Genetic death would thus be completely eliminated, but the cost in suffering would be established as a perpetual and continuing cost, a kind of overhead of misery. However small the cost might be per generation, it would increase without limit as time went on. Every bad mutation is a sort of fine levied against mankind. We can either pay the fine promptly or we can delay or avoid payment altogether—by paying in another way.

We are in the position of the traffic violator who either can pay a fifty-dollar fine once in court or can pay one-dollar hush money every week to a dishonest officer to keep from having the violation reported. In the long run, even the cheapest blackmail charge mounts up to more than the most expensive fine. In the long run, unobstructed genetic death is the cheapest way to pay for the unavoidable misfortune of mutation.

Mutation is a form of waste which, manage it though we will, we must in some sense accept. It is inevitable. It is the stuff from which are fashioned new adaptations to the world. In this realization we are brought back to an insight that is old, very old; much older than the theory of evolution. When we come to think of it, we realize that what we call charity owes its origin at least in part to a subconscious realization of the value of waste. Most interesting of early prescriptions for charity is the Jewish "law of the corner," which is given thus in Leviticus 19: 9-10: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger. . . ." Such a directive sprang, no doubt, in part from a tender heart; but it may also have indicated an embryonic recognition of the danger of an unmodified competition in human affairs—a recognition that if competition were pure and unbridled, the more efficient man (the landowner) would starve out him who was less so (the poor and the stranger). Coupled with this was a surmise that perhaps complete efficiency might not always be best or right.

An optimist is a man who buys grass seed and a lawn mower at the same time.

ROBERT COPPEDGE

In Deuteronomy 24: 19, there is a further injunction: "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. . . ." Thus there came into being that curious entity of Jewish practice known as "that-which-is-left-through-forgetfulness," which belongs to the poor. The devout were urged always to see to it that something was left through forgetfulness. It is certainly difficult to remember to forget. It is no wonder that the principle of the deliberate tithe—one tenth of one's income given to charity—later replaced so operationally difficult a procedure as deliberate forgetfulness.

Recent developments of the theory of evolution by Sewall Wright and R. A. Fisher have shown us that evolution also proceeds most effectively when the competitive process is somewhat interfered with. It is highly probable that the same principle applies to the social evolution of man. Countries that have been fully populated for long periods of time—for example, classical China—have produced a negligible amount of science. The reason is not difficult to find. Science—pure science—is, in its inception, pure waste. An item of information in pure science "pays off" in a practical way only after it has long been in existence and has been combined with other items of pure science. We are reminded of the new mutation, which is almost always bad, but which—if protected somewhat—may eventually be able to combine with other and similarly "wasteful" genes to produce a new and superior constellation of genes. Prosperity is the great protector of novel thought. A people whose nose is constantly to the grindstone of poverty cannot look up to see the world as it is; all that exists is the nose and the grindstone. A people living under completely Malthusian conditions cannot discover even so much as the Malthusian principle. Science is not produced by eternally busy, wretched people. The flowering of science in the western world in the last four centuries paralleled the increase in prosperity. Cause? Effect? Both. However the new science got started—prosperity was only a necessary condition, not a sufficient one—once started, it produced more prosperity as an effect which fed back into the system as a cause. Science and technology make a circular system that produces wealth and material progress.

Can this system go on forever? Who can say? It is not without its enemies, and among the most important of these today we must count the ever-increasing population of mankind and the "other-directed" men that crowding produces. An other-directed man—we use David Riesman's phrase—is an animal who tends to be intolerant of the independence of thought that is indispensable for the advancement of science. But other-directed men may be rational, and if rational, may be convinced of the necessity of cherishing those not of their own kind. The inner-directed man, he who is answerable only to his own conscience, is always a thorny tablemate, doubly so when nature's board is crowded. To ask that all men be inner-directed would be quixotic in the extreme; but it is not unreasonable to ask that other-directed men add the care and nurture of a small corps of inner-directed men to their tithing duties. It is not planning that is needed here, and certainly not organization. It is, rather, a systematic allowance for waste, for heterodoxy, for the unforeseeable. It is, perhaps, not even understanding that is demanded—that would be asking too much of other-directed man—but something in the nature of faith. Faith in the future, and faith in the fruitfulness of waste, properly allowed for.

Those who have painted pictures of an organized heaven have, implicitly or otherwise, appealed to the aesthetic sense in man to try to gain assent to their plans. We know now that a completely planned heaven is either impossible or unbearable. We know that it is not true that design can come only out of planning. Out of luxuriant waste, winnowed by selection, come designs more beautiful and in greater variety than ever man could plan. This is the lesson of nature that Darwin has spelled out for us. Man, now that he makes himself, cannot do better than to emulate nature's example in allowing for waste and encouraging novelty. There is grandeur in this view of life as a complex of adjustive systems that produce adaptedness without foresight, design without planning and progress without dictation. From the simplest means, man, now master of his own fate, may evolve societies of a variety and novelty—yes, and even of a beauty—that no man living can now foresee. THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Hardin, Garrett
Nature and Man's Fate
Rinehart
$6.00

Hardin, Garrett
Biology: Its Human Implications
Freeman
$6.50

Stern, Curt
Principles of Human Genetics
Freeman
$6.50

Darwin, Charles Galton
The Next Million Years
Doubleday
$2.75

Zirkle, Conway
Evolution, Marxian Biology, and the Social Scene
University of Pennsylvania Press
$7.50

Huxley, Julian
Evolution in Action
New American Library
$.50

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Parsons-Come-Lately (Continued from Page 14)

which was ego-gratifying and gave him high community status. He had no worries, money problems, social conflicts or wife troubles. No traumatic illness or emotional disorder had induced him to reappraise his life. He just wasn't satisfied. About 1950 he became restless, and didn't know why. A thought began to nag his mind: There must be more to life than business success, more to ambition than making money. "I just got emptier and emptier," he recalls.

One Sunday afternoon, alone on his porch, he tried to reason his problem through. If God—to him a vague symbol and not much else—had put him on this earth, Saunders thought, there must have been some divine purpose, and Saunders considered his life purposeless. But he found no answer to his perplexity. That night he asked his wife to accompany him to Evensong at her church. The sermon urged members of the congregation not to be haphazard Christians, but to give their lives real dedication, and asked all those who approved this admonition to raise a hand. To his—and his wife's—surprise, Saunders' hand went up.

Now what to do? He entered a confirmation class and became a church member. Gradually, in his search for fulfillment, he dug in deeper and deeper. He went from participation in a laymen's organization by gradual steps to a year of private theological study under a priest. Finally he became a lay reader. This position permits a layman, after passing examinations, to assist his pastor in services, instruct confirmation classes, read the Offices, and occasionally to preach a carefully screened sermon. When, in 1955, the Bishop of Long Island created his clerical school for older men, Saunders enrolled at once.

For the next four years Saunders' studies dominated his life. Two evenings a week he attended classes, three nights he studied at home, and on Sundays he continued his lay role in his own parish. Before he embarked on a theological education, he repaired deficiencies in English and philosophy in lieu of a college education. As his training course led him into the study of the Bible and Greek, he jettisoned most of his remaining social life.

At first Saunders' wife was skeptical; she wondered what had come over him. Ultimately she enrolled in courses at the school herself, to find out what a clergyman's wife's life would be like and what changes she herself must undergo if she was to keep pace with her husband's spiritual development. In December, 1958, when Saunders was sure of his ordination as a deacon, he told his employer what he had been doing. Until then he had not mentioned his new ambition even to his closest friends. His business superiors were surprised, but did not try to dissuade him. They asked only that he remain six months to train his successor.

Much the same pattern runs through nine out of ten of the older men who are studying at the Long Island and Detroit schools. Few can explain exactly what motivated them. The majority were driven by some compulsion to take progressive steps, each one in itself insignificant, toward a more gratifying spiritual life. Many vaguely remember some minister whose personality attracted them. Almost all of them had a frustration which they could not overcome. They described this as "the rat race," or "the squirrel cage." Aimlessly they wandered in and out of many churches, drifted into Episcopal lay-reader work to give their lives meaning, and ended by discovering religious vocation as well.

They come from many careers. They include architects, a surgeon, engineers, teachers, assembly-line mechanics, telephone linemen, store clerks, social workers, salesmen. Several are Negroes; one is a Jew who was converted to Christianity.

The Episcopal Church has always permitted exceptional men of "riper years" to become deacons and priests by private study. These candidates, under their bishop's direction, "read" for ordination under a tutor, much as a pioneer lawyer studied in the office of a successful member of the profession. In 80 per cent of the Episcopal dioceses in the United States, men more than thirty-two years old are now being instructed under this system. Since 1952, 127 men ranging in age from thirty-six to seventy-two have been ordained in this manner as deacons, and another 165 as priests.

Because so many applicants are now involved, various attempts are being made to improve on the tutorial method. In Colorado six private readers have been given a standard curriculum taught by seminary graduates. In Texas seven married postulants were grouped in 1952 into a study program which has now become an accredited seminary with ninety-two students. The Minnesota Diocese, which requires a college degree from older candidates, is training fourteen men under rigid standards which include three weeks of annual seminary experience. In California nine private readers in Los Angeles have been put into a special extension class by the accredited Church Divinity School of the Pacific. Professors are flown from Berkeley to Los Angeles for tutoring sessions. All of the Californians will be required to round off their theological education by a full year of seminary residence.

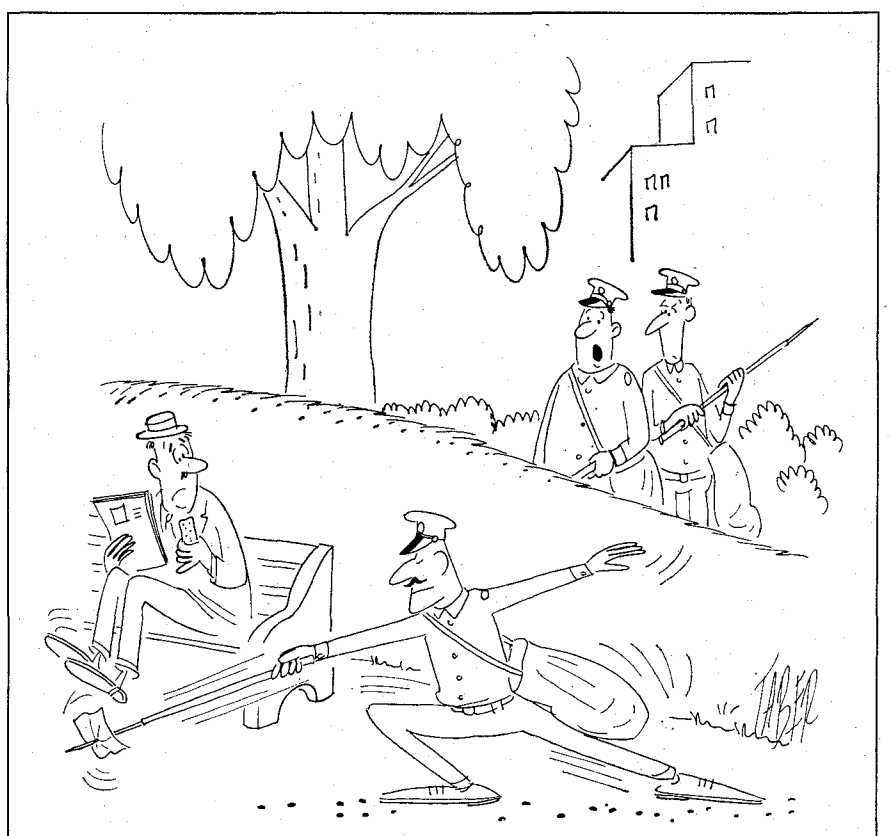
The Detroit night school is another improvement over tutoring, with thirty-six postulants for orders. Classes and devotional exercises are held at churches in Detroit, Lansing and Flint under thirteen clergymen who hold seminary degrees. The curriculum is uniform. It is designed to weed out the unfit and prepare pupils for their canonical examinations and religious duties.

The Long Island school is a more centralized operation, with larger opportunities for student fellowship. Since 1958 the institution has been housed in its own building, with classrooms, library and chapel. The Rt. Rev. James P. De Wolfe, Bishop of Long Island, requires the students to worship together three times a week, to eat together once a week, and to exchange ideas at "bull sessions" to give them a community of interest and devotion. In both schools noncollege graduates must make up work in languages and the humanities before being admitted to theological instruction. The course requires four years for a college graduate and six to eight years for a candidate who lacks a higher education.

This preparation, many seminary deans insist, is not enough. They concede that it is an improvement over tutoring. But they claim that it bypasses some important courses and does not dig deeply enough into some others. The major complaint against the Long Island and Detroit institutions is an allegation that they are "trade schools" which teach a man to read the Offices and administer a parish. At a seminary postulants study in depth under professional teachers and share in the daily religious and campus life. By a process of spiritual osmosis this regime changes the student from a man into a man of God. The seminary deans fear that relaxation of this standard will in the long run debase the entire intellectual and spiritual coinage of the clergy.

A controversy on this issue has developed within the Episcopal Church. In 1958 the House of Bishops created a committee to survey the entire field of theological education. But the students in the schools for older men have been little affected by the dispute focused upon them. They scoff at the accusation that they are entering the clerical profession through a back door. They point out that after years of study and parish work they take their examinations simultaneously with seminary graduates and are personally screened by equally rigorous processes. At Detroit they admit that their theological education lacks depth. But against this they balance their training in human relations acquired over years of practical living. Particularly they emphasize the deep sense of commitment which has caused them to uproot their lives in order to serve God. Indeed, they insist that, in many situations, their secular experience better fits them for a space-age ministry than does the isolation of the seminary environment.

Bishop De Wolfe, and the Rt. Rev. Richard S. M. Emrich, Bishop of the Diocese of Michigan, agree wholeheartedly with their night-school students. "These older men," says Bishop Emrich, "are a deeply committed and able group. They have initiative and imagination. They bring to the study of theology the raw material of human experience. They are mature and stable. We owe much to them. Particularly in the supplemental ministry they are of great value. We require, further, that they continue their formal study for five years after their ordination. If university education is offered in day schools and extension courses, why not theological education? Some men for financial reasons, others because they receive their calling late, find three years of seminary a practical impossibility."



"It sure is a pleasure to watch a great artist at work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One student at Long Island who would never have entered a seminary is a forty-two-year-old executive vice president of a popular magazine. Like many, he cannot be identified because his business associates are not yet aware of his ambition. Let's call him Lambert Mac Coy. After graduation from Carnegie Institute of Technology he became a New York advertising salesman. Until 1952 he was too busy being a success to pay much attention to religion. But certain business practices of himself and his associates needled his conscience. He turned to the Bible for answers, and soon he was reading the Bible every night.

Now he began to attend, on Sunday, the early Communion service of an Episcopal parish in which his wife and children were active. This led to confirmation. After teaching Sunday school Mac Coy was elected to the vestry, which is the ruling body of laymen.

"Religion was putting meaningful perspective in my life," he recalls of this period. But his feelings were vague. Once or twice he considered the ministry as a vocation, but he fought the impulse. But the thought recurred with increasing persistence, and for two years he fought against the inevitable, weighing all the angles: the loss of income, the late start he would be making, the necessity to readjust in middle age to the grind of disciplined scholarship. There was also a philosophical question to be settled: Might his influence for God be wider as the publisher of an important magazine than as a parish minister? In the end the desire to be a clergyman won out. He enrolled in the Long Island school, determined to become a priest, if possible.

"When I started back to school," he says, "great gaps in my religious education were filled in. Many of my prejudices were rooted out. I was so overwhelmed by my discoveries that I wanted to talk religion instead of business."

At first his wife was resistant. But gradually the family was drawn together as it never had been before. The three children, of whom the oldest is fifteen, found their father more relaxed and their relationships with him deeper than before. Mac Coy still has at least two years of study ahead of him. Already his wife is buying milk at a supermarket to save a few pennies over the home-delivery price. She also is cutting down her charge accounts, anticipating less opulent years ahead. For a long time Mac Coy's friends thought he (*Continued on Page 86*)

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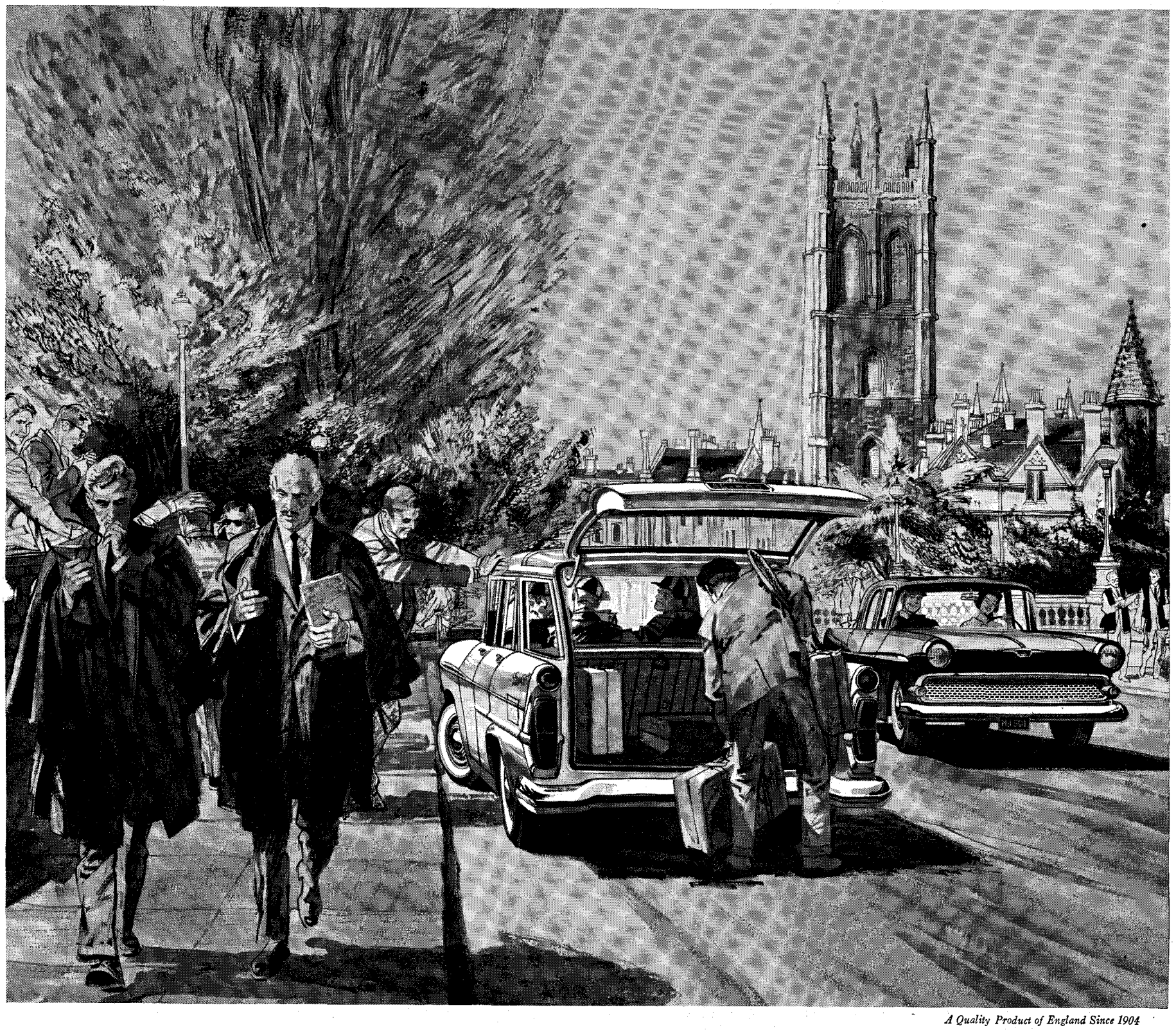

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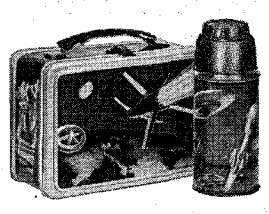

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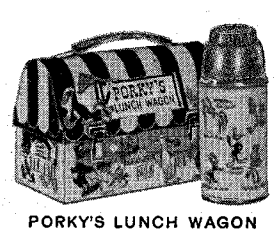
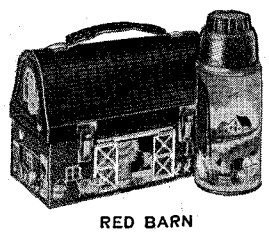


PORKY'S LUNCH WAGON



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(*Continued from Page 84*) was just "on a kick" and would get over it. They are now convinced that he is serious, since they rarely see him—he's digging into the books every night. Mac Coy has no idea what use will be made of him if he is ordained, but says humbly, "That's God's decision, not mine."

About 10 per cent of the older men have entered the Long Island and Detroit schools in anticipation of business retirement. They wish to become ministers to provide a soul-satisfying occupation for their ultimate years. With pensions and social security, they expect little or no pay from the church. Nor do they anticipate becoming full-time parish rectors. They intend to work where they are needed, at labors which will make best use of their business experience.

A good example of how such a supplemental ministry works is provided by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher Plant of Detroit. He is a vice president of a large construction company. At the age of sixty-two he was ordained a deacon in 1956, and a year later became a priest. In 1962 he will retire from business with a comfortable pension. At the moment he is a Protestant chaplain at Henry Ford Hospital, which is across the street from his office. He keeps his canonical garb in a desk drawer, and has only to don it and take 500 steps to shift from one career into another. From noon until two P.M., and after five P.M., he is a chaplain; the remainder of the day he is a business executive. Over the weekends he tends two outlying missions which cannot yet support a vicar. He also assists his bishop as an expert appraiser of church-owned properties and as consultant on new church construction. Mr. Plant accepts no pay for any of his religious assignments.

"I have extended my life usefulness," he says. "For me there will be no dead-end retirement. I will just shift gears and go on. And I have the great satisfaction of repaying God in some measure for His generosity toward me."

A survey made by the Episcopal Church in 1949 revealed the need for at least 1085 more parish priests, plus 100 in chaplaincies and several hundred in the foreign missionary fields. A decade ago 31 per cent of all full-time Episcopal parishes in the United States had no resident clergyman, for none was available. Further, the church is gaining new members at the rate of 100,000 a year. Hundreds of new missions and parishes have sprung up. More than 300 parishes have so burgeoned recently that they now require an assistant rector. The eleven accredited Episcopal seminaries produce about 196 graduates a year, a figure stalemated by the loss of 190 to 200 through death or retirement.

This shortage is not the only inducement to those bishops who are energetically training older candidates. The cost per pupil is negligible, under $250 a year at both Long Island and Detroit. The tuition is low: $100 a semester at Long Island, twenty dollars a quarter at Detroit. This economy is particularly attractive in the Episcopal Church, which budgets no funds for its theological schools beyond a freewill offering in all parishes once a year.

Spiritual considerations are equally important. Bishop De Wolfe believes that the upheaval of two wars in successive generations turned many men aside from their true religious vocation. Now he feels that he cannot deny them an opportunity to answer the call to the clergy in their later years. Dean John Coburn of Episcopal Theological School, a seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has asserted that the huge influx of mature postulants is the work of the Holy Spirit, which is recruiting seasoned manpower to answer the church's need during a critical historical period.

Bishop Emrich gives as Exhibit A his school's success the case of Joseph J. Kopera. He was a Detroit policeman for sixteen years.

Kopera looks like a cop. He is a big-muscled man with merry eyes and ruddy cheeks. Round-faced and balding, he wears a clipped mustache, is slow of speech, cautious, and deliberate of movement. His wife Kay is household editor of *The Detroit News*. The Koperas have two sons. In May, 1959, at the age of forty-seven, Kopera resigned from the police force. He was within nine years of half-pay retirement for life. Now he is a deacon serving Saint Peter's Church in downtown Detroit, and one of two Protestant chaplains at the Wayne County Juvenile Detention Home.

Kopera's background is lower middle class. In his teens he shook off church influences, which until then had been

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strong enough to make him an altar boy. For ten years, through Wayne State University, Kopera attended no church. His wife, however, was an organist and Sunday-school teacher in an Episcopal Church. This had no effect on Joe; he remained strictly an outsider.

In his police duties Kopera often encountered youngsters who he thought could be rehabilitated. He began to work with delinquent children. But he had no argument that would get through to them. Frustrated, he called on his wife's rector, and asked a great many questions about juvenile behavior. He considered the answers to be interesting, and joined the church.

Within a few years Kopera had become a lay reader for two missions. Occasionally he took his predelinquent charges with him to his Sunday assignments, and in some youngsters he saw a definite response. This convinced him that religious influences might, under proper conditions, save many lawbreaking children from further involvement. When Bishop Emrich organized his school for older men in 1954, Kopera signed up promptly. He had no idea of becoming a minister. He just wanted tools to help him in his work with children. Over a five-year period he decided that his best approach would be the ministry itself.

Cracking books at the age of forty was so difficult that for three straight years Kopera studied five nights a week until two A.M. His fellow policemen knew that he had "taken up" religion; they saw him at work as lay assistant at two missions. But they were astounded when they received invitations to his ordination as a deacon in 1959.

Having shed blue serge for black broadcloth, Kopera today is radiant with happiness and purpose. Five days a week he works in juvenile court. Then he goes to his parish, where people begin to queue up at five P.M. for counseling. "He has been a cop," they say. "He understands us, and he knows how to help us." Saint Peter's, which has the inner-city problem of many once-affluent churches now located in the heart of slums, has reversed its downhill slide and has doubled in size.

"I couldn't begin to do these jobs," Kopera says, "if I were a kid out of seminary—I wouldn't even speak the street language."

Kay has made adjustments too. She enthusiastically endorsed her husband's ambition, and spent hours reviewing him before his church examinations. She had no idea that her own status would be affected by the switch from parishioner to deacon's wife. But she soon learned that by custom and informal protocol an Episcopalian clergyman's wife must be self-effacing, to avoid offending female parishioners who are notoriously alert for any hint of bossiness in the parson's wife. She used to jump in and do any church job that needed attention. Now she must wait to be asked. She even stays out of the kitchen during church suppers, which, for a professional home economist, is difficult. And she has learned to keep quiet. For an ebullient newspaperwoman, withholding her opinions has required self-discipline, particularly in a congregation where her college education and long experience could make substantial contributions. But she is happy.

"It's wonderful," she exclaims, "to see Joe doing what he must do. The qualities which I knew were boiling within him for years have now boiled over, and the day isn't long enough for him. We all feel that God's hand is on us, and know that this is right for us."

The two sons, aged eight and seventeen, have been little affected. They have seen their father officiating as a lay reader for years, and have required little adjustment.

"I get scared sometimes, though," says seventeen-year-old Joseph, Jr., himself a veteran acolyte, "for fear dad will goof. But he hasn't yet. In fact, I think he's a better minister than he was a cop, and that's saying plenty."

Fallout: The Silent Killer (Continued from Page 27)

of California. He was concerned with the more subtle destruction and weakening of human life that many believe is even now being produced by fallout from nuclear testing.

The cloudy state of fallout information has long been a topic of critical comment in Congress and in the press, and the blame has usually been placed on the Atomic Energy Commission. Even the commission's own General Advisory Committee recently noted that while the AEC had "released all significant fallout data to other agencies and to the public . . . promptly and completely," the release had "not always been in a form readily understood by the public.

"As a result," the Advisory Committee continued, "the public has been confused about the status of fallout and its implications. There is real need for clear, simple exposition of the facts of fallout in media widely available to the public. We feel that the commission should assume this responsibility. It should be clearly explained to the public that weapons tests have been an essential part of our effort to prevent the occurrence of nuclear war."

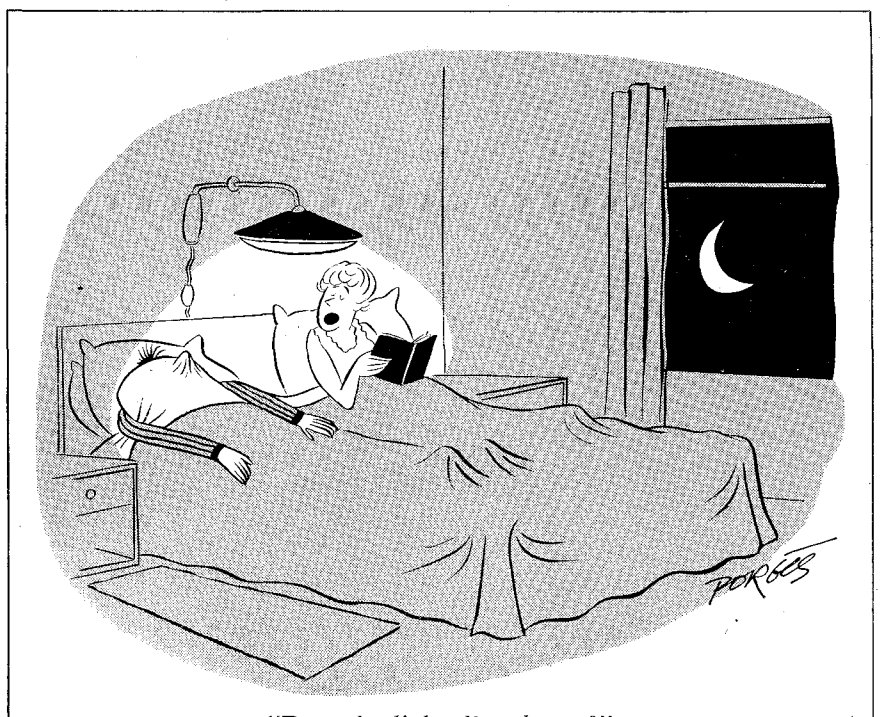
That clearer information is needed no one will deny. But there is doubt that a completely unbiased picture should be expected from an agency which, in origin and spirit, is so closely allied to the Defense Department. Wedded to atomic weapons as the main safeguard of peace, it is apt to weigh radioactive hazards by a different scale of values than do those who see the atomic-arms contests as a senseless gallop toward human extinction.

This brings us to the core of the controversy that has kept the public in such a state of confusion. For its picture of fallout the public has had to rely upon the interpretation of fragmentary data by authorities with different viewpoints and policies. They can make the picture dark or light, depending on how they mix emphasis and adjectives with facts that are, at best, incomplete. They can even omit a detail here and there, by accident or for the sake of over-all effect.

Sen. Clinton B. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, has frequently accused the AEC of withholding what he regards as essential information on fallout. During one of his brief, witness-ruffling appearances at the fallout hearings in May—he spent most of his time that week waging successful war against the confirmation of former AEC Commissioner Lewis L. Strauss as Secretary of Commerce—Senator Anderson jumped hard on the General Advisory Committee statement quoted above.

He refuted the committee's assurance that "all significant fallout data" had been released by the AEC, and cited as proof the withholding of a certain report. He charged that parts of the committee's statement were calculated to "let the public rest easy" and he implied that the committee was misleading the public in asserting that the level of strontium 90 in food and water is "less of a hazard than the amount of radium normally present in public drinking-water supplies in certain places in the United States and in public use for many years." The important qualifying fact, which the New Mexico senator then wrung from Doctor Dunham, is that the drinking water in question, although consumed by several hundred thousand residents of northern Illinois without reported harm, does contain several times the "recommended permissible limit" of natural radium.

The key phrase here is "permissible limit," which does not mean a 100-percent, guaranteed safe limit. Contrary to popular understanding, it is an arbitrary compromise between a slight but definite hazard and a potential benefit to the individual or (*Continued on Page 89*)



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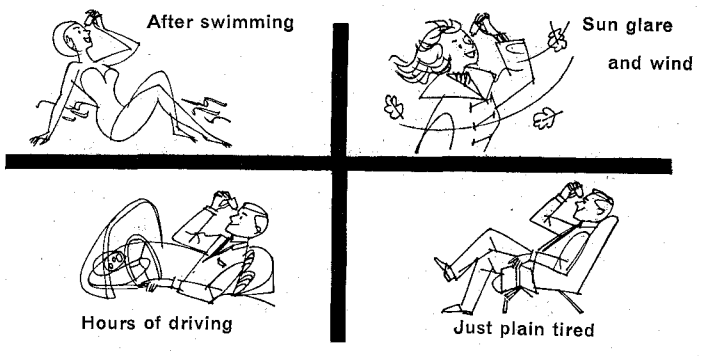

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(*Continued from Page 87*) society. The benefit may be from medical X rays, from atomic power or, in the case of fallout from weapons testing, the maintenance of military might that is intended to discourage Russian attack. In any event radiation at, or several times above, the permissible limit cannot be regarded as innocuous.

The AEC's present position, as stated recently by its chairman, John McCone, is in favor of "an agreement stopping all nuclear tests in all environments under arrangements assuring the proper safeguarding of the agreement." It has also maintained that in the absence of such an agreement the risks of weapons testing are far less than the risks of falling behind in the perfection of atomic bombs. But in painting the fallout picture the commission has dipped its brush in very pale pigments. Through the years it has given the impression that the fallout hazard from weapons testing was, to quote its official statements, "small" or "negligible" or "insignificant," or of an order that "could be ignored, as far as danger to health was concerned." In its 1950 volume, *The Effect of Atomic Weapons*, the AEC acknowledged the fears of "world-wide contamination" even then being expressed in some quarters, but dismissed them as "groundless." It said that 1,000,000 atomic bombs of "nominal" size would have to be fired, roughly one to ch 200 square miles of the earth's surand all within a short time, to conate a world-wide hazard. "This clearly represents a highly improbable situation," the statement concluded.

Arrival of the H-bomb, which jumped the explosive power a thousand times or more, made the "improbable situation" much less improbable and clearly demonstrated the unreliability of prophecy in an atomic age. Although the degree of hazard is still being debated, there is no question that the earth has now been contaminated from pole to pole by many fewer than the 1,000,000 bombs of the strength originally assumed. It has been done with 206 bombs, the equivalent of only 8688 "nominal" weapons of the size that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Each of those was equal to 20,000 tons of TNT.

The AEC reassurances were more carefully qualified as the bombs got bigger, the ashes spread farther and the facts became clearer. And forecasts made on the basis of "the present rate of testing" became less meaningful as the rate of testing accelerated. But the commission continued to minimize the hazard, even down to the present time. Doctor Dunham at one point in the hearings said, "When you double a very small amount you still have a small amount" and observed that "no one should be alarmed at all." And the AEC's General Advisory Committee statement of May, 1959 (quoted above), placed the "total body external radiation resulting from fallout to date, together with future fallout in any part of the world from previous weapons tests at (a) less than 5 per cent as much as the average exposure to cosmic rays and other background radiation, and (b) less than 5 per cent of the estimated average radiation exposure of the American public to X rays for medical purposes." The committee also commented that "human beings have lived for many generations in parts of the world which have more than five times the background radiation normal to the United States, or more than one hundred times the average amount of radiation from fallout in the United States."

Here again we meet the implied assumption that natural background radiation is harmless. But some geneticists believe it may account for at least a part of the world's leukemias and bone cancers. Hence we may be wrong in assuming we can allow the general level of radioactivity to rise without imposing a penalty somewhere, on someone.

A major plank in the AEC position on fallout is that it constitutes a small risk compared to others we accept in our daily lives. One of the most vocal protagonists of this view has been Dr. Willard F. Libby, eminent University of Chicago chemist who has just retired as a member of the commission. He stated the relative-risk argument most succinctly in testimony before the 1957 congressional hearing on fallout. "Testing constitutes a risk—very small compared to ordinary risk which can be tolerated," he said. "It is not contended that there is no risk. But all life, and every minute of our day and night, is measured in terms of risk—forty thousand highway deaths each year in this country, accidents in the home, and so on. We make our choice: How much risk are we willing to take as payment for our pleasures—swimming at the seashore, for example—our comfort, or our material progress? Here the choice seems clearer. Are we willing to take this very small and rigidly controlled risk or would we prefer to run the risk of annihilation which might result if we surrendered the weapons which are so essential to our freedom and our actual survival?"

That this is still the AEC view is indicated by Doctor Dunham's remark last May in assessing the burden of genetic defects and stillbirths which might result from testing. "In this country there would occur not more than five hundred greater or lesser tragedies of this nature," he said, "to add to the some fourteen hundred fatalities and a larger number of serious injuries each year readily identifiable with other aspects of our defense efforts."

The relative-risk argument, logical as it may seem in the framework of cold, practical military necessity, is strongly opposed by many, including several distinguished biologists. Dr. A. H. Sturtevant, professor of genetics at California Institute of Technology, member of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on the Genetic Effects of Radiation, and one of the most respected authorities in his field, expressed himself on this point at the 1957 hearings and told me that he feels exactly the same way today. In the first place, he said, "some physicists have questioned the desirability of testing—on the grounds that it gives almost as much information to other nations as it does to those making the test—and many nonscientists in this and other countries have argued that the tests worsen rather than improve the international situation."

But the part of the AEC argument which he and others had found most disturbing was "the insistence that the risk of fallout is much less than risks we voluntarily take repeatedly—such as those involved in riding in an automobile or going for a swim at the beach.

"While the risk is less from fallout," Doctor Sturtevant emphasized, "the essential point is that it is one over which the individual has no control. It has been argued that the risk from fallout is not very different from that of wearing a wrist watch with a radium-painted dial. Even if this comparison is accurate, it still leaves out of account the fact that some of us do not wear such watches, and would complain loudly if anyone tried to insist that we and our children must do so."

In short, we retain a degree of choice and control over the everyday risks which we do not have over fallout. We can stay off the highways on crowded holiday weekends, drive with less speed and more caution when we do take the road, and swim close to the shore when the waves are high. To that extent the analogy with fallout is not a valid one.

Doctor Sturtevant said he and other geneticists were disturbed also by the AEC "attitude concerning very small percentages." Depending on the calculating method used and the assumptions as to the rate of future bomb testing, the estimated numbers of people harmed by fallout radiation have ranged from a few hundred to perhaps tens of thousands or even millions, he explained. "The highest of these numbers remains a very small proportion of the total population," Doctor Sturtevant noted, "and to some people this means that it is relatively unimportant. It is probably unimportant for the survival of the race, and it is relatively unimportant as an economic burden to society, though these could become serious matters if the rate of fallout should increase by a large amount. But hundreds of thousands or tens of thousands—or more—of individual human beings are involved, and to me it is not acceptable to say that they are unimportant, no matter how small a percentage of the total they make up."

Exactly how many people are affected by fallout radiation is one of the great unresolved questions. The most pessimistic view is that of Dr. Linus Pauling, California Institute of Technology chemist and Nobel laureate. Two years ago he gathered signatures of 2000 scientists on a petition to urge international agreement on stopping the bomb tests. At that time he calculated that 10,000 persons had already died or were dying of leukemia caused by fallout, and that continued testing would cause 200,000 mentally or physically defective children to be born in each of the next twenty generations.

"For every big bomb that is exploded," he said recently in a speech at the University of Michigan, "I estimate that fifteen thousand children are caused to be born with gross physical and mental defects. . . . Each of us—Russia and the United States—has enough bombs to destroy the whole world. We have now reached the ultimate in destructive power. It is therefore time to give up this idiot's race and to work, as the nations are now working at the Geneva Conference, to ban the bomb and strive toward coexistence and peace."

Doctor Pauling's critics, who are many, point out that he is a chemist and

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not a geneticist and that his estimates of damage are much higher than any genetic evidence warrants. But the sober statements of Doctor Sturtevant and others of the nation's outstanding geneticists are in themselves sufficiently disturbing to merit attention.

What it all boils down to is a question of human risk versus military risk. The United States is faced with the necessity of weighing a definite but as yet unmeasurable hazard against an uncertain benefit. The hazard is that continued nuclear testing—and perhaps even the testing we have already done—will create more physical and mental defectives within the world's future population, and possibly even some cancer or life-shortening in the present generations. The uncertain benefit is that testing will discourage Russia from attacking us.

In the meantime an elaborate program of world-wide sampling goes forward to keep track of the bomb debris already in the atmosphere and on the ground. And scores of research studies on biological effects of radiation are under way to see that human exposure to all radiation—bombs, nuclear reactors, isotopes, medical X rays and the natural background—is kept within reasonable limits. For all radiation is harmful to some degree, as the famous 1956 report of the National Academy of Sciences and National Research Council warned. That report spoke of "the possibility that increased and prolonged radiation might so raise the death rate and lower the birth rate that the population, considered as a whole, would decline and eventually perish." It added: "We are at present extremely uncertain as to the level of this fatal threshold for a human population. This is one reason why we must be cautious about increasing the total amount of radiation to which the entire population is exposed."

Actually, radioactivity has been with us from the beginning of life on this planet, a force generated by cosmic rays from outer space and by rocks in the earth's crust. But we were unaware of its existence or its power for good and evil until that remarkable period of 1895–98 when in quick succession Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen produced X rays, Henri Becquerel discovered the natural radioactivity of uranium salts, and Marie and Pierre Curie isolated and identified radium. Almost immediately the early workers with these rays found they would irritate and burn the skin. Later they discovered that the damage could produce cancer; a number of pioneer radiologists lost fingers and lives. In the 1920's radium-dial painters in several plants began to die of bone cancer resulting from tipping their brushes with their lips and swallowing minute amounts of radium.

These and similar unhappy incidents were well-publicized when they occurred, but people tended to forget the hazards inherent in radiation. When public fuss about fallout began a few years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission pointed out that radiation from the bombs was trivial compared with medical X rays, which were usually accepted without the slightest worry. If this was meant to be a reassuring comparison, it turned out otherwise. For when the American College of Radiology began to check up, it found that many X ray machines had slipped out of adjustment or were being improperly used and were delivering unnecessarily heavy doses to both patient and doctor. Other shortcomings were brought to light, and the College of Radiology is now campaigning, with the help of an excellent teaching film, for better techniques and all-round reduction of exposure.

Our tardiness in appreciating the latent dangers in X rays and radium was repeated in the case of radioactive fallout. Distant fallout did occur with the very first atomic explosion, the historic test blast at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on July 16, 1945, but the only people who complained about it were officials of the Eastman Kodak Company, where a batch of new X-ray film got mysteriously fogged. The trouble was eventually traced to strawboard packaging, made in Vincennes, Indiana, in a process which used Wabash River water apparently contaminated by fallout from the blast.

Alerted by this experience, Eastman set up Geiger counters to monitor not only its wrapping department but the water used in manufacturing and developing. For the next several years no more film was ruined by fallout, in spite of the gradual step-up of the United States testing program—the first Bikini shots in 1946, the Eniwetok series in 1948.

Then in January of 1951 the big Nevada program got under way. Within a few days of the opening shot the instruments at the Eastman plant in Rochester, New York, buzzed a warning. What had set them off was a fresh snowfall, apparently seasoned with atomic dust from Yucca Flat, 2500 miles away.

"Care for the newspaper?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thanks to the warning and to adequate filtration of water and air, no film was damaged; but a call went immediately to the Atomic Energy Commission's Health and Safety Laboratory in New York City. The snow covered much of the Eastern United States, and Dr. John H. Harley, head of the laboratory's analytical section, went out with several associates to collect samples from various localities.

"We scooped it up in Rochester, of course," Doctor Harley said, "and in Binghamton, New York. Ansco is in Binghamton and we expected a holler from them. We also got snow from Washington and from Central Park, two blocks from the lab. All of us worked around the clock on this assignment. It was one of our first major fallout studies. Whenever anyone sat down on the job, he had to hold a pot of snow on his lap to help melt it. Then the water had to be evaporated to permit accurate counting of the radioactive residue."

It was now apparent from the analysis of the 1951 "snow-out" that atomic debris not only fell in the immediate vicinity of "ground zero" but could drift thousands of miles across the country and be brought down by precipitation. The New York laboratory, which had been devoting much of its work to safety problems at atomic plants, therefore began to put more emphasis on sampling. By the fall of 1951 it was collecting rainfall and natural background data from more than 200 localities.

During the Nevada series Merril Eisenbud, manager of the AEC's New York Operations Office and today one of the most informed men in the field of atomic radioactivity, was on hand to monitor a shallow underground shot.

"From what we observed in that test," he told me, "we got a strong notion of what might happen if an H-bomb exploded close to the surface, and we were really concerned about the radioactivity aspects, although our predictions didn't agree. Several of us thought the local fallout from the large bombs would be hazardous, and others figured the explosive force would be so great it would blast everything high into the stratosphere and right on out into space."

As later events proved, the superbombs blast the debris into the stratosphere all right, but not on out into space. After a stratospheric "residence time," first estimated at about ten years but now thought to be more like four or five, the ashes fall back to earth.

By 1954 the AEC was aware that worldwide fallout measurements would be essential to a full understanding of atomic-bomb effects. Since much of the debris from the Pacific tests would drop into the ocean, various schemes were devised for catching it.

"We irradiated iron filings at the Brookhaven National Laboratory," Mr. Eisenbud related, "and dropped them on oil slicks in the Atlantic to see if we could count fallout that way. All we got was seasick. Then on March first, nineteen fifty-four, we were called off that assignment because the shot that exposed the Japanese fishing boat *Lucky Dragon* had given us a lot of new information. It was a very important accident."

It was, indeed. In fact, the fallout behavior of that monster bomb, rated at the equivalent of 15,000,000 tons of TNT, caught the experts way off base. Boldly named Bravo, the test brought more embarrassment than applause. It wiped out an island and tore a great hole in the ocean floor, about as planned. But its radioactive cloud, which meteorologists predicted would drift west from ground zero, soared unexpectedly high into the atmosphere, met a west wind and was blown east. The "hot" ashes fell not only on the luckless fishermen of the *Lucky Dragon* (see THE GRIM FACTS OF THE H-BOMB ACCIDENT, by Robert Sherrod, *The Saturday Evening Post*, July 17, 1954, but also on 239 natives of the Marshall Islands, on twenty-eight Americans at weather stations on the island of Rongerik, and on nine scientists in a control blockhouse twenty miles from the firing point. The fishermen were seriously injured—one died—and many of the Marshallese experienced radiation burns, loss of hair and prolonged anemia. The scientists were protected by the blockhouse walls, but still took fairly high doses. It was bad enough that the bomb, twice as powerful as predicted, had dumped its ashes to the east instead of the west. What was more alarming was the size and intensity of the local fallout zone, although a year passed before the United States Atomic Energy Commission released these disturbing details. On February 15, 1955, it announced that "there was sufficient radioactivity in a downwind belt about 140 miles in length and of varying width up to twenty miles to have seriously threatened the lives of nearly all persons in the area who did not take protective measures" and that "about 7000 square miles of territory downwind from the point of burst was so contaminated that survival *might* have depended upon prompt evacuation of the area or upon taking shelter and other protective measures." Actually the people on the Marshall Islands and the United States test personnel were evacuated promptly.

The Bravo blast and the *Lucky Dragon* incident lighted a fire under the lagging fallout research, although it continued for some years to be hampered by technical difficulties. There was still the problem of taking samples on the sea, for example. Having given up on the oil-slick method mentioned above, Mr. Eisenbud and a team of scientists conceived the idea of floating slabs of plastic foam, about six feet square, on the surface of the ocean to catch the fallout. "We had a batch of these styrene blocks flown out to the Marshall Islands in C-ninety-seven planes," Mr. Eisenbud recalled, "and we laid them out downwind of the detonation point. But they were too hard to keep track of. However, during that series of tests we discovered that there is a sort of boundary layer in the water about thirty meters deep, and the soluble fraction of the fission products, plus small particles, are churned up in the water above this level so that the radioactivity present there can be counted from airplanes."

But the most important consequence of the Bravo shot, from the standpoint of better understanding of fallout, was the impetus it gave to the study of worldwide spread of the bomb debris. Cloud-tracking observations and reports from surface ships and ground stations had revealed that the ashes from this multimillion-ton detonation had completely encircled the earth. This finding gave rise to several key questions. How high did the debris go? If it entered the stratosphere, which starts at about 40,000 feet, how much of it got there? How was it distributed and how long would it stay? Would it remain in this lofty reservoir long enough, as some experts predicted, to lose much of its harmful radioactivity?

Such questions were of serious concern not only to the military but to the civilian population, and in the next article we shall take a look at the ingenious sampling techniques set up to find the answers.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Spencer. —THE EDITORS

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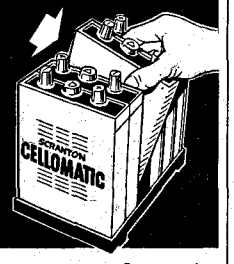

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Keeping Posted

Another Parson-Come-Lately

Hartzell Spence, who makes his twentieth *Post* appearance with the page 13 article about businessmen entering the ministry, recently had an experience that brought his subject close to home. Right after he mailed his story to *The Post* he discovered that St. John's Episcopal Church in his little town of Essex, Connecticut, had called to its pulpit the Rev. Peter L. Stone, who had just been graduated from Virginia Theological Seminary at the age of forty-two. Spence says he took this as a good omen and, while awaiting a decision on his article, didn't act mean to his family the way he usually does.

The Rev. Peter Stone and family at the door of his first rectory; at left, author and Mrs. Hartzell Spence; far right, their daughter Laurie.

Mr. Stone trained as a metallurgist and later went into electronics, but he didn't find his vocation fulfilling and, at the age of thirty-nine, he pulled out and headed for the seminary. Now an ordained deacon, he hopes to receive his full canonicals next year and become a rector. Meanwhile, as deacon-in-charge, or vicar, he's happy in his first rectory, and so are all his family. Incidentally, Hartzell Spence's memorable novel, *One Foot in Heaven*, is a biography of his father, a Methodist minister; so he's familiar with parsonage life himself.

Forest Fire, by Friberg

Arnold Friberg, painter of the dynamic illustration for **Alice Lent Covert's** story on page 20, has in recent years devoted himself mostly to religious art; he is one of the most respected living interpreters of Bible subjects. His most famous work in this field is his series of paintings based on the motion picture *The Ten Commandments*, which the late Cecil B. DeMille commissioned him to do and which have been exhibited to great numbers of people all over the world. Friberg's current illustration, his first for *The Post*, is one of his deviations from the religious motif. He liked the forest-fire theme which art editor Ken Stuart proposed to him and, being a dedicated realist, he sought and willingly was given the help of forest rangers, who gave him some forest fires as models. He lives near the big-timber country of Utah's rugged Wasatch Range, where, as in all forests, careless hunters and fishermen create these tragic models. Arnold Friberg—who at thirteen was apprenticed to a sign painter—says, "My sole aim in art is: If I paint, say, a horse, to have him look like a horse. I would rather have my horse praised by a ranch hand than by an art critic."

Tales of the Authors

Eve Fischer illustrated her own mountain-climbing article; she and husband Otto are shown amid her photographic gear.

Eve Fischer reports that when she got down alive from her first Swiss mountain climb (page 28), she was eager to visit some region that is too flat to fall off of. So she took passage on a freighter which was sailing for the British Guiana jungle country. One day when her ship anchored in a shallow jungle river to wait for a tide, natives in bumboats came swarming around to barter, and a girl called up to her, offering bananas. "What do you want for them?" asked Mrs. Fischer. "Oh," said the girl—the people there speak English—"I can tell you are from North America. You have the nice shiny *Saturday Evening Posts?*" In her luggage Mrs. F. had a copy of the September 28, 1957 *Post* containing an article by her about the people of the Aran Isles, off the coast of Ireland. "The bananas were swell," she concludes. "And I wonder how the Guiana readers like the Aran Islanders?" The writer's husband, Otto Fischer, says it's all right for his wife to take extended jaunts away from their New Hope, Pennsylvania, home because she writes him long letters every day. "Most of them," he adds, "end with, 'Save this. I may need it for article notes.'"

Robert Nathan's story on page 16 is the poet-novelist's first book for children, a short volume to be published October nineteenth by Knopf, with illustrations by Leonard Weisgard. Children, who Nathan thinks "should be brought up to live in a world of wonder where a child belongs," will enjoy this dreamy adventure, and so should people of all ages who have delighted in Nathan's exquisite fantasy touch. In the author's novel, *So Love Returns*, which ran in *The Post* last September, the character "Lenny" was writing a child's book about a sea witch. Now you can read it.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Facts About Me"

Jack Webb, celebrated cop of TV's *Dragnet* series, sets things straight about his misrepresented private life.

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